



THE GOVERNOR'S PARTY IN SWITZERLAND.

3935

PARIS IN '67;

OR,

THE GREAT EXPOSITION,

ITS

SIDE-SHOWS AND EXCURSIONS.

BY HENRY MORFORD,

("THE GOVERNOR,")

AUTHOR OF "OVER-SEA," "SHOULDER-STRAPS," "DAYS OF SHODDY," "COURAGE
AND OOWARDICE," "UTTERLY WRECKED," ETC., ETC.



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TO

C. BAINBRIDGE SMITH, ESQ.,

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,

OF

NEW YORK CITY, AND OF "WHILEAWAY," STATEN ISLAND;

OLD FRIEND

AS WELL AS

OLD EUROPEAN TRAVELER, AND SHARER WITH THE WRITER IN

THE

GAYETIES OF PARIS IN 1867.

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PREFACE.

THERE is a certain often-quoted work, of which "Chapter XI., on the Snakes of Ireland," contains only a single sentence: "There are no snakes in Ireland;" and the principal employment of this preface is to say that: 1st. No preface is necessary; 2d. The writer is not going to supply any; 3d. He has put it in the body of the work; 4th. What follows here is not a preface, but an appendix; 5th. The reader, after perusal, is at liberty to doubt whether this is here at all, as it is written under serious intention of omitting it altogether. But if it should not chance to be omitted (and that may be considered possible, in the event of perusal), only this is to be said: That the writer has considered certain books on the French Exposition, by American writers, inevitable. That most of them will be very bad, and even an atrociously bad one may pass in the doubtful muster; while he will have the advantage as to originality, and the disadvantage as to opportunity of "appropriation," of being among the first in the field. That he may also hope to escape condemnation, under the smoke of people being less tired of the

subject when they read his work than when they peruse some of the later and better. That he has found the task a difficult one, but pursued it faithfully, even if oddly and fragmentarily and by no means so thoroughly as the gravity of the subject may have demanded. That he has not stolen the title, "Paris in '67," from any of the English books using it during the summer as a catch-word; as the records in the District Court of Southern New York will show that he announced the work and copyrighted the title something more than seven months ago. That, a part of the work having been written at midsummer, and the balance in autumn, a slight incongruity in tenses may be discovered, for which an apology might be necessary from one of apologetic habit. That the opinions expressed are individual, and generally as honest as the present vitiated state of society will permit. And that, after being delayed much beyond original intention, the work is at last issued somewhat hurriedly, with the praiseworthy intention of getting it out of the way (as the trundler of a wheelbarrow might choose to be with a railroad train approaching) of that necessarily-valuable official report on the Exposition, which it is understood that Mr. Commissioner Charles B. Seymour will submit to the American public at an early period.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct., 1867.

PARIS IN '67.

I.

ABOUT THINGS IN GENERAL, AND THINGS INTRODUCTORY IN PARTICULAR.

AT Interlaken, heart of the Bernese Oberland, the first words of this book.

At Interlaken, where the magnificent snowy brow of the Jungfrau is flung skyward, as if to type human energy and audacity, and where the clouds that ever and anon veil her presence serve to type correspondingly human error, ignorance, and vacillation,—at Interlaken, most glorious goal of a pilgrimage gemmed with notable sights and pleasant recollections,—the commencement at once of work and apology.

I have promised—I, the Governor—to write of the great French Exposition of 1867, of its surroundings, and of some of the many excursions induced and made possible by it. The most natural of promises, in the light of kindness so lately bestowed upon a kindred work (“Over Sea; or, England, France, and Scotland, as seen by a Live American”); and yet the rashest, when the scope of the undertaking is considered. Never has a year dawned upon the world, more fertile of temptations to the venturesome pen; never has one induced more bad writing, or

offered better excuse for failure to rise to the level of a given subject.

Those dangerous advisers, Partial Friends, kind enough to express satisfaction with the previous venture, and especially gratified with the freedom of remark therein indulged, hazarded this incitement: "Of course you will see the great French Exposition, and give us the results of your observation, with the same freedom." So suggested, rather than inquired, Partial Friends, by no means the easiest of tempters to be resisted.

"Paris in '67" is destined to be the result—a bit of patchwork, in the gathering of materials for which, and commencing to place them in more or less evident relation to each other, there have been trouble, toil, weariness, anxiety, discouragement, and yet interest and amusement sufficient to compensate ten times the outlay in either direction.

I have committed one serious error, and am well aware of the fact. I should have heeded Brinsley Sheridan and Sydney Smith, the former of whom suggested to his son Tom, that "he could have told about going down into a coal-pit, quite as well without doing any thing of the kind," while the latter reasonably proclaimed the folly of reading a book before reviewing it, because such a proceeding was sure to create a prejudice. With the aid of Galignani, a map of Paris, the plentiful pictures of the Exposition, the innumerable catchpenny guide-books of the English for the present season, and the really brilliant descriptive epistles from the pens of American correspondents resident abroad during the current summer, I might have emulated the able French author who wrote the best of books on America ("Paris en Amérique") without ever crossing the Atlantic, and produced a better book on the contemplated subject than is possible under present circumstances. But I am unfortunately a sharer in that

antiquated prejudice, leading writers uncultivated beyond a given point to dare the perils of acquainting themselves to a certain degree with their own topics, instead of traveling the safe and easy path of "adapting from the French."

To a certain degree only, with most writers, especially with reference to the Exposition. It is safe to say that no man, commissioner or non-official, resident in the gay capital, and frequenting the Champ de Mars from the opening in April till the close in October or November, has made himself, or will make himself, acquainted with all the details of the wonderful gathering in and around the "great gasometer" (as the master-spirit has facetiously designated it); and it is equally certain that nine-tenths of the body of visitors, among whom most of the writers may be reckoned, have caught no more comprehensive view of it than could be obtained of any given town by sailing slowly over it in a balloon. To master the great event has been well-nigh impossible, even to the most diligent: most of us are *not* diligent, especially in Paris, and malgré the example of the "Industrious Fleas."

But here comes my advantage. If I have erred in going to Paris at all, I have stumbled upon wisdom in finding the right time and the correct quantity of it.

I have not taken Paris alone, or too much of it. I am not among the bored—as bored people there are, in connection with the Exposition: quite as thoroughly ennuied as ever men have been with harmless inanity, overgushing tenderness, or *toujours perdrix*. To more than a few (the observant visitor to Paris, of June or July, could read it in their faces), the passage over the Pont de Jena has become a terror, the Grande Porte a horror, and the great building itself a fiendish fascination that could no more be endured than escaped. The labyrinths of products and

ameliorations of human labor, instead of becoming clearer to the eye by habit, have simply grown more tangled and confused as the eye grew wearier, just as——

Last night the full moon of midsummer was hanging over the Bernese Oberland—a cloudless full moon, such as the dwellers up Lauterbrunnen and the Grindelwald say comes but seldom even to the luckiest. The silver light fell full on the white brow of the Jungfrau, making its piled snow a glory, and even bringing out the dark ravines below and eastward. But the eye was not content; it must gaze longer and glass-assisted, to try if the fine outlines of the day could not be duplicated. It did so, too eagerly and too long; and directly that point was reached at which the visual organ gave way, and the imprudent gazer, stricken with sudden blindness, saw nothing whatever. There are moonlight and snow-blinded Expositionists, I fancy, as I know that there are and have long been thoroughly tired ones, especially Americans, listening enviously to the plans of those who were “going home,” and wishing that they too were under “sailing orders.”

The lucky are those who have swooped down upon the scene of France's gathering-in the products of a world, late enough to find the unsightly beams and packing-boxes of opening cleared away, and yet early enough to escape the yawns, weariness, and indescribably *fadé* aspect of impending close. Happy the gatherers to a ball, always, who come after the music has assumed its place, and go away again before the lights have begun to burn low and the pallor of fatigue to assert itself on lovely faces; and something like this, of the midsummer visitor to the Great Exposition.

For during the June and July of 1867, England, France, and half Europe have been all a-bloom with roses; the golden grain has been just temptingly ripe on the harvest-fields of English Warwickshire and French Normandy;

not a leaf has hung withered on the clustering shrubbery of either land; Hyde Park and the Bois de Boulogne have both answered back human beauty and elegance to the yet matchless luxuriance of nature, in what the fashionable world designates as the "height of the season;" kings and emperors and corresponding Oriental potentates, their glory only for a moment shadowed by the cruel death of one of their number in a far-away Western land, have dazzled the public eye with their magnificence, ridden amid plumed squadrons, given receptions from velvet-carpeted daises, and distributed rewards yet richer than the smiles of jeweled beauty that accompanied them. Nature and humanity have been matching if not rivaling splendors; the center of all this, for the time, as never before or elsewhere since the first gathering of men, has been Paris; and thus, and only thus, have the great event and its surroundings flitted before the eye of the Governor, commissioner self-appointed and very much unpaid—thus, with no tint lost of its color, no leaf faded from its chaplet. I should have seen it as women (they say) love to be seen—at the best: it remains to be found whether I have the fatal faculty of distilling poison from delicacies and showing it at the worst.

Meanwhile comes this apparently-awkward question from one of those methodical souls:—

“—— The wonderful man with mechanical eyes,
Who counts you the plumes on the wing of a midge,
And who, passing over the Bridge of Sighs,
Only thinks of the *size of the bridge* :”

“Governor, if you were only in Paris during so brief a period, how is it possible that you can have caught any glimpse of each of several different events of peculiar interest which occurred with so much lapse of time between? How shall you tell us of these?”

To which I reply that, *first*, potentates are far less interesting objects than the scenes amid which they move, and that I am the slowest of tuft and lion hunters; that, *second*, some of my dear little familiars, handsomer and with better opportunities for entrée than myself, may have been present at the most notable of all the royal pageants, and able to whisper into my ears the most interesting of accounts thereof, all the more satisfactory because not too often repeated; and that, *third*, I have the liberty of extract (and shall use it) from some of those "best things" that have fallen at intervals from the pens of newspaper correspondents. Shall not all these suffice?

II.

WHAT "PARIS IN '67" IS DESTINED TO BE.

THE great charm of book-writing, at the present day, consists in the blessed privilege of not knowing at the commencement what is to be the end of the literary journey. Burns struck the key-note of this privilege, long ago and inimitably, in his notification with reference to a certain poem then only half elaborated—that

" Perhaps it might turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon "

and there are those living who well remember the recipe of a certain popular female novelist for arranging the plot of a romance: "Take a couple of lovers, a suffering saint, and a villain or two; start them out, and allow them to go their own way. Depend upon it that they will get into worse scrapes than you could devise for them, and awaken interest enough before they are through!" The good lady has more followers than would like to acknowledge the obligation; and the Governor is one of them—one of the "unattached cadets," a species of eclectic camp-follower. Any attempted abridgment of this *liberty of literary laziness* would create a rebellion more threatening in its consequences than any past émeute of the century. Let us have our little privilege of trifling along the road to Nowhere or Anywhere, and we may be content with slender fare and even endure the torture of worn feet: narrow us to a certain line, and we shall be discontented

with the most velvety of paths and sicken with the most savory of wayside lunches.

Perhaps the nearest guess of what "Paris in '67" is intended to be, may be caught by noting what it must *not* be.

Who wants a dry book of travel, principally made up of bald description, catalogues of inanimate objects, and comments upon things familiar to the eye of the veriest tyro among tourists? And who is anxious for extended relations of personal adventure, when the adventure is likely to be either a pure invention or even more insignificant than the writer, about whom nobody cares the value of a brass farthing? Can any thing be less appetizing than the lugubrious and the sentimental, as applied to the works of nature and their feeblar rival, the works of art? And yet is not the sublime of impropriety more effectually reached in overstrained wit and far-drawn humor, striving to impart vitality to that which has no spark of its own? Decidedly the field is narrowed from those days when the few traveled and the still fewer wrote; and in the latter half of the nineteenth century, however patient the cycles preceding—the dry matter-of-fact traveler, who counts and measures every thing; the egotistical traveler, who meets with an astounding mole-hill adventure every day; the traveler with a high moral purpose, who preaches volumes of sermons from a falling leaf or the chipped nose of a statue; the practical traveler, who calculates the water-power of every cataract, and measures the area of wheat that might have been grown on the site of an unnecessary church; and the smart traveler, who goes abroad to discover new fields for a wit exhausted at home, and extracts guffaws from gravestones and bad puns from belfries—all these are voted nuisances, with better reason than usually attaches to such wholesale condemnation.

What then? Shall the scribbler be debarred from

rambling?—or shall he only be allowed to ramble, under bonds to keep the peace toward society by preserving silence as to his observations or adventures? No; the favorite resource of the century, brought into use when Sam Slick presented his twelve jurymen with twelve pieces of chalk, that they might add up their verdicts and divide by twelve for the result—this comes into use at such a juncture. Let us *compromise*. What if a little of each of the blemishes before indicated should be involved, so that in each instance another hides it from view or tones down the general effect? So let us be dryly descriptive, here; didactic and ponderous, there; anon as egotistical as if the world cared for our welfare or whereabouts; again lugubrious enough to disgust the most sublimated descendant of defunct Laura Matilda; and yet again so atrocious in perversions of wit and humor, that the ghosts of poor Tom Hood and our own lately-lost Artemus will shudder together from their opposite sides of the world. The one may palliate the other, if not excuse it: the dish may be made appetizing (who knows?) through the very incongruousness of its ingredients.

The rambles of 1867, involving the Paris Exposition and the excursions incited and made possible by it, have been by no means impersonal, as aching head, wearied limbs, and depleted purse, have all first or last borne witness: at times the personalities must protrude themselves, especially when other interest fails; again, they will sink away and be forgotten, when the historical, the grandly-natural, or the beautifully-artistic arises to dwarf all single identities. A trifle of information; something of amusement; a little relation of personal adventure; a modicum of reflection and comment;—all this is intended to be briefly conveyed, as indefinite in compounding and as irresponsible in final direction, as are the floating clouds at this moment veiling and un veiling that queenly brow of the Virgin Mountain.

As for that portion of the work dealing exclusively with the exhibition which gives it name :

The official catalogue of the Exposition makes a thousand octavo pages, with only a line or two devoted to the contributions of each exhibitor ; the Exposition itself gathers something from each of nearly all the countries of the globe, and stretches over a farm-space of more than an hundred acres ; half a world has " assisted " at it, first or last, in one way or another ; the very list of awards supplies a volume of formidable dimensions ; the descriptions and comments rendered necessary by it have half-monopolized the press of civilized nations for the better portion of a year. What, then, shall be done with such a subject, in the thin compass of such a volume ? What the practical housewife does with the lacteal product of her dairy-pans—*skim it* ; with the comforting reflection that when the process is accomplished, the more precious portion of the whole will have been secured.

Even the problem of *how to skim* might have seemed a more formidable one, but for the publication of a certain " Practical Guide," during the current season convulsing European travelers, and in which explicit directions are given for *seeing Paris thoroughly in one day*, on the principle of devoting five minutes to the Louvre, two to the Madeleine, half an hour of fast trotting to the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne, and " driving by " most of the notable buildings, so as to be able to record having " seen " them ! After that, what cannot be done in a moment of time and an atom of space ? And after that, what cramped traveler shall despair of leisure or what hampered scribbler fear the printer ?

A portion of this volume, limited in space but notable in interest, will be found specially devoted to certain American contributions to the Great Exposition, which have struck the eye of careful research as most fitly typifying

our great material progress, and best showing how and why we, as a nation, have commanded the very highest respect of the world, and borne away a marked proportion of the official awards, with one of the very smallest contributions, in point of scope and variety, supplied by any great people of the civilized globe. Of this, at length, in its proper place: attention is called to it, here, more by way of directing that attention than as any apology for what is so obviously proper, even if out of the line of ordinary remark.

But that melancholy comment over the grave of a certain deceased savan whose failing body still out-lasting the over-wrought brain, is to be avoided: "Died of pursuing one idea." Too much of Paris and the Exposition might be as fatal to peace of mind, as the single study proved to the savan. Ninety-nine hundredths of visitors to the Exposition, especially Americans, did not make it a *single* pilgrimage. Some loitered on the way over; others have dallied, or are preparing to dally, on their return; and it is worthy of note that even grave and responsible commissioners, and gentlemen especially intrusted with some of the most important interests involved, suddenly decamped Switzerland-and-Germany-ward within a few hours after the declaration of awards, leaving the delicately-varied music of the Tunisian café to delight other ears. That self-appointed commissioner, the Governor, has likewise had his "little runaways" from the great event; and no inconsiderable portion of this volume has the duty of recording what he saw and felt, suffered and enjoyed, through the Lake Country of Western England, Coventry and the Shakespeare neighborhoods of Warwickshire, Switzerland and the Black Forest of Germany, London in the full "season," Killarney and the South of Ireland, in company and out of company with the Captain, Anna Maria, Young Hawesby, Lady Eleanor, and the Gipsy Queen.

III.

ABOUT THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, AND HIS WORK OF 1867.

His Majesty the Emperor of the French has not given me the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, albeit I was in Paris at the time when such decorations were flying about at an alarming rate; nor do I know that if he had done so, covered as I am with other *orders* (from employers), I should have found room to wear the desirable bauble once enjoyed by Lopez. But that strange neglect shall not prevent my prefacing the account of the creation of the world with some mention of its creator.

It is a favorite theory, at the present day, that the triumphs of peace are more enduring than those of war, and that he builds best who builds with the hammers and spades of his people, rather than with their bayonets. A favorite theory, but only those seem to practice upon it who possess the best of excuses for holding the opposite faith. England has been the bull-dog of nations, always in arms, and winning and retaining more through the use of arms than all other nations combined; yet England, operated upon by the splendidly-practical and humanitarian mind of the late Prince Consort, opened to the nations, in 1851, the world-wedding and humanizing system of international industrial exhibitions, followed with a second, and supplemented with that magnificent private pendant, the Sydenham Crystal Palace. No ruler of the century has been held to need Mars as his right hand, to such an extent

as the present Emperor of the French ; none has been so long and constantly suspected of hostile designs in every direction ; none has been so watched and reprobated on that single score ; yet he it is who has taken the second great step in this international industrial progress, by originating and carrying out an exhibition to which the English was but a shadow. An anomaly, certainly ; but what great event of this transition period is *not* an anomaly ?

Here follows a brief but decided expression of a deliberate opinion :

The Emperor of the French, in the Exposition of 1867, has done a great work for his people, for the world, and for his own enduring reputation.

This position is either denied, or so modified that no personal credit remains, on many hands : is either the denial or the modification warranted ? Let the undervaluations be briefly taken up in succession.

What if, as alleged, the design of the Exposition, on the part of the Emperor, may have been the wish to preserve, for the time being, the threatened peace of Europe ? Shall not that motive be held most creditable, the supposed opposite of which, on his part, has been continually reprobated and feared as the most fatal of personal foibles ? What if, even, that anxiety was only a thing of the present, because France lacked readiness for the impending conflict ? Has a ruler a more sacred duty than to look to it that his nation fights only when prepared, if it fights at all ? What if, again, absolute apprehension of a rebellion against his personal rule, may have induced his presentation of this temporary employment to the French mind and hand ? Granted the fact of the present possession of power, and the supposed fear of its loss, what more laudable characteristic could be shown by a ruler, than the wish to still sedition with industrial employment and profit, rather

than to repress it with the sword and the prison-bolt? What if, again, his predominant motive may have been the enriching of the purses of Parisian dealers, and the amelioration of the momentary financial condition of all France, through the attracting thither of the purses of all the world? Since when has monetary providence for his people been held a weakness or a vice on the part of a governing mind? What if, yet again, the desire to make other monarchs visit his capital and revolve like satellites in the dazzling sphere of his hospitality, may have largely influenced the enterprise? What else than this feeling, in one development or another, induces every brilliant reunion in the fashionable world, or even leads to the humblest of tea-drinkings—affairs that the world is as yet by no means ready to decry as corrupt or vicious? And what, finally, if a doubt of permanent position yet achieved, and a lust for enduring name in the future history of the time, may have principally moved the monarch who saw a late and perhaps a last opportunity? Since when have the great names of history been specially faulted, or even undervalued, for the indulgence of that noblest of all the weaknesses of human nature, when no reprobation, but rather applause, was due to the means which they employed for indulging that lust of fame?

Decidedly, to the cosmopolitan mind of any nation, the indictment against the originator and promoter of the great enterprise falls to the ground; while the magnificent result remains to take its trial as to success or failure, perfection or weakness of detail.

“The Exposition is a total failure!” was the cry principally conveyed to the public ear through the *ad captandum* utterances of newspaper correspondents, when the hurried opening of the First of April was just taking place, and when the collection and visitors (the writers included) were alike in confusion. No nation—so they said—had sent

forward any representation of its industry or art, worthy of the name; no such body of people as had been expected would visit Paris during the season; every thing was costly discomfort; the building was a disgrace to an architectural age, besides being certain to be untenable during the approaching hot weather; the wrong men had hold of the affair in every direction; the Emperor had again overreached himself and made another immense blunder, and all would be found a disgraceful muddle.

"The Exposition is a perfect and magnificent success!" has been the current cry, from corresponding quarters, at any time since the First of May, when order began to emerge from chaos; when visitors began to flock from all quarters of the globe, and when the expected titled satellites really commenced to revolve around the imperial orb. And "the Exposition is a perfect and magnificent success!" has since been echoed by a large proportion of visitors, especially the fortunate winners of prizes, golden, silvern, brazen, scriptive and decorative; while the principal counter-echo has come from non-visitors, from those gentlemen who "didn't care about the Frenchman who was exposing himself, and wouldn't send any thing!" and from that unfortunate small minority overlooked in the distribution.

Both cries, meanwhile, and in point of fact, may well have been taken with a grain of allowance: the Exposition has never been a failure, or any thing approaching that appellation, from the opening day; and there have certainly been spots enough on the sun of even its noonday splendor, to make that word "perfect" scarcely allowable.

One more generalization, and only one, seems to be in place here, and at this moment.

The Exposition, with all its faults and short-comings, is incomparably the greatest and grandest gathering of the works of human hands, that the world has so far ever

beheld ; and the possibilities which it opens to that world, seem almost unlimited.

The added position it gives to Napoleon the Third can scarcely be set down in words, or calculated in figures. As a sovereign, it has shown him in corresponding glory as magnificent monarch and caterer for the interests of his people ; as an executive superintendent, it has given him proud place, even in this day when executive ability is the ambition of so many leading minds of all the world ; even as a mere *skillful advertiser* of his own greatness, the splendor of his capital and the variety of his people's wares, he has achieved a pre-eminence quite as profitable, if less high-sounding. What he has himself managed in the affair, has evidently been well managed ; what he has intrusted to others has shown that rarest of abilities which lies in skillful selection of agents.

A wonderful, incongruous, harmonious, unsatisfactory, pleasing, involved and yet significant whole, the Great Exposition has spread over the Champ de Mars, and will spread in shadow over the pages of history, quite as imperishable, in fact as well as in effect, as either Austerlitz or Waterloo, and capable of obscuring if not excusing the tragic criminal mistake of Mexico.

It has brought the nations nearer together ; it has opened wider the eyes of knowledge as well as those of speculation ; it has gone at least one step towards fusing languages, the dissimilarity of which had been the worst of foes to human intercourse ; it has narrowed the seas by increasing the numbers crossing, and the facilities for over-leaping them ; it has shown all nations as well as the works of all nations, and the very habitations of all nations, to the eyes of all who would look upon the gathered wonder ; it has marked another era in human progress, and carried us all nearer to that goal of the future of a great age, which no man can measure, but to which all men look for-

ward confidently as blindly. This the Great Exposition has done; and this (errors excepted, as say some of the mercantile people in their balance-sheets)—this is the round result of the Emperor's work of 1867.

But something more of this and of its effects on the near future, in the papers following.

IV.

WHEREABOUTS OF THE GREAT EXPOSITION.—THE CHAMP DE MARS.

NONE of the innumerable visitors of the season to Paris, it is to be hoped, need to be informed of the whereabouts of the great gathering; though it is not quite certain that a proportion of them, geographically inquired of by anxious absentees, would be too capable of explaining the location of its site, its bearing by compass from what might be called the heart of the city, or even the name borne by the immense quadrangle thus honored.

I think that he was not a dunce beyond parallel, whom I heard inquired of the other day on some of these points, at one of the stations down the Valley of the Rhone, after he had been spending a month in Paris, and half of it within the Exposition grounds, and who replied thus lucidly: "In what part of Paris is it? Oh, I can tell that easy enough, you know. You know where all the stunning big hotels are—no, you have never been in Paris, so that you can't know *that*. Well, you take a carriage at any of the big hotels, and ride about twenty minutes or half an hour—maybe not quite so much; sometimes you cross the what's-its-name river—the Seine, you see a thundering big building, with lots of flags and fountains, and a beastly crowd of people around it, and there you are."

At all events, stay-at-home travelers, even those who

have visited Paris in former years, may need to be reminded if not informed on some of these points.

The Champ de Mars, site of the Great Exposition, lies on the southern or less populous side of the Seine, and at the western or down-stream end of its course through Paris, directly opposite the suburb of Passy (embracing the great entrance to the Bois de Boulogne), on the northwest, and diagonally opposite the Champs Elysées, the Place de la Concorde, the Tuileries, &c., on the northeast. On the point of being out of town, it bears about the same relation to the city that would be held by a New York pleasure-ground laid out on the upper edge of Murray Hill—say about the site of the Reservoir and the old Crystal Palace; and the gentleman just quoted was right in giving the time by carriage, from the great hotel center around the Madeleine and the Palais Royal, as from fifteen to thirty minutes.

On the northwest the Champ is bounded by the Seine, with the Pont or Bridge of Jena crossing at its exact center; on the northeast its length stretches down the Avenue de la Bourdonnaye; on the southeast the other end is covered by the Avenue de la Mothe Piquet and the immense buildings (its whole width) of the Ecole Impériale Militaire, once the West Point of France, now more barrack than school; and on the southwest the boundary of the second long side is the Avenue Suffren. Only a few hundreds of yards away, diagonally, at the southeastern corner, rises the great Dome of the Hôtel des Invalides (of course under repair—possibly regilding—and disfigured by scaffolding, during this particular summer of 1867, when all eyes were to see it); the Civil and Military Normal Gymnasium almost touches the southwestern side of the quadrangle; while the Military Hospital (entirely distinct from the Invalides, as many do not suppose) holds corresponding position opposite the northeastern.

Standing at the Pont de Jena, and sweeping the eye over Paris proper, the great architectural points presenting themselves are the Arc d'Etoile rising high over all, a mile due northward; the long and low, but magnificent Palais d'Industrie (place of the Exposition of 1863) thrusting up its tortoise back in the midst of the Champs Elysées, northeastward; farther eastward the long façade of the Tuileries and the Louvre, seeming to gird the whole thither side of the Seine with stonework; yet farther eastward and up the river, the two unrivaled square towers of Notre Dame rising out of the confused mass of two or three miles of lower edifices; and half behind, southeastward, the Dome of the Invalides. A memorable view from a notable position; and yet one sinking into insignificance in the recollections of those who have paused on the other side of the Seine, on the heights descending to the Pont de Jena, and caught all these glories from that much higher level, with the Exposition building itself added as a crowning feature. *That* is a picture not easily forgotten.

Such is the site of the Champ de Mars: now a few words of its origin and that of its name—the latter, very generally misunderstood.

No trap is more specious or more difficult to be avoided than that which the French language sets for the superficial English reader of it (as does the English for the Frenchman), in the resemblance of words which really mean something very different; and of all the captures made by this trap, a thousand to one have been baited by that compound word—"Champ de Mars." "Mars," in the Latin derivations and in English, means the God of War; the Champ de Mars has been almost exclusively used, within general knowledge, as a place of review for armies; ergo, in the public mind, and without pausing to consider another meaning for the word, the "Champ de Mars" has been the Field of the God Mars—the "Field of War."

So far has this idea gone, that the Emperor, in a late declaration with reference to the past and future uses of the field, was understood by thousands to be making especial allusion to the *name*, and to the propriety of changing it to the "Champ de la Paix," the "Field of Peace," while such a lingual idea in his mind was purely impossible.

The Champ de Mars is simply the Field of March (no military pun intended on the latter word), just as it might have been the Champ de Janvier or Août—Field of January or August. And the name seems to have been derived from the great gatherings of the early French (or Frankish) warriors, under the Merovingian and Carolingian dynasties, always held in March or May, and named as "Fields" accordingly.

The Champ de Mars has made its wonderful record rapidly, for it has no place in antiquity. Less than two hundred years ago it seems to have been a collection of dust-heaps—a sort of "dumping-ground" beyond the Seine from what was then "Paris" at all its western portion. Its existence as a public ground seems to have been derived from the Ecole Militaire at its southeastern end, founded by virtuous Louis XV. about 1750, as a place of military training for those noble but not too brilliant youths who were thenceforth (by his edict) to crowd all plebeians out of the higher grades of the French armies. For this nascent West Point, the Champ was graded as a riding-school and place of parade.

But the shadow of the Revolution loomed, and France was too wise (England never has been) to allow that edict to remain in force. The brawn and brains of the plebeians were wanted in the commissions as well as the ranks of the armies. The Ecole Royale Militaire became a cavalry barrack, and the Champ de Mars a Hounslow or Fifteen Acres for general military evolutions and public gather-

ings. Very soon after it began to be grandly historical, as the great convulsion ripened and bore bloody fruit.

On the 14th of July, 1790, the Champ witnessed the most magnificent of all spectacles preceding the present, and one excelling it in many particulars, but more fruitless for good than this can possibly be under the most unfortunate of circumstances. The monarchy was falling, and there was an effort to be made for its preservation. The Champ de Mars was selected as the scene of the effort. (Malicious tongues, before referred to, have hinted that the effort of the current year was made for a like purpose, again by a *falling dynasty*; but that is the merest speculation.)

The Feast of the Federation, in which all France swore to be brethren, with the king as an elder brother, was called then in the Champ de Mars. The field was converted into a vast amphitheater, capable of containing half a million within the possibilities of sight; and to accomplish its remodeling, not only twelve thousand men labored for weeks, but, as the time approached and much remained to be done, priests, nobles, and even women, handled shovels and trundled wheelbarrows, while parties of relief from the suburbs marched in with flags and banners. And when the great day came, Louis XVI. and his court occupied a lofty platform in front of the Military School (this season forming the Belgian Park), four hundred thousand people filled the raised sides of the amphitheater, and sixty thousand armed federals surrounded the altar on which Lafayette laid the civic oath just received from the king, to be sworn to by the whole assembly with one shout, after Talleyrand (then Bishop of Autun, and unsuspecting of ministerial fame) had concluded a grand mass, served by no less than three hundred priests. A glorious fraternization—to close in the blood of king and people, how soon!

For on the same spot, a year and two days thereafter (16th of July, 1791), in the tumult following the unfortunate foiled flight of the king to Varennes, Lafayette and Bailly, striving to disperse the crowd clamoring for deposition, fired (no doubt necessarily enough) on the crowd, after they had murdered two invalid soldiers under the yet-standing "National Altar,"—and some hundreds of lives were sacrificed, giving the human wolf his taste of blood. There, two years later, Bailly paid with his blameless life for the crime of living in such an age.

Then, with some minor events intervening, came the great days of the First Empire, and the Champ de Mars played a prominent part in the pageantry of those days when "Europe would have pomp and tinsel, and Napoleon gave them to her," as well says that splendid verbal madman who supplied us with the "Napoleon Dynasty." In the Champ it was that, in conjunction with innumerable reviews of the veterans who had won and were winning Europe,—three days after his coronation at Notre Dame, and on the verge of that wonderful campaign which produced Ulm and Austerlitz, and made suppliants of two emperors,—Napoleon with his own hands distributed to the different corps the eagles which they were to bear to victory above their banners—some of the very eagles, alas! which now stand tarnished beside his tomb in the Invalides.

Another and a later pageant of the great Emperor—sadder, in the light of its broken promises. The Champ de Mars was then a "Champ de Mai," when on the first of June, 1815, during the Hundred Days, Napoleon proclaimed the *Acte Additionnel* before marching to Waterloo, again distributed his eagles and received fealty. Another magnificent spectacle, this, and seemingly enthusiastic; but it was hollow and melancholy; for, to quote the irreverent Victor Hugo, "God was tired of Napoleon."

The Champ de Mars knew him no more, except as, in that weirdly-beautiful poem of Baron Teidlitz, before quoted by the same writer in another connection ("Over-Sea"), the ghost-emperor has ever since been holding there the "midnight review" of his shadowy columns.

It was here that Charles X. dissolved the National Guard, when he could no longer trust them, a few days before the revolution of July, 1830; and it was here that Louis Philippe (who *could* trust them *for a time*) distributed the colors to the same Guard, re-constituted, soon after his accession. And here, passing by the fêtes and reviews, and even the occasional horse-races which occupied it during the comparatively quiet days of the Citizen King,—here it was that yet another eagle distribution took place, when Napoleon the Third proclaimed the Second Empire, in 1851, and became the special heir of his great uncle's strengths, weaknesses and traditions.

Here it was that, in the summer of 1865, I, the Governor, saw the most uninteresting, ill-shaded, ill-swarded, dusty, hot and uncomfortable parade-ground that had ever fallen under my notice—so blindingly and chokingly dusty that, as my cab rolled over it, I was obliged to close eyes and mouth against the rising cloud of chalky loam; so tasteless, and without any redeeming point except immense size, that I could not avoid exclaiming as I left it: "Well, the Lord help any Frenchman who calls that a public ground, and is not ashamed of it!"

Here it is that during this current season of 1867, I have seen the greatest collection of the industries and arts of all nations, that the world ever saw; a central wonder in architecture, more than matched by its surroundings of minor buildings showing the architecture and taste in dwellings, of all lands; even these excelled by the taste in floriculture and arboriculture, which has made the whole little else than a dream of fairy land; and the

French Park, especially, the rival if not the superior of Versailles and the Royal Gardens of Kew.

But of this latter feature, the filling and adornment of the grounds, something more at length in its due order and in another paper.

V.

HOW PARIS "PREPARED TO RECEIVE BOARDERS."

IMPORTANT events have their petty details as well as their glittering generalities ; even the grandest army does not move without its ragged, dirty and disorganized camp-followers (unless, like Sherman's "bummers," they go *in advance*!). Paris, destined to be the scene of the great gathering, had a duty foreshadowed, and proceeded to fulfill it with desperate energy—the duty of receiving a visiting world, supplying it (*a la* Mugby Junction) with the least possible of comfort at the greatest possible price, and generally combining the "profitable" with the "pleasant."

Superficially, under the emperor's command, Paris washed its face and put on its Sunday raiment, very early in the event. Half-finished boulevards were pushed forward with even exceptional rapidity ; Baron Haussmann, it is probable, tore down fewer houses, and left fewer ragged chimney-ways exposed to sun and sight, than at any corresponding period since his assumption of the Prefecture ; obstructing piles of stone and mortar became even unusually rare, and local deformities, generally, were covered with a skill which would have excited the envy of the most accomplished female chamber-diplomatist ; the dust commanded to lie still, and not offend the eyes and nostrils ; the trees to leaf (not *leave*) at their very earliest ; and thus, and in a thousand other nameless modes, was the great city garnished for the rush of new comers—as when the minister's lady and a few other village notables are expected at

a country abode, on some pleasant afternoon "to tea," and swept door-ways, tidied-up rooms, white aprons, clean caps for the elders, and the washed faces of children, become the most easily distinguishable features of the occasion.

But all this comprised only a tithe of the labor of preparation. In a local romance of not many years ago, the morning exordium of a certain general-dealer in a small way, to his second in command, was said to be: "John, sand the sugar, plaster the flour, water the liquors, mark up all the dry goods twenty per cent., and then come in to prayers!" Paris, as a careful and prudent city should have done, performed all the other requirements without going in to prayers.

Everybody, who has ever been to Paris, knows that there are no "houses" in it—indeed none in France, the English and American (and even the German) acceptation of the word being taken as the standard. The French "lodge"—no more; it is doubtful whether all of them even do so much, of what is generally considered "living." They have no privacy, comparatively, and seem to desire none. Their food is eaten on the sidewalk, in front of some café, or in the café itself, with the doors and windows open, and laughter, rattling of spoons and plates and clinking of glasses, not only attracting but seeming to invite observation.

A consequence of this, or perhaps a part of it, is that the Frenchman does not desire much special privacy in even the household details of living, outside of the food question. The idea that one should prefer to have an outer door into which no other family than his own should come, except as visitors, is not half so likely to enter his head as that of a new frippery in fashion, a new war, or a new barricade. Except in the mansions of the very rich, there are few "separate houses" in the French territories. Wealth and comparative poverty—often great wealth and

abject poverty—assured position, and position worse than doubtful, enter at the same outer door, are served by the same *concierge* (porter), ascend the same lower *escalier* (stair-way), and have their household smoke make exit by the same chimney; the only perceptible difference being (to an outsider, and supposing a very possible case), that “*milord*” lodges *au deuxieme*, and pays a round price for his accommodation; that Mons. Pinchot, the small merchant, has his tenement *au troisieme*, and pays a rent considerably diminished; that Parbleu, the mechanic, is located *au quatrieme*, and still falls in rent as he rises in altitude; that possibly Mlle. Florine, of the demi-monde, but comfortable therein, comes *au cinquieme*, paying still a shade less than her next lower neighbor (though the fact may be that she and Parbleu change places); that Nanine comes next, *au sixieme*—a grisette of the actual type, still struggling for labor and respectability, and making the pot boil on very, very little, in rent, dietetically and sartorially; and that *au septieme*, up among the chimney-pots, the swallows, the tiles, moss, and occasional sunshine, old mother Gringoire, the chiffoniere, crawls to her garret, crust and rags.

Mons. Le Français and *Madame sa femme*, if they chance to be so located that a small house is all their own, for business or other purposes, have correspondingly small objection to breaking the privacy of what we call a “floor,” and they an “*étage*.” What is it to *them* who enters or who departs, or what (short of murder or coining—amenable to police discipline, and therefore troublesome to landlords) goes on in the very next room to that in which they themselves repose, so that rent is duly paid, no proprieties are openly outraged, doors are kept locked, and no awkward peep-holes achieved? They are not “their brothers’ keepers,” or eke those of their “sisters,” in the detail of morals; would the world be better or worse (the doubt

arises) if there were more persons like them in this particular?

To what does all this tend? To one of the points indicated in the opening of this paper—the readiness of Paris, individually and collectively, to receive lodgers, during the Exposition, and to *make the most of them!* To “lick” into “receptivity” anything in the shape of an unoccupied or half-occupied room, boudoir or pig-stye, from *au-dessous* to the very tiles, capable of taking in a bed and a wash-stand (not necessarily a carpet—carpets are not indispensable in the land of wooden “parquetrie;” but woe to the wight, male or female, who forgets the necessary slippers and wanders thereon while dressing and undressing!)—capable of taking in those details, I say, and then and thenceforth “taking in,” more or less in two senses, a certain number of the “outside barbarians” clamoring for admission to the Parisian paradise.

Do not let me be understood as intending to apply these terms of undervaluation to all Parisian lodging-houses, supplied during the current year or previously. Benevolent shades of Madame S—— and Mrs. D——, respected furnishers of *appartements meublées*, in the past, the completeness of which must have mollified the tempers of the most exigent of *well-posted travelers* (nothing *could* mollify the green-horn—he knows nothing, and so expects everything!); and yet more certainly forbid such an aspersion, substantial but very pleasant matronly shade of dear Madame W——, at whose cozy *au quatrieme* in the Rue Mazagran, under the round arch that looked so welcome when we came home late at night, tired and sleepy, from long rambles on the boulevards—the Captain and Anna Maria and the Governor passed some pleasant and memorable days and nights! Were not *your* “appartements” clean and well-furnished and comfortable, dear Madame W——? Did not the waxed *parquetrie* shine like a sideboard, all

the while?—and were there not towels and napkins and water in abundance?—and did you scruple to afford us that un-French commodity of supply, *du savon*, when we chanced to lack it for a day? (some of us have lacked the other kind of “soap” many a day)—and were there any “bougies” charged for that we did not fairly consume?—and did Etienne (who fell in love with Anna Maria, and wanted to learn to talk a few words of English, so that he could express his admiration otherwise than by upturned eyes, *so much*) ever fail to bring us rolls that were flaky and eggs that were nascent, tea and coffee retaining their orientalism, and fruit that had not yet lost its memory of nature, for those savory, quiet little breakfasts and suppers?—and was there ever a failure to meet a cheerful word from the old *concierge* at the gate below, or to find those keys on the proper hook of the key-board, and sometimes, what was better still, your own calm, benevolent, matronly face, and a good-will greeting not paid for or expected to be paid for, within the little double door of frosted glass, of the *entresol*?—and when one day we honored the moderate *addition* in the quiet parlor, and prepared to come away, was it not with a regret and a promise to come again, on the one side, and a warm invitation to do so on the other? Were not all these things as I have stated them, good, considerate Madame W——?—and if they were so, are Parisian lodging-houses to be indiscriminately voted “nuisances” and their keepers “harpies?” Not “while this right hand retains”—not its “cunning,” for it never had any—but its propensity for scribbling personalities!

Nay, was there not something more (and this with sad reverence)—something more, that invested that tidy white cap and the modest mourning symbols of your attire with a light like that which may have shone on the mourning Madonna?—a romance of the bleeding heart of the mother,

sacred in a Parisian lodging-house as if it had been woven in a palace or conceived in a boudoir?

Did you not tell us of dear lost Celestine, whose face we never saw, but imaged it thenceforth—how she clung to you and to herself, refusing marriage-offers that sought her "dot" and not her womanhood, until the master came and she wedded and went regretfully away from you? Then how she named the buildings and walks of her little German home, the "Louvre" and the "Madeleine" and the "Champs Elysees" of the Paris she had loved so well; and how she wrote you home such sweet, modest letters of regretful happiness; and then how she was to visit you in the mingled glory of bride and mother, and you waited and watched for her so fondly; and how then the letter came with its black seal, to tell you that the darling daughter would visit you no more on earth, forever! Ah, dear Madame W——! these, alas! are real like the others; the mourning, I know, will never go out from that faithful mother's heart, any more than the sombre hue from that garb or the tears from your eyes when you speak of her! It is only a "chance-boarder" speaking poor words of comfort to a lodging-house keeper; but the orison will work you no evil: God comfort and bless you, and in his own good time give you a happy and an eternal meeting with lost Celestine!

But they were not all Madame W——'s; were they, good people from every land, making your temporary home in Paris during the summer of 1867?—and cannot you, as well as I, imagine how the individual desire for the rapid accumulation of wealth (something about which, of course, Americans know nothing, especially since the rebellion!)—how this must have been stimulated, at the opening of the Exposition, by the conduct of those in charge of that "show," letting out to the highest bidder, or the most subservient tool, the privilege of doing anything,

selling anything, or letting anything be done, in or around the building or park—from the retailing of soda-water or newspapers, to the blacking of boots, the carrying away of the likeness of any object through the aid of the photograph, or even the luxury of sitting down in a chair or on a bench, to rest the over-wearied limbs for a single moment!

Lest these latter details should seem like exaggeration to absentees, let me say, here, that more than one arrest was made of unfortunates who dared to be caught taking photographic sketches of any particular object, without paying roundly for the privilege (a proceeding unknown to Americans before or since the lately-decapitated and immensely-regretted War-Secretary Stanton “snapped” my good friends, the Gurneys, with a file of soldiers, for photographing the Lincoln obsequy decorations, in the New York City Hall), and that so conclusive and servile was the “farming out” of everything in and about the Palace, that even the right of the management to retain a single seat for visitors was disputed by those who had bought the “sitting privilege,” and two or three hundred long settees originally provided and erected for free use in various parts of the building, taken up by force and pitched out into a waste corner of the Park, where they lay rotting during the balance of the summer, that—well, I will not mention and so advertise the contemptible name of the contracting firm—might manufacture diseases of the abdomen and coin money at their own sweet will.*

* During the printing of this work another pleasant development has been made in the affair of seats at the Exposition, thus detailed in one of the foreign newspapers reaching America in September:—

“An extraordinary scene was witnessed at the Exhibition on Friday, the 23d. At 8 o'clock in the morning the Imperial Commission made its appearance with a procession of carts and a few dozen crowbars, and without any warning carried off the chairs and tables which the proprietors of the cafés and restaurants had placed out-

There are some other details of the "farming out" system that I have no idea of giving, out of respect at once to the moral and physical senses of readers; but how long after this before we shall hear the next echo of abuse from European organs of opinion against the "disgusting American worship of the almighty dollar?"

"Grab" (to use an expressive modernism, not in the dictionaries as a substantive)—"grab" was the official "game"—why should it not be that of the private individual? Such another opportunity might not again occur during a lifetime; and there were no doubt many Parisians who remembered what King William of Holland was charged for eggs during one of his royal progresses—a dollar each, not because eggs were peculiarly scarce, but because kings were! "Hit him again, he has no friends!" and "Skin him, he is away from home and in our power, and we may never catch him again!"—the two mottoes sprung from the same source, and reflected equal credit on their originators.

But here I have local aid, and let me use it—the aid of my friend the Old Corporal, a New Orleanian by birth, but a non-commissioned officer in the French army through-

side their premises for the accommodation of the public since the opening of the Exhibition. Several violent tableaux took place. Immediately after the seizure the English restaurant-keepers stuck up outside a notice, which, not being to the taste of the Commission, was torn down by the police. They then closed their doors and stuck up another notice inside. This, however, was doomed to the same fate; the police broke open the doors, and again tore down the objectionable placard. The result of all this was that the majority of the cafés and restaurants shut up shop for the day and the unfortunate public had to walk about athirst and hungry. And now for the 'cause of this remarkable proceeding: The Commission, which are determined to make money anyhow, had given to M. D—— the right to place chairs round the building, notwithstanding that they had previously let to these same restaurant and café keepers at an exorbitant sum the places they occupy. M. D—— complained that they had no right to place chairs outside their shops, the proprietors replied that they had paid for their space and ought to have it. A lawsuit was the consequence, and M. D—— gained the day. Such is one of the good results of the system of monopoly invented by M Le Play."

out both the Crimean and Italian campaigns, and for many of the intervening and succeeding years resident at Paris, with little to do and a wandering propensity which leads him through all kinds of doubtful streets and by-places. He supplies me with a little picture of what he saw and heard at about the opening of the Exposition, in the way of calculations and arrangements among the humbler individuals who were to purvey transit for the host of newcomers, and especially for the expected rush of American "savages :"—

"I was going," says the Old Corporal, "down one of the narrow but important streets just below the Bourse, and not far from the Rue Coq-Heron and the Poste Restante, one morning late in March, when I chanced to have occasion to stop and rub a fusée for my cigar at a blank, white wall with double and single doors cutting it, and a little cart standing without, looking like one of those employed by a baker in a small way. Just as I rubbed the fusée the little door partially opened and a man stuck out his head, then left it half closed and went on with a conversation which had apparently been only for a moment interrupted.

"Now I had no occasion whatever of listening to the words of this baker, for such his whitey cap and light clothes, as well as the cart without, proclaimed him to be; and I certainly should not have done so, had I not caught the word 'Americaine!' pronounced with that hissing sound only known to a Frenchman when he is endeavoring to express the extremity of scorn and disgust. But I happen to be an American to the backbone, in spite of all my years of French service, and, in spite of the fact, too, that I believe I belong to a section not recognized as 'part of the United States.' So I listened, and what I heard in guttural French you shall have in the best idiomatic Franco-English that I can furnish, except here and there a

word that is untranslatable. I think you will recognize it as a fair indication of the rods that Johnny Crapaud was pickling for you, whether you have by this time received the benefit of his good intentions or not.

"‘Americans? why not?’ spoke the baker with a repetition of the hiss. ‘They are putting to the sale their log-cabins, to arrive at this civilized France; and they come in vessels of the small cost, so as to have much money for their occasions here. It is for us of Paris—that money remaining in their pouches; and it is the duty of that noble Mirabeau to cause to reach my pockets much of it.’

"‘But there may not be so many of them,’ I heard the other voice reply; ‘and then they may have horses in America, since to them visited the adventurous Lafayette—who knows?’

"‘Not many of them? *Parbleu!*’ hissed back the baker. ‘They will be like the locusts of the Egypt in number; and those savages are so ignorant that they do not recognize between a horse and an ass. What would you have? I reassure you that they will ride at all times—these people of show and indolence—when once they arrive at a country of civilization, and that my horses that are not matched, of the Arabian breed——’

"‘*Mille Tonnerres!*’ the other broke out, impatiently. ‘They are skeletons, they are collections of bones! They would create the good fortunes of a doctor who physicked that animal, because he would know the place of disposition of every bone in their bodies! I offer to you, as a great favor, the purchase of these fragments, at eight francs each, to boil them into glue and dog-sustenance, and you refuse! You are most thick-headed, my friend the baker!’ This hissed out nearly as contemptuously as the words of the other had been, and informing me of what I had before suspected—that the baker’s interlocutor was a

knacker or buyer-up of worn-out animals for the glue factories and dog-and-cat-meat shops, making overtures to relieve the other of what he did not feel inclined to sell. But the fury of the baker, after this outburst, was terrifically French:—

“‘Coquin of a horse-destroyer, you would devour me without holding pity for me afterward! Behold in the day-light one of the steeds of value that you defame! Though I throw away my words of importance on an asinine person, yet see what shall carry the American savages and other islanders, by the thousand at many times, at a franc and two francs each for the small distances, and many francs when they receive transportation to Versailles and St. Denis! *Allez*, Mirabeau! my noble! come out here and be visible to those eyes that deserve you not!’

“Suddenly, and before I, horribly fascinated by the interesting conversation, could retreat so as to avoid being seen, the larger door dashed open, and the baker, little, weazen-faced and grimacing, emerged, dragging by the bridle his Rosinante, while the irate and disappointed knacker yet stood within what I now saw to be part barn, part stable, and the remainder wagon and lumber room.

“But what language shall describe this bit of horse-flesh, intended for transatlantic delectation otherwise than through the medium of the table? Fully of age, to all appearance (*i.e.*, twenty-one years and over); a color that had once been bay but was now dirty yellow where the lead-colored weals did not supply a ‘neutral tint;’ one eye gone and the other ‘cocked,’ as if strabismus had suddenly invaded the equine family; the head long as a flour-barrel and ‘sprung’ like the double curve of a scythe handle; the hips protuberant and each ‘knocked,’ sore, and ghastly; the ribs convenient for counting, but the galls too numerous for that exercise; both fore-knees sprung, and one fore-foot ‘clubbed’ to the dimensions of elephantiasis—such,

feebly depicted, was the remarkable equine production—certainly something that could have been sent to the zoological department of the Exposition without doubt of receiving one of the prizes for ‘extreme rarity and unique qualities!’ You have some gallant steeds in New York, harnessed to the classical clam-cart and alleged to cost fifty cents to two-fifty each at the Second Avenue and Fifty-Fourth Street Tattersalls; exaggerate the worst of them that can stand erect without propping, by say fifty per cent., and then you may form some idea of my discovery in natural history, though a slight one.

“The knacker was confounded—I could see that he was, though I do not presume to say whether he was vanquished by the splendid points of the animal and the shame of having offered to devote such a marvel of equine beauty to the shambles of his trade, or by the horrifying reflection that he had risked being obliged to pay eight francs therefor! At all events he was silent, only uttering a single ‘Humph,’ which may mean anything, with a Frenchman; and, ignoring my presence, the baker grew more voluble as the other ‘subsided:’—

“‘Delay yet for some moments!’ he rather squealed than spoke. ‘You have imagination that I shall be compelled to the purchase of a voiture for the conveyance of those foreign canaille. Behold, with complete preparation!’ And with the native celerity of a Frenchman, one moment sufficed him to hitch the end of the halter in the wheel of the cart, to dash through the door and emerge again, shoving out a vehicle which went far beyond the horse in the way of ‘beggaring description.’

“This wonder in vehicular architecture had been a cart, in or about the days of Charles the Tenth (I do not think that it *could* have seen the First Empire), and no doubt at that early period it had enjoyed the distinction of paint; but any such disguise had long ago been worn away by

rain, and cracked away by sun, and powdered away by the cream-colored dust of French roads, until the original hue was undiscoverable. It had high sides, with open upper rails; and 'raking' end-boards, like those of a Virginia market-wagon; and the 'near' rail had been broken but neatly mended with a wrapping of fishermen's twine. The wheels were clumsy enough to have done duty under a twenty-four pounder, and dingy enough to have gone through McClellan's campaign on the Chickahominy. For top, it had four bows, or hoops, with dirty white canvas loosely suspended over them; one of the side-curtains slitted, but 'repaired,' apparently with rope-yarns; and I was pleased to see that uniformity had been kept up by the mending of a broken thill with a bit of iron hoop wrapped and nailed around it. For seats there were two boards run along the sides, lengthwise, with a strip of dirty carpet over each; and from the place where had once been a tail-board, now removed, depended a small step-ladder, lashed fast with a rope, at the bottom step of which the female 'guard' was intended to stand, do the screaming for fares and receive the 'argent.'

"Ornament, specially so designed, this stupendous vehicle had none; but its absence was atoned by a legend in dauby black on a dirty white board hanging along the rolled-up centre curtain: "Service Special de l'Exposition." And then, to my thinking, as evidently to that of its owner, the affair was complete.

"*Voilà! pig! coquin! mechant!*" squealed the baker, after allowing a moment's inspection of the wonder, conjoined with the animal fated to draw it. 'You would venture to suggest having me make disposal of my noble horses, would you, after seeing this voiture of preparation which shall comfort the savages of Americans and cause to arrive to me much wealth! Sacr-r-r! I could do myself a violence, to think that I have been insulted thus!

Go, pig of a glue-maker, and remember that I shall be dangerous when reaches me the next insult to the dignity of my *menage*!"

"The knacker did go, I am of opinion, without further interlocution. I did, at all events, while the irate baker was dragging back 'Mirabeau' and running back his cart—myself pondering, the while, on the pleasant prospects opening to the 'American savages and other islanders' in the way of transportation and probably of many other details of 'life in Paris.'"

It must have been, I think, from some such actual observer as the Old Corporal, that a graphic *New York Tribune* correspondent (probably the ubiquitous "G. A. T.") who described the Opening in that journal, derived the data for his capital imaginary scene in a Parisian lodging-house, at about the same period—which must be quoted as a (better) companion-piece to the reality just supplied:—

"How flushed and expectant grew the light and volatile Parisians, as the day of dedication drew near! Taxes were heavy and trade was little. The strangers should make money plentiful. They were mere savages, indeed, who spoke gutturally, like hogs and horses, but France was too polite to show the disdain she felt, and so the price of lodgings went up one hundred per cent. You could hear your true Frenchman—who has no notion of geography—talking thus in the gate-keeper's room of his *maison meublée*, any evening.

"*Ma foi!* Nina, we must give all our boarders the *congé*. These English and other Kamschatkans are coming to Paris by droves. How much did I say that the *entresol* should let for?"

"A thousand francs,' says Nina, 'we got two hundred for it.'

"*Nom de Dieu!*—it shall be fifteen hundred. Behold,

is it not the most spacious of its kind, barring the seven elbows, the defective flue, and the rats? Yes, Nina, it shall be fifteen hundred. These Americans and Siberians know nothing of [the value of] money!

“How do they get so much, I wonder?” says Nina.

“Oh, *parbleu!* they dig it. *Cochones!*”

“It would be a good place to marry our little daughter, Cocotte!”

“*Jamais!*” cries the gate-keeper, ‘what! to an Americaine—a savage like that—that she may wear a ring in her nose, ride a camel, and keep house in an iceberg! The *entresol* shall be set down at fifteen hundred, and after to-day the price of the *table d’hôte* shall be ten instead of three francs.’”

I am happy to assure the Old Corporal, as well as the *Tribune* correspondent, that the best (!) anticipations of both were realized. From the highest to the lowest (with a few honorable exceptions of which there has been or will be occasion to speak)—from the dealer in diamonds at the Palais Royal to the huckster of small wares along the dead-walls and blind-alleys—from the *marchand des soies* on the boulevards to the old woman who peddled porte-monnaies and paper in the back streets leading off from the Ile de la Cité—from Hawse, of the splendid livery turn-outs of the Rue Marignan, to the merest “one-horse” liveryman outside the “remise” regulations of the police—from the proprietors of the Grand Hotels d’ Overcharge, on the boulevard, and De Graball, on the Rue Rivoli,—all and every one of the Parisian dealers, with the few honorable exceptions, took warning from the supposed brevity of the season and the prudential example set them at the Exposition, and made immense quantities of hay while their little sun was shining.

I saw fifteen francs each paid by two persons per day, for mere lodgings in the same little room in the Hotel

d'Overcharge, *au quatrieme*, for which St. Edward and the Governor paid four francs each during the Exposition—less, but much more comfortable, Parisian summer of 1865—an advance of only about three hundred per cent. I saw the Hotel de Gripemclose, on the Rue de Fuss-and-feathers, obliged to keep to old prices for the sake of retaining custom, set such meagre tables that the *habitués* would have become Calvin Edsons if they had not resorted to restaurants between meals already paid for. I saw "*appartements meublés*" raised to from twice to three times their former price—no luxury or comfort added, and the attendance not so good as of old; I saw thousand upon thousand of American dollars spent for silks, stuffs, bijouterie and gimcracks, because such things used to be "cheap at Paris," and orders had been given or promises made, when so high had the temporary extortion reached that they could have been bought cheaper (duty and freight out of the calculation) in New York of the lost conscience; and I saw so many other things of the same character, and so wearying to the public patience, that, call Paris in '67 an unexceptionable Paradise who will, I claim the privilege of adding to the picture a small corner of Purgatory.

And I have an especial word of comfort to the Old Corporal. His cart was out in service, and I rode in it—at least I rode in what might have been his special "rattle-trap," with the "noble horse;" while there were plenty of similar ones to keep it in countenance, in the midst of the really excellent conveyances provided for transit between the Bourse and the Exposition, the Palais Royal and the Exposition, the costly carriages of wealth and nobility, and the handy cabs that were *sometimes* to be found when wanted, in going to or coming from the "great show."

Anna Maria, I think, will remember that particular

"voiture." Hot was the afternoon, and weary with much exercise were the legs (at least the male ones—I have no license to speak authoritatively of the others), when one day we strolled Exposition-ward up the right bank of the Seine from the Palais d'Industrie. Anna Maria eventually suggested "a carriage." Carriage or cab, there was none in the neighborhood. Anna Maria suggested "an omnibus"—omnibus passing in that direction came not within the line of vision. The hot sun of July was beating upon the head, and despair and incipient sunstroke began to appal the heart. At length came into view the Old Corporal's cart, or some one of its kidney—wheels, top, curtains, thills, "Exposition" placard, all as that graphic artist has painted them—creeping along at the pace of two miles the hour, and horse-destroying even at that speed. A frowsy, unbbonneted termagant held place on the lower step, and screamed: "*A l'Exposition! Venez, messieurs et mesdames! A l'Exposition! Cinquante centimes seulement!*" On the front, supplying the necessary and no small modicum of belaboring, rode what I now religiously believe to have been the weazen-faced baker; and on the seats were ranged half a dozen, more or less, of the capped and bloused denizens of the Faubourg St. Antoine, their faces half dirt, and the other half eager expectation of the great treat in store. (It is worthy of note, if my suspicion of the identity should be correct, that *monsieur le boulanger* had come down a shade in his anticipated prices, and that the "American savages" were not plentiful in his load, however they were *going to be*.)

"There," suggested the Governor, "there is a chance to ride, now." To him Anna Maria indignantly, and with a curl of her slightly-retroussé nose: "That? Catch *me* riding in *that*, at an early period!" To her the Governor, more determinedly: "Now I think, then, that we *will* ride in that, or not go at all!" To him Anna Maria,

energetically: "Humph! You think so—do you? Then I shall go if I like, and walk if I like, and ride in anything I please, if I like!" To her the Governor, more subtly: "Well, now, I think that the joke would be a good one; but, of course, if you are afraid to go in it——"

Whereupon the spirits of all the ancestors who could, would or should have fought at Bunker-hill or Brandywine (whether they did so or not), blazed up in the face of Anna Maria, pointed by a fierce ejaculation: "Afraid? Who said that I was afraid? Here, *arretez vous, cocher!*" and an imperious beckon and that shout arrested the vehicle and its concomitants in their mad career. Within half a minute thereafter the united efforts of the Governor and the virago "guard" hoisted substantial Anna Maria up the steps and into the cart, the gubernatorial purse disbursed a franc (borrowed), and the onward progress was pleasantly resumed. Within a second half-minute Anna Maria's pronounced weight and the unstable character of the seat combined to produce a fracture and downfall of the latter, leading to Anna Maria's achieving what is known to the disciples of Ward and Hamill as "catching a crab," the body being temporarily deposited at the bottom of the vehicle, and the pedal extremities extended airward in a manner more edifying to others, and instructive as to the qualities of hosiery, than pleasing to the unintentional gymnast.

We went on to the Exposition in the dilapidated rattletrap, however—did we not, Anna Maria?—and enjoyed the ride better than any other during the Parisian campaign. And how we looked around, during that somewhat extended progress of less than a mile achieved in less than an hour, pityingly on the poor wretches who had only ordinary vehicles at command, and wished that Murray Hill and the Central Park could catch a glimpse

of us, *then* ; and dashed up to the Porte Rapp and disembarked with an air that kings and queens might have envied, alighting at palace-steps ; and were altogether jolly and jubilant when once we had fairly taken possession of one of the “conveniences” especially prepared by Paris for the “American savages and other islanders.”

VI.

THE EAGLE'S BROOD IN EUROPE.

THE national eagles are numerous ; and it may be necessary to premise that in speaking of the "eagle's brood" I do not refer to the progeny of either the Russian, Austrian or Prussian birds, all sprawled with erect head and dangling legs, as the farmers used to gibbet predatory crows and hen-hawks,—nor yet to the one with folded wings, bearing an "N" on his breast and popularly supposed to be derived from Rome as Napoleon the Third is from Julius Cæsar,—but to John Neal's

"Fierce gray bird, with a sharpened beak
And a blazing eye and an angry shriek"—

the Gray Forest Eagle of the West, fit symbol of a land more boundless in extent than even the flight of the eagle itself, and of a nation which alternately seems to possess all the nobilities and all the meannesses of that Jovian bird—a bird, let it be remembered, which looks unflinchingly at the sun in its midday glory, finds no rock too high for its eyrie and no ether too perilous for its wing, and—robs the poor fish-hawk of the paltry spoil it is bearing homeward for supper! In short, that in writing of the "eagle's brood" in France and the other countries of Europe, during 1867, I am alluding to *Americans abroad*.

What a "raft" of them there has been, to be sure!—what a representation of all that is best, worst, and most

common-place in American society! How every eastward-bound steamer has been loaded with them, destined for as indefinite a port in the pleasuring-voyage as some of the old merchant-ships used to be for "Cowes and a market;" plethoric pocket-booked and the reverse; lettered and unlettered; fit and unfit for travel; old and young; sick and well; male and female; misers and spendthrifts; people with an errand and people without an errand; objects of pride and objects of shame, to be met abroad; some eager to set foot among the scenes of familiar history, and others asking on the verge of departure: "What was the most important things that ever happened in England and France and a few of them other countries—so that a body can know what he is seein'?" ; fashionables going to show themselves, and unfashionables too slovenly to take even due thought for clean linen; habitual sneerers going to undervalue everything, and habitual enthusiasts to overrate everything; radicals to spy out past "rebels" abroad, and past rebels to escape for a season the fatal pressure of radicals; patriots bearing with them the whole of a native land in their hearts, and indifferents incapable of bearing the welfare of a township; freemen familiar with the ballot for half a century, and freedmen just admitted to the exercise of the misunderstood privilege; actors and tract-society men; reporters and fugitives; millionaires and bankrupts; swindlers and their victims; merchants in the dull season and lawyers in vacation; clergymen on their leave, and courtesans on their chase; book-makers and book-murderers; diamonded dirt-cartmen and needy scions of "first families;" Madame to be able to boast of "seeing Europe," and Miss in the faint hope of finding a husband somewhere in the *melée*; all these and those thousand other classes and contradictions embraced in the common phrase: "Everybody and his wife."

All Europe has been literally alive with this "brood" of the American eagle; and, let the truth be told, all Europe has been *expecting* them as anxiously as they have been anxiously arriving. They have supplied no small proportion of the gold minted from discounted greenbacks, by which the "season" has been made "profitable" to London hotel-keepers and Parisian *boutiquiers*; the verdancy of some of them has made greener the green fields of Old England, the brightness of others has added a new flash to the glaciers of Switzerland. I have seen them button-holing a chance-met friend in the stable-yard of the Red Horse at Stratford-on-Avon, and inquiring, confidentially: "Who *was* Skakspeare, that they talk so much about, and what did he do?—tell a fellow, won't you?" I have caught them driving a company of literal Englishmen wild with merry exaggerative "chaff" that would not have puzzled a knot of American school-boys, and setting French academicians rampant with brilliantly-nonsensical new propositions in science and philosophy. I have seen the beauty of American girls bowing whole assemblages as if in the presence of a new and more glorious human race; and I have seen the miserable ignorances, affectations and false modesties of would-be American ladies awakening well-bred sneers at the country that could give birth to such travesties on mind and manners. I have seen them climbing the Rhigi on foot, when others rode; and dragged about in carriages when all others walked; and haggling with a hotel-keeper over the price of a *bougie* that had not been burned; and astounding even reckless Baden-Baden with the flash of their unconsidered handfuls of gambling gold. I have seen, in short, what might have astonished the First Napoleon, who prophesied that Europe would, at an early day, become either "republican or Cossack"—I have seen it literally *American*!

But of course, amid all the outside attractions and excursions, the great gathering-place of the eagle's brood, as of all the rest of the world, has been Paris. Where have they not been visible, *there*? What one of the royal receptions has not been watched by them with that double eagerness proper for republicans?—which one of the worst *cancans* danced at Mabilie or the Chateau des Fleurs has not been beheld by them with that horrified admiration proper for people of a nation which never tolerates such exhibitions? What grand-opera night has been deficient in the flash of American diamonds, whether the brow or bosom on which they glowed was lovely or the reverse? What midnight promenade on the brilliant Boulevard has failed to reveal the natty rig of the Bostonian, the jaunty swagger of the New Yorker, the trim whisker of the Philadelphian, the short trousers and thin cheeks of the speculative country Yankee, the broad-bottomed coat and astonishing antiquated hat of the man from “only a hundred miles west of Chicawgo?” And where and when, outside the café, along the walks of the Avenue des Champs Elysees, or in the *cour d'honneur* of the Grand Hotel, has that spectacle so dear to all Americans been missing—a few tilted chairs and the proper quantity of boot-soles elevated for exhibition?

Which of the great hotels has not found the more liberal-handed of them among its best customers? and at what *maison meublée* have they not at first threatened madness to Madame the proprietress, and afterwards supplied content to all? What shopkeeper of the Boulevards or the Palais Royal has not aided in depleting their pockets? What restaurant keeper has failed to hear their French of all varieties, to supply them with English of corresponding excellence, and to serve them eventually what he pleased at his own prices? Into what corner of the Exposition have they not peeped, at once proud and ashamed

of their own country and its department, and diligently studying what other countries could teach, while loudly boasting that their own was incapable of improvement? Through what gallery of Versailles or the Louvre have they not minced or stridden, some of them really observing the pictures and statuary, and the balance believing that they did so? Up what monument have they not climbed, to be able to say that they "had the view from such and such a point," if for no higher (but how could there have been a "higher?") ambition?

Have they not eaten at the American Restaurant of the Exposition?—drank at the American Bar?—inscribed their names at the American Registry?—drawn money and read American newspapers at the American Bankers'?

Verily, not to carry out this line of inquiry to any greater tediousness, the brood of the American eagle have "seen Paris" during the summer of '67, and Paris and all Europe have seen *them*. Shall not a few words follow of their peculiarities as a people abroad, and the estimation in which they have been held, especially during this memorable summer?

At Paris, and measurably over Europe, this year, Americans have gratified nearly as much curiosity as they have manifested. Never before, so much as since the rebellion, have America, American events, and the American people, been so much in the whole world's mouths and minds. The rebellion, with its promise of our destruction—our astounding innovations in engines of warfare, our sudden fleets by the hundred and armies by the million—our emergence from the great struggle, not only victorious but apparently stronger than ever, and walking without evident staggering under a financial load capable of crushing to the earth any nation on the globe except one or possibly two—our sudden abolition of slavery, for our own purposes, when we had adhered to it in defiance of the opin-

ion of a railing world—our late great Western developments of railroad enterprise—our rivers flowing with oil, following our mountains teeming with gold and silver—our audacious crossings of the Atlantic in river-yachts and cock-boats—all these have wrought together to awaken the world's curiosity to an extent unparalleled and almost undreamed of even by ourselves. And, at the great Paris gathering and in those portions of Europe more extensively this year than ever before visited by Americans, it is but fair to say that the eagle's brood have been stared at as much as they have stared—that *the men who could do all these things at once* have been quite as great objects of curiosity as any scenes or any people among which they have moved.

Americans, too, have been holding the world's respect, this year, as never before. Not—as my first radical friend may exclaim with a triumphant “Aha!”—on account of the moral effect of emancipation; for I have no doubt that the lamented Abraham Lincoln might have affixed his name to a document enslaving a new race instead of freeing one, and had the operation added to the power of the nation, the effect upon the world at large would have been quite as decided. But that, first, the personal push and energy, and, second, the material power of the American people, have been lately shown in an unwonted degree in the points before mentioned and in many others;—and that Europe is the continent, above all others, where power is deferred to and success treated with unbounded respect. The Europeans understand, now, that we can raise armies, erect navies, and crush rebellions, to an extent and with a rapidity fabulous elsewhere; they understand that our mineral resources approach if they do not exceed those of all the rest of the globe put together; they believe (whether truly or not) that we have the purse of Fortunatus hidden away somewhere, nationally, and

are thus capable of sheltering all the world's outcasts, enriching all the world's shopkeepers, girdling all the world with the chains and bonds of our commercial enterprise; they see in us one of the Great Powers of the earth, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and begin to mark our exceptional position as the undisputed arbiters of the destinies of one whole continent; and these incitements to respect, if no others existed, would be quite sufficient to induce that feeling, not to say compel it.

But candor obliges the statement that to one of the features named in the previous paragraph, we have owed more of the almost awe-struck temporary admiration of the European world, than to almost any other if not to all the others combined. I refer to the enterprise shown, the engineering audacity manifested, and the progress achieved, in that crowning venture of an adventurous age, the great Pacific Railroad. To hear of the two great agencies, the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific Companies, marching hand in hand though far apart, and tramping steadily onward to a success as stupendous as assured—to hear of the Central crossing eastward the whole gold country of California, and climbing the wild Sierra Nevada to its very top, with almost the speed that would once have been thought necessary to lay a mule-track—to hear of the Union marching westward across the plains and approaching the foot of the Rocky Mountains, its trains moving cities and its operators armies—to hear of a government assisting both enterprises by scores of millions and yet allowing private capitalists to take liens in advance of itself, so assured that *any* lien upon such roads must be a safe one—to hear of uncompleted portions of such roads paying interest on three or four times the investment, nine per cent. on bonds, and even favorite "Governments" sold out to secure them—these things have been simply astounding to short-railway and three-per-cent. interest Europeans;

it has been to inquire of the truth of these marvelous statements that more Americans have been button-holed in Europe during 1867, than for any other purpose; and it has been to the nation capable, at the very close of a great war, of thus proving its hold upon the centre as well as the borders of a continent, and laying substantial railways at the rate of miles per day—it has been to a nation so shown abroad, that some of the very highest honors of the season have naturally accrued.

Again, Americans have been keeping up the reputation, this year, of spending more money when traveling, than the people of any other nation on the globe. To *spend* money is to *have* money, at least among superficial thinkers—to be extravagant is to be rich—to belong to a nation of rich men is to belong to one of great power—to belong to a powerful nation is to command respect universally. I do not insist upon this as a *legitimate* ground of respect: some of the worst fools have been spending the most money. But the fact remains that while this national lavish personal expenditure goes on, the flunkey world (and much of Europe is flunkey) will scarcely stop to inquire whether the means for such an expenditure have been inherited, earned, or swindled; couriers and valets will lie in wait, hotels will be kept open, carriages will stand, flags will wave, as they have done this season, more than half for American patronage. This whole recklessness of money is a national vice as well as a national folly; but as each one of us catches a reflection from the last flash of the departing dollar, why should the country complain?

Then, and as the last ingredient in this respect, necessary to be noticed here, we have astounded all the world by our success at the Exposition and compelled recognition in that success. Of the special articles on exhibition, covering us with this legitimate honor, other mention will

be made in due place: here only the general fact demands note. We had a cramped space, few articles, a mean-looking department—to the superficial eye, a department mean beyond comparison, in the midst of oriental splendor in decoration, and the profusion of articles contributed by countries of nearer location. We have taken more grand prizes than any nation on the globe except two—more grand prizes per cent of articles exhibited, than any other nation ever took at any exhibition. We have ruled and conquered in the practical, throughout—in an instance or two, hereafter to be noted, in the so-called higher department of the ornamental. This—the awards declared so early in the season as the first of July—has capped and crowned the respect paid to the eagle's brood—a brood by no means slow to perceive when they are honored or *when they ought to be!*

In one respect America has signally failed, in Europe and during the summer. With a few exceptions (and I hope that every American lady who chances to be or have been abroad will consider herself one of them) we have not shown, this year, a fair representation of our female beauty. There have been too many dowagers, too many dowdy parvenues, too many acidulous spinsters, too few of those best types of American girlhood and American wifehood who had before won us the well-deserved name of producing *the handsomest and most lovely race of women on the globe*. Far too many of the best whom we *have* sent, have been habitually *overdressed*—overdressed on shipboard, in railway carriages, on promenade, everywhere except at great festivals, where excess in any line was almost impossible. Taken as a whole, the French Exposition, a triumph for American manufacturers, has scarcely raised their reputation for the one production dwarfing all others in its appeal to the eye and the heart. The fault, I take it, does not lie in any deterioration at home, or in any unwillingness of

our loveliest to have tempted the Atlantic waves, would Papa but have opened his purse-strings wide enough, or Charles not been too jealous or too selfish to take his pretty wife, or Adolphus not been too slow in arranging for those "bridal favors."

Three or four additional features remain to be noticed. The females of the brood have been especially reckless in their "shoppings" along the Boulevards and around the Palais Royal; and they have insisted upon Mabilles and Asnieres with an urgency showing that we are "progressing." All, male and female, with few and notable exceptions, have gabbled such atrocious French, as to paralyze their victims with horror; while in nine instances out of ten they could have found enough English on the other side, however correspondingly atrocious, to save self-respect. I think that beyond this, the two strongest natural characteristics shown by the eagle's brood in Europe have been the bewilderment of the females as to the best arrangement of their *chignons*, in the midst of a variety ranging from a knob at the back of the neck to a knot at the exact center of the top-head,—and the agonizing efforts of the males to avoid being imposed upon with horse-beef, in lands where they are so shameless as to announce "*hors d'œuvres*" on their bills-of-fare!

VII.

THE CARNIVAL OF CROWNED HEADS.

NOTABLE as has been the Paris Exposition in many other regards, its splendor as a "show" and its power of attracting the masses would both have been found sadly deficient in comparison, but for the concourse of Emperors, Kings, Oriental Sultans, Pachas, Beys, and other governing powers, and the scions of governing houses, for so many weeks supplying Parisians and their visitors with a new sensation in eyesight, almost every day, and presenting a suspicion, for the time, that there had been a general "throne-delivery," and that all the fugitive monarchs had fled to Paris as their common refuge. Alas, no!—the second glance and the second thought showed that no such series of royal calamities had overflowed France with the kingly element. They brought with them too many evidences of their state, and they were too pronouncedly received, for the suspicion to linger more than a moment that they were monarchs discrowned! Not even France, now-a-days, and in spite of the example set by Louis in the reception and maintenance of fugitive English James the Second at St. Germain—not even France, now-a-days, can afford to set up mimic courts for the royal unfortunates; else would she have found plenty of employment for courtesy and cash, following the events of the first Italian war, and again after Sadowa.

No!—these all, in contradistinction, were monarchs who had not yet lost their crowns, or budding monarchs who

had not yet received the baubles in waiting. And not even many of the Parisians, it is probable, have taken the pains to make such a list of the sovereigns and scions of sovereignty who have passed before them in review, that they could designate either their names or succession. As, indeed, how could they, when one princely celebrity after another came so rapidly, and moved about so ceaselessly, that one graphic writer designated Paris as "a parterre of kings, and of half and quarter kings," with "the people at the Tuileries and the Etat-Major—that is to say, the masters of ceremonies and officers in command of the city—not knowing whether they stand on their heads or their heels," "the town barricaded as in time of revolution" (to secure uninterrupted passage to the royal guests), "and the monarchs scattered about town in the various palaces, in so promiscuous a manner as almost to suggest the idea that they want to shut off the circulation;" while of the propensity to "do" them, pedally and visually, another pleasantly summed the whole matter in saying that: "The presence of so many sovereigns or to-be sovereigns in Paris, has literally turned the heads of a large class of people, who station themselves all day long at the doors of the Exhibition, or on certain corners of the streets, and refuse to be comforted till they have seen a dozen crowned heads. The Exhibition is the great trap to catch the unfortunate monarchs in, and people go there and hunt through its labyrinthine windings just as hunters do the forests after game; and then they come home, radiant and happy, and boast of having seen their half-a-dozen, just as an Indian warrior would boast of his half-a-dozen scalps, or a hunter of his pairs of game. None of the innocent weaknesses of poor human nature are so seductive as flunkeyism."

For sovereigns to visit Paris, without the special incitement of an International Exposition, is not quite the

rarity, however, which the same event would present in any other capital than the English—Paris being considered, even more than London, one of the “world’s sights” that cannot be ignored or neglected; and no small number of crowned heads have nodded beside the Seine during the past half-century—the list of whom, here, would be only wearisome if attainable. Sometimes, too, they have come as little else than captives, long since the day when Francis the First supplied the opposite vicissitude to Charles the Fifth after Pavia, as was the case with that temporo-spiritual sovereign, Pope Pius the Seventh, ostensibly a guest of the First Napoleon, but really a prisoner. Then they have come as conquerors, as when the Allied Sovereigns held high revel in the forfeit capital of Napoleon, after Waterloo, in revenge for the humiliation to which he had subjected them when both Alexander of Russia and Francis of Austria went to him as suppliants, the one personally and the other by deputy, on the night following Austerlitz.

The visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to the Emperor at Paris, and their entertainment there, is, of course, well-remembered, as also the return visit of the Emperor to the queen at Windsor; and it is to note a feature originating in true courtesy, though almost laughably overstrained, common to that date and the present, that the double event is here alluded to. When Napoleon III. visited Windsor, the name of “Waterloo Chamber” was taken down from above the door of that celebrated apartment in Windsor Castle, that the eyes of the imperial guest might not be pained by resting upon the objectionable word; and the Emperor, this year, gave special orders that no soldier wearing the Crimean medal should be placed on guard at or around the palace occupied by the Czar, or at any point where he could be mortified by that similar reminder of defeat! Just as if Napoleon long for-

got Waterloo when on English soil, or Alexander Sebastopol when on French, from the lack of verbal or tangible reminders!

It may be a matter of interest to others than Parisians, as it is certainly part of the record of the Exposition, to recall who really were the imperial, royal, and royally-expectant personages sojourning in Paris for a longer or briefer period during the summer of 1867; and that *want of disposition to run after notable people*, which led me, not long ago, to make musical choice between five opening minutes of the Concert in the English Garden at Geneva, or a near view of the arriving King and Queen of Portugal, just then coming to my hotel—this, and the want of familiarity with royal precedence which flows from it, must be my excuse if I do not happen to place them precisely as Monsieur the Grand Chamberlain would do in arranging their seats at table.

The list seems to have comprised nearly sixty members of blood imperial or royal, grouped as follows: *Russian*—the Czar, Hereditary Grand Duke, Grand Duke Constantine, Grand Duchess Mary (sister of the Czar); *English*—Prince of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Arthur, Princess Alice (Princess Louis of Hesse); *Prussian*—King and Queen of Prussia, Crown Prince and Princess Royal, Prince Albert, Prince and Princess Charles; *Belgian*—King and Queen of Belgium, Count and Countess of Flanders; *Italian*—Prince Humbert, Duke and Duchess d'Aosta; *Swedish*—King of Sweden, Prince Oscar; *Bavarian*—Kings Louis I. and II., Prince and Princess Adalberg; *Hollandische*—Prince of Orange; *Saxon*—Prince and Princess Royal of Saxony, Duke and Duchess of Saxony; *Portuguese*—King and Queen of Portugal, Duke de Coimbre; *Turkish*—Sultan, his son, brother, and the Hereditary Prince of Turkey; *Grecian*—King of Greece; *Egyptian*—Viceroy (now king); *Wurtembergian*

—King of Wurtemberg, Duke William, Count de Wurtemberg; *German*—Duke of Leuchtenberg, Princess Eugenie of Leuchtenberg, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Duke of Mechlenburg-Strelitz, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, three Princes of Oldenberg, Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, Prince of Hohenzollern, and his son, Prince Leopold, Grand Duke of Mechlenburg-Schwerin, Prince of Reuss; *Tunisian*—the Bey of Tunis; *Japanese*—Brother of the Tycoon. Of this number there are two emperors (the Czar and Sultan), nine kings (including the new king of Egypt), nine heirs-presumptive to royal power, one oriental sovereign below kingly power (the Bey of Tunis), three queens, and a dozen princesses—certainly a number and variety unparalleled in the annals of regal hospitality for a single year, and unlikely soon to be duplicated by any single festivity.

There was probably more royalty and quasi-royalty present at Paris, during the season (especially that of the nearer and less notable German type), than either the Emperor or his most enthusiastic chamberlain had anticipated; and yet there were many absences of those who had been more or less definitely expected, and whose presence would have added materially to the perfection of the concourse and the eclât of the great occasion. A few of these, and the reasons for their absence, may be worth a paragraph each.

1st. *His Holiness the Pope*. Slightly expected at one time or another during the season. Reasons for declining: *First*, the grand convocation of bishops from all the world, and great festival of the church held at St. Peter's, on Saturday, the 29th of June. *Second*, some doubt whether, if he set foot in France, he would not be called upon to consummate the long-deferred crowning of the emperor, and thus enrage all his supporting monarchs of the "right divine."

2d. *Queen Victoria of England.* Ardently expected and desired at the time of the Czar's visit. Sent her regrets, and declined to come in state, on the ground of her non-participation in public ceremonies; but held out the hope that she might possibly visit Paris incognito. Surmised that she *would* come incognito, not only to oblige the Emperor, but to look a little after the Prince of Wales, whose "goings on," in the way of saying soft things to countesses, and going to Chantilly races on Sunday, were alleged to be terrible. Failed to come at all, however—possibly detained by the Reform Bill, the late session of Parliament, and the publication of her memoirs of the "Early Days of the Prince Consort."

3d. *President Andrew Johnson, of the United States.* Very much desired, on the double ground of his being a "Republican king" and the worst badgered man living; but scarcely expected. Reasons for remaining at home: *First*, no expressed desire whatever to visit Paris. *Second*, precisely so many conglomerate reasons as represented by the Congressional Districts.

4th. *The Shah of Persia.* Fully expected at about the time of the Sultan's visit. Rumored reasons for declining: domestic political troubles of a character rendering it likely that if he left Persia, he would not enter it again except dethroned and shorter by a head.

5th. *The Emperor of Austria.* Among the most ardently desired and fully expected, in the early days of the Exposition; afterwards not expected at all. Detaining causes: at first, the preparations for and crowning as King of Hungary, which took place at Pesth on the same day with the grand ball at the Hotel de Ville, Saturday, June 8th. Afterward the melancholy fate of his brother Maximilian, in Mexico, and the mourning and depression incident to that event.*

6th. *The King of Italy.* Desired and hoped for by

* Finally reached Paris, however, and was imperially entertained, in October.

every lover of gallant men ; but perhaps a trifle afraid of meeting Austria and getting into a "complication" with him, and engaged at home in watching the Roman reactionists on one side, and the "Party of Action" on the other.

7th. *The Emperor of China.* Not much expected, though much desired by the sudden admirers of orientalism in every shape, who thought that he would at least come to "tea" at the Tuileries. Reason for declining, humorously said to have been "the discovery of a hole in the Chinese wall, that needed mending," and "his early age of only twelve years, which made him too brittle a piece of 'China' to bear such long transportation."

8th. *Queen Isabella of Spain.* Certainly expected at one time. Kept at home by jealousy of the Empress, who was handsomer than she, and had once been her subject ; little domestic events not necessary to enlarge upon ; and General Prim.

9th. *The King of Denmark.* Not seriously expected, and detained by the fact that there might be "too much Prussia" at Paris, and he would have nothing whatever left of his little when he returned.

10th. *His sable Majesty of Dahomey.* Very much desired by the Exeter Hall people and the American radicals. Supposed to be detained by the dullness of his executioners' knives, rendering it impossible to get his annual forty thousand beheaded and chopped up in time.

11th. *The King of the Mosquitos.* Looked for with eagerness, but kept at home by a temporary deficiency in broad-cloth, of no consequence *there*, but likely to be awkward at Paris.

12th. *Brigham Young, Sovereign of Utah.* Positively promised at one time ; but departure from Salt Lake City rendered impossible by the arrival of several new emigrants with handsome wives, all of whom required to be "added."

Sent one of his sons, however, who unaccountably failed to be recognized among the princes.

13th. *Juarez, Dictator (called President) of Mexico.* Very anxiously expected, accompanied by Lopez, *Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur*, but detained by the necessity of killing and salting away enough of the Imperialists for a year's provisions.

14th. *King Theodore of Abyssinia.* Specially invited, on English account, but without the tender of the royal alliance which his Majesty had so long coveted. Consequent sullen shutting of himself up, which may need an "expedition" to overcome.

15th (and the last, so far as remembered). *The King of the Cannibal Islands.*

Of course, the arrival of the Czar of Russia, and his brief stay in Paris, formed the crowning event of the season; as the mad attempt upon his life by the Pole Bergouski, when returning from the grand review at Longchamps, on the 6th of June, supplied the one regret which marred the whole succession. "Tommy," who was present at all the out-door events of the Czar's reception, says of the arrival, that "all the troops in Paris were at the Northern Railway station and in the Place du Carrousel; all the people of Paris were in the streets; all the Russian flags that could be bought, made, or stolen, were on the houses; and yet Nappy went to the station after the t'other big-wig, with not much more state than the Banker would have shown if he had been coming down to the Harlem railroad station after *me*—with only a hundred or two of guards fluttering their lance-pennons; and it was worth something to see the two shaking hands when they met, like jolly old codgers that hadn't a crown between them, let alone a crown apiece!" Tommy records, too, with something like a chuckle at the weaknesses of gray-headed people who call others "youngsters," that "the Russian

Bear went to the theater the very first night—didn't he, though!—just as if he had come all the way from Peteropolis to see pretty Mlle. Schneider, and do the 'Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein.' ” A little more at length, but indispensable, is the brief account which he supplies of the grand review in the Bois de Boulogne, and the attempted regicide :—

“ Of course you know where the review took place, when they say that it was in the 'Bois.' Where else could it be than on the course at Longchamps?—quite as well fitted for reviewing, it seems to me, as for horse-racing. It was a gay old show, and I didn't wonder that my friend Nappy's eyes—very dull ones sometimes, now-a-days—flashed a little when he looked on those columns and squadrons, and thought that they were *all his*—when he had the privilege, too, of showing them to the Czar, and thus giving a polite hint to that opposition house on the other side of the street. 'Do you see *them*, old boy? They belong to *me*! *I* manage *them*! Look at them well, and see if you fancy that you could ride into Paris a conqueror, as your namesake did. Not if this imperial Court knows herself, and she think she do!' This was what Nappy was saying, under his breath, to the Czar, as the two looked at the fifty battalions of infantry, fifty squadrons of cavalry, and eighteen or twenty batteries of artillery—really the best trained troops in the world : the men in good condition, the cavalry powerfully mounted, the artillery riding guns that the Emperor has made perfection, and the whole such a mass of splendid uniforms, bright weapons, glittering brass and silver, plumes, flags, and perpetual motion, that the eye was kept steadily whirling from one point to another, and a fellow came nearer to being drunk than he usually does without a tod. Then the bands and the music they made!—but *you* know about French bands ; and when I tell you that there must

have been a hundred of them, with thirty or forty instruments to each, and that they *played*—not squealed or screamed, but *played*—you can form some idea of the way that the ‘music of the spheres,’ boiled down to quiet thunder, was dinned into our ears. But while Nappy was seeing and hearing all this, and saying so much to the Czar without being heard, I was saying something that has not been heard until now. And this was *my* little address to my friend Nappy: ‘Old fel., they are a nice body of troops, horse, foot and dragoons, and they would do to tie to under ordinary circumstances, such as a scrimmage with the Russian Bear yonder, or any little trifle of that sort. But do you know what *I* saw a couple of years ago, when Grant and Sherman marched the remnants of their armies through Washington?—A body of men in faded uniforms, no shirts, and scarcely a shoe; the flags tatters, the horses half skeletons, and the poor fellows looking as if they needed early foraging for a dinner; not a flash of splendor anywhere about them, not a suggestion of beauty or a thought of even comfort; and yet before the same number of that body of men, your gingerbread battalions, that day or this day, would be scattered like chaff blown away before an American northwester. That is about the style and size of it, my imperial friend and brother!’ This is what *I* was saying, just then. What do you think of it as a specimen of spread-eagle that will wash?

“Now a word about something else that occurred the same day—the attempt to shoot the Czar. I do not like regicides—like them less than ever, since April 1865; so I do not know why I should have been selected to see Bertezowski, or Bergerowski, or Bergouski, or whatever is his confounded name, make a fool and a scoundrel of himself at the same time. But so I was, perhaps because (as the Banker would say) I was ‘foreordained’ to tell you

about it. I shall not tell you much, though, for I may before have remarked that I don't approve of anything murderous, from a hanging-match to a bout at fisticuffs. Well, the review was over, the troops were filing away, part of them Parisward, through the Avenue de Longchamps, and the rest westward toward Vallerien. It may have been about five o'clock, I should think; and Count Bob and I, in our open fiacre, were just turning into the avenue from the Cascade, where we had been watching—I suppose that I may as well tell the whole truth while I am about it—watching a couple of 'pieces of calico' that seemed to want 'pressing out.' Suddenly a *sergent de ville* took our horse by the head and forced him back, the crowd opened way by falling back against the borders, and away came an open carriage and four at a smart trot, with a sprinkling of officers ahead and half around it, and a squadron of lancers close behind; and we saw that it was the two emperors, riding together, and their heads very near, as if in conversation. Just then Count Bob grasped my arm with a half-cry: 'Look there! See that dog with a pistol! Where is he pointing it? He is mad!' I saw by that time, that a thin, starved-looking fellow, with wild eyes and old clothes, had stepped from behind a tree, and that he really had a pistol pointed toward the carriage of the emperors. Before I could see anything more, distinctly, there was another cry, a rush; and it seemed to me that at the same instant when I heard the bang of the pistol, I saw a man spur his horse almost against the carriage, and thought that he must be another conspirator, and that there was really going to be murder by the wholesale. But it seemed that he was only a lucky fellow, who chanced to be in the way of making his fortune, and that he had seen the movement and pushed his horse in the way so rapidly that the bullet hit the horse instead of either of the emperors, though part of the

blood went over them. The man who had fired was down (they said that the pistol had burst and half blown off his hand); about twenty people were on top of him or grabbing at him; mounted police and officers were spurring every which way and getting nowhere; everybody seemed to be shouting and getting arrested; and there was a lively time generally. Count Bob said that all that was wanted was a barricade. The only calm people, I think, were the two emperors, each one of whom seemed to be looking whether the other was hurt, without much apparent thought for himself, or whether there might not be another bullet where that came from.

“That is nearly all that I know of the affair, except that I saw Nappy and his friend acknowledging the felicitations of the crowd, and thought better of monarchy at that moment than I had ever done before; that I saw them bundle up the pistol man, after nearly pounding him to a jelly, throw him into a close carriage, and drive him away; and that then the guards came closer around the imperial carriage (just when they were less wanted), and it trotted rapidly up the avenue. My opinion is that the Parisians, who don't like anybody to be killed by others than themselves, would have hung the drunken or crazy Pole if they had caught him and understood what he had done; and another of my opinions is that the man who had his horse shot will make a good thing out of the little operation, while I, who saw it as well as he, and would have prevented the shot if I could, haven't made *anything* out of it—not even a readable paragraph.”

I am indebted to “Monadnock,” of the *New York Daily Times*, an excellent descriptive correspondent, for the brief word which follows, with reference to the appearance of the Grand Opera on Wednesday evening, the 5th June, and the arrangement of the party in the Imperial box—a scene which the “Counselor's Lady” joins with him in consid-

ering unparalleled in play-house annals, whether for the distinction of the company present, or the splendor of detail in costumes, lights, and general scenic effect :—

“The splendor of the Imperial box at the opera,” says this correspondent, “in the midst of all the blaze of light and beauty, of riches and magnificence around it, may be imagined from the following plan, which will show you the arrangement of the imperial and royal assemblage; each of the following illustrious personages, be it observed, having his or her attendants, suitable to their rank, and all with appropriate costumes and decorations.

THE IMPERIAL BOX.

PRINCE MURAT.

DUKE OF LEUCHTENBERG.

PRINCESS EUGENIE.

GRAND DUKE WALDIMIR.

PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE.

HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE.

PRINCESS ROYAL OF PRUSSIA.

EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

EMPRESS EUGENIE.

PRINCE ROYAL OF PRUSSIA.

GRAND DUCHESS MARY OF RUSSIA.

PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE.

PRINCESS MATHILDE.

PRINCE FERDINAND OF HESSE.

PRINCESS MURAT.

PRINCE OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

BROTHER OF THE TYCOON.

“Arrange these in the dress circle of the most brilliant theatre you can conceive, with their attendant celebrities grouped behind them, in a house filled with the cream of the most brilliant capital in the world, and you have a spectacle, compared to which that of the stage offered but slight attractions to the curious or thoughtful

visitor. The two emperors and the sons of the Czar were dressed in brilliant uniforms, as well as many others, while the imperial and royal ladies, among whom the Empress shines supreme in beauty as in power, all wore their diamonds, and all blazed and glittered with most precious gems."

The reception of the Czar, and the festivities which followed that event, have been thus dwelt upon, a little at length, because they may be regarded as having been the culmination of this apotheosis of royalty during the Exposition. Only less imperial attention, meanwhile, was paid to the King of Prussia, the mutual embrace of whom with the Emperor may or may not have been accompanied (as maliciously alleged) with deadly hatred on either side and a desire for speedy immolation of the "brother." Perhaps the Sultan, with his oriental luxury and attendance, produced more effect on the minds of the volatile Parisians than either of his more powerful rivals; and the eagerness with which the mercantile classes of the city are always ready to seize upon local or momentary advertising advantages, has been amusingly shown by the numbers of establishments decorating their fronts with flags of what chanced for the moment to be the predominating foreign nation in the public mind, and to pull up those characteristic signs pandering to the madness of the hour: "Au Sultan," "A la Reine de Prusse," "Au Czar," "Au Bey de Tunis," &c.

But this episodal paper on the royal visitors to Paris must come to a close. This is not a history, as readers may before this time have discovered; and it is not a portrait-gallery, even for royal personages, except as here and there "Our Boy Tommy," the "Counselor's Lady," or some other member of my "reliable corps" of resident Parisian correspondents, may supply a few daguerreotypes caught in the midst of current ceremonials.

VIII.

THE OPENING OF THE EXPOSITION—AS SEEN BY “OUR BOY TOMMY.”

THE Governor, as already indicated, was not present at the Opening of the Great Exposition, from causes too numerous, too uninteresting (and some of them too delicate) for public mention. That official ceremony took place on Monday, the first of April; and the gubernatorial arrival (on the way to the Exposition, Switzerland, and a summer spree generally) occurred at or about the period when the prizes had just been declared, and the jubilant Americans, who had received them in the proportion of over sixty per cent., were purchasing their lemon kids and white cravats for the Hail Columbia Fourth of July dinner at the Grand Hotel.

But at the Opening, as well as on other notable occasions during the Great Exposition, the Governor, though absent himself, rejoiced in the presence of what the leading dailies designate as “a full and efficient staff of correspondents.” Various accounts of each have accordingly been supplied to the “directing mind,” affording a perfect *embarrasse de richesse* of materials for choice; and it need scarcely be said that the most reliable, if not the most classic account of each, has been selected with Draconian impartiality. Of the Opening, by far the most trenchant account was supplied by “Our Boy Tommy” (before spoken of); and he has accordingly been made the medium of description, his own words being used throughout,

except in a few instances in which the originals would have been found—not to put too fine a point upon it—*strong in expression*.

Tommy is of New York—New-Yorky, with enough of country blood on one side to give him breadth if it takes away a shade of delicacy. No matter how Tommy's father amassed the five hundred thousand which enables him to hold place on Murray Hill and send Tommy to be educated in Europe: enough to say that he acquired it honorably, as mercantile life goes, before the days of bogus railways, shoddy, lead, or oil. He was not originally well-educated; and remembering the toil through which he acquired, in later years, a part of the lore which should have been his at the commencement of manhood, he resolved that his son should never tread the same weary road. He should be educated—educated thoroughly; but where? Not at home, where there would always be too many “entangling alliances” for his thorough grounding; not in any distant American city, for one reason and another, charmingly incongruous; not in Germany, for if there was anything that Tommy's father hated, that object of hatred was what he designated as “Dutch”—the cause of dislike being supposed to be that he had once been overreached by a German Jew dealer, in an early mercantile transaction. Where, then? A thoughtful friend suggested—Paris. The very place! His boy could learn his books and the world at the same time; and as for any of the dangers of what were called the “dissipations of Paris”—fudge!—if *his* son had not brains enough to withstand *them*, he was not worth educating anywhere!

So Tommy's father brought Tommy to Paris, in the latter part of 1865, and left him in pleasant lodgings not far from the Boulevard des Poissonieres, with a liberal allowance of pocket-money, and a slight permission to “draw” in case of absolute necessity (only); an abbé as

a tutor, and piles of injunctions to "be a good boy, take care of himself, learn like all the sages of old rolled up into one, and not disgrace America."

In his something less than two years, Tommy has not "disgraced America" in any of the senses common to those words. He has "drawn" perhaps a little oftener than the paternal purse at first contemplated; he has "taken care of himself" in that definite manner only known to Parisians and merely suspected by the rest of mankind; and if he has not learned "like all the sages of old rolled up into one," he has certainly acquired some information very likely to astonish those grave and reverend pundits if they could come back to take a peep into it. Tommy will return to America, some day, and astonish his father, who did not visit the Exposition—not even to "see how his boy got along."

"Our Boy Tommy" is verging on seventeen, with the beauty of an archangel in his handsomely-cut face, blue eyes, and curly brown hair; and the spirit of what some people call a "young devil" in the brain behind the eyes and under the hair; while there are those who believe that when he has "sown his wild oats" (juvenile adventure of that costly cereal) he will be "as steady as a church clock"—whatever may be the reliability of that paragon in horology.

"Bet your boots that I'm going to see all that is to be seen; and that I can tell you what I see, about as well as any old foo-foo you can send over!" So wrote "Our Boy Tommy," in those early days of the spring when piled lumber, heaps of iron, packing-boxes and bloused workmen were about equally plenty in the great building; and he kept his promise, as has before been said, to the discomfiture of all opponents, and in manner and form following—a few ameliorations being blended with a few interpolations:—

"You know, Gov." thus irreverently commences the youngster, "that I am no chicken around Paris, as the Banker" (supposed to mean his respected parent) "brought me here in the latter part of '65, just after you had been here, you know, making such a guy of yourself in trying to talk French, and really gabbling something much more like Calmuck-Tartar. Some of the greenbacks have got away since then; and may be there is any part of this small village that I don't know; but if there is, you'd better find somebody to take me there! Stupid and dingy old boxes of theatres they have here, alongside of what we have in New York, you know—cross between a bar-room and an undertaker's shop, with a dash of ladies' dressing-room; but I've been to all of 'em, until most of the old covies at the gates know me like a book, and don't even ask me for the 'beyea dadmisyong, Mossou!' when I happen to forget to hand it over.

"Some ballet at the opera, generally, though I think that you may have seen a little of it here, as well as in your own town. *Les jolies jambes*, 'poetry of motion' and all that sort of thing; rather spicy, but good after supper and before going to the 'virtuous couch,' besides supplying a capital study in geometry (shapes of things) and natural history (structure of the human animal). As for music—except Patti (that *we* gave them), they have'nt had much in the way of throats since I have been in Paris—plenty of squalling, but I've learned to '*look out* for squalls,' and they only affect me with the ear-ache. Cut the opera, all but a finish up that it has sometimes; and about that—a page or two nearer the end of the book.

"Had high old times at the Gaité, while the Menken has been here doing her little Mazeppa. Is n't the Menken a peeler, though? (don't go to making any bad puns on that word, for I don't mean it in that light—not even gas-light), and didn't I fall in love with her just a little, one

night when Count Bob (you don't know Count Bob, but he is one of the boys, even if he *is* a Frenchman) took me behind the scenes and into her dressing-room, just when the lady was being curried off. No, I don't mean the *horse*, but the *lady*, stupid! Her maid-of-honor was just wiping off the little spots of dust from the silk thingamys that didn't hide the shape a bit, and hardly the red blood under the gauzy skin; and *ma foi!* (as they make us swear here, in French) what a shape that was! Seemed as if all the physicalities of perfect womanhood (aren't they big words, for a youngster?) were rolled up into one thing, and there it was! Where are *you*, Phidias and the other old foo-foos that used to make women of marble! Then La Menken has an eye—two of 'em, besides a pair of lips; and what is it that makes a fellow, merely looking at the eyes, think of the lips? See if I don't cypher out that problem some day, before I do the fifth of Euclid! But, fudge!—you will not pay me for telling you all this; and yet I must tell you one thing more: they say awful things about the Menken sometimes, and they have had an Alexandre Dumas scandal here, for which somebody's head should have been punched; and yet, though I have no doubt that the lady has been a little 'off color,' and though Mazeppa and the French Spy may not be exactly the thing in which we should like our sisters to 'show themselves'—yet, do you know, I am not only in love, just a little, with La Menken, but believe that she has been 'as good as they make 'em,' and that she is now, and always has been, no light papers in the way of brains, and kind, benevolent, and warm-hearted to a fault. There—now you have my opinion; and laugh at it, or make a mock of it in the American newspapers, if you dare!"

There is no intention of doing so, Thomas; your estimate of one of the most erratic and best-abused women in the world—perhaps one of the most imprudent, and in some

regards reprehensible—is very nearly correct; and the Governor would be the last man to gainsay a word of it. But don't fall in love with her, Thomas. As a friend of mine once remarked when asked to give up his whole summer's plans of recreation at the whim of a coquette: "It might be pleasant enough, but *it wouldn't pay!*"

"May be I've been to Mabilie," pursues Tommy, "and may be I haven't—ask the abbé, who wouldn't let me go where I oughtn't to be, you know; and ask Count Bob, and Fred Raikes, a jolly little London swell that has no end of tin, and likes to go out with *me*, though I shall some day subject him to amputation of the caput if he don't stop calling me 'Yankee Doodle.' I have been to the Chateau des Fleurs, at all events, and that is not far off Mabilie, either way. And don't they do their little *can-can* THERE, sometimes! If they don't, they do at Asnieres, and I've been *there!* It is 'high,' the *can-can* is, anywhere; and they don't let it down just about here. And they don't much, at the Balls of the Opera, which it takes a Parisian to know occur on the ten last Saturdays and the one last Tuesday before Ash-Wednesday (overhaul your English Church Ritual and make a note of when that day is, if you don't happen to know). Everybody goes to the Ball of the Opera; everybody does what he pleases there; and I don't know but I like it better than any of the other places, because a fellow can get himself up into anything he likes and nobody can tell how old he is and snub him about 'beards' and other things that nobody wants. And then they 'don't go home till morning,' and when they *do* go home it isn't always exactly pious—do you think it is? But there I go!—you will not want to pay me for everything else than the Exposition, and have nothing of *that*; so I must get on to it.

"Wasn't Paris full, at just before the first of April? Full wasn't any name for it, as some of your New York

boys used to say of a Broadway stage when it had eighteen inside and twelve on the roof. It was jammed—that's the word! Not so many big-wigs and big-bugs as have already been here since; but more *people* than you ever saw here at any one time, except old Nappy's fifteenth of August. Everybody had crowded in, from everywhere, to get what I suppose they thought would be the *best* of the thing, because it was the *first*. Didn't they hit it, though! The big building was just about as ready to open, for any kind of use, as—as—well, say as ready as a big pie to take out and eat before it has got warm in the oven. (That makes me think of American pies, that I can't get *here*, and the result isn't comfortable—so cut it! not the pie: I wish I could!)

“The abbé and I went there only two days before (he has ‘influence’—don't those priests have it, of course only for ‘beneficial purposes’—nothing else—oh, no, we never mention it!—but if they did happen to like the women, now, wouldn't there be a gay old time)! There were some things to be seen even then; but they had a bordering of wheelbarrows and a coating of mallets and iron bars, with a few screw-drivers and spikes; everything was half-dry paint, except what was half-put-up machinery; packing-boxes and cases enough stood in the way to have made Stewart, Lord & Taylor, and Claffin, happy for life (bless the old New York dry-goods nobs!—the Banker was in trade once, and we're not ashamed of it). Heaps of things to stumble over, and lots of chalky workmen to run against, so that the abbé had those dear black-stockinged shins of his barked like a birch tree, and I knocked off the end of my precious nose on an iron bracket that had not yet been screwed up into its place, besides getting so deaf with the banging and pounding that I have not been able to hear my tailor when he dunned me, ever since. Men at work everywhere (a little), and gabbling (a good deal),

and what the Banker used to say that Joseph Bonaparte, when he lived at Bordentown, once kicked up at a Jersey City hotel when he was on his way to New York—‘a devil of a fuss generally.’ Pretty thing to open, that—wasn’t it?

“May be it hadn’t rained in and about Paris for the week or two before the Opening; then again may be it had! May be the map of Paris didn’t need to be changed, so that what had been streets could be set down as rivers, and the boulevards marked as oceans! May be the big obelisk in the Place de la Concorde didn’t get beaten all one-sided by the rain knocking on it all one way, and that the marble horses of Marly didn’t get so water-soaked that they were obliged to put India-rubber blankets on them to prevent their taking cold and going off in a galloping consumption! May be they didn’t have to stop the fountains playing, to prevent a general deluge; and that all the fish in the Seine didn’t crowd in under the bridges to escape the rain pounding in the river, until the ragged boys scooped them up by the bushel in baskets, to find them so soaked that they wouldn’t fry! May be all the glazing didn’t wash off the shiny hats of the red-waist-coated cab-drivers, and that umbrellas didn’t go up (*up* in the shops as well as the streets), till the Compagnie Lyonnaise shut up their windows, and all the old silk and gingham skirts were ripped up and made into *parapluies*! May be all this didn’t happen, and may be it did. Ask Count Bob; he wouldn’t lie, except under what he calls ‘peculiar circumstances?’

“Well, what do you think happened during the night before the 1st of April, as if we were all to be made bigger April-fools than we would otherwise have been. Send me back to New York ‘on sight,’ if it didn’t stop raining and dry up!—just as if Nappy had been corresponding with the clerk of the weather instead of Bismarck, and

got him to let up for just that once. Fred Raikes says that two umbrella-sellers committed suicide by swallowing bunches of whalebone ribs, when they saw the sun come out at breakfast time; and that the river-rats held a mass meeting of congratulation on the Quai d'Orsay, when they found that their holes were not to be more than fifty feet under water. This is Fred's story, I wasn't there: don't ask me to 'indorse' anything more dangerous than a 'little bill.'

"Fred tells another story, too, that you may have at the same price. Fred says that Nappy was seen poking his head out of one of the windows of the Tuileries, about daylight that morning, with his embroidered night-cap askew, and talking to Baron Haussmann, who had just ridden up with his feet touching the ground, on a bob-tailed pony. Nappy said that 'if it rained again that day, and things went wrong, he should go to thunder, sure!' Haussmann assured him that *he* knew how to straighten things at the worst; he thought there was room in Paris for one more new boulevard, to be called the Boulevard de la Grande Exposition, and when that was finished by tearing down a mile or two more of houses, everything would be lovely.' Then Nappy inquired 'if the proper directions had been given, so that the cheers of the day would come in at the right places;' 'whether the American Commissioners had arrived and been provided with pork-and-beans, whiskey and soda-water,' as also 'whether anything had been seen of his friend Abbott in a day or two, as something might occur during the day which would never be detailed unless the historian of Napoleon could be 'privy' to it. Haussmann assured him that the 'enthusiasm of the workmen' had been properly manufactured, by promising them a loaf of bread and a bottle of *vin ordinaire* each, ten years hence, if they flourished their shovels and pickaxes properly, and that M. Abbott was at hand,

having been seen the day before, bargaining with a second-hand dealer in the Faubourg St. Antoine, for a nail said to have been used in the horse-shoe of one of the camp-followers at Leipsic; and the dismembered handle of an earthen vessel, believed to have been once in the possession of the great emperor himself. Then Nappy held up his hand again, to see if it rained, looked at the weather-cock on the northeast gable, and suggested that 'in case it *should* rain, he wished Madame Haussmann would bring back that umbrella from the hat-rack on the third floor, that Eugenie lent her a week or two before,' and that 'he believed that was all.' Thereupon, freezing Haussmann, with what was, no doubt, intended for a smile (the latter waving a Japanese fan in token of adieu, and riding away), Nappy drew in his night-cap and shut down the window, calling immediately afterward for 'François' and 'wax-pomade,' leading to the impression that the weather must have dampened the ends of his moustaches as well as his imperial spirits.

"But, the heavens be good to us!—as the Banker's Irish coachman used to say when he was the 'laste taste in life' puzzled—here have I only arrived at daylight of the Opening morning, and see what a space I have filled! Never mind, people will read what *I* write, if they devour that stuff of *yours*. Make one batch of this, send me over the pecuniary documents (for Fred and I—*entre nous*—have a nice little thing waiting), and let me show my best paces in another. Won't you? That's a jolly old trump!"

"Our Boy Tommy" having done so well in supplying an entire article without conveying a word of the matter intended, and thus shown his capacity for diplomatic service, must certainly be allowed space in the following paper, to say what should have been said in the present.

IX.

OPENING OF THE EXPOSITION—"TOMMY'S" VERSION.

SECOND PAPER.

"WELL," pursues Tommy, "to tell you what I saw and not what Fred Raikes said that he saw, on the day of the Opening.

"I went with the abbé and Fred. Count Bob was needed to fill one corner of the family carriage; though they said that he swore, awfully, at being stuck away among the fossils, when there was something younger and better. I am only seventeen, you know, so I couldn't go it alone. Bah!—don't I wish they only could know how seventeen can take care of itself! As I was an American, and to be (ahem!) the principal person of the party, we all went as Americans; and General Dix, our Ambassador (isn't he a brave old white-head? and don't I wish that somebody would say something against him, so that I could practice on him, fistically?)—the old general, though he had just reached France, and was, as they said, 'scarcely warm in his seat,' got us all the tickets and orders, and made all the arrangements to put us among the officials, and give us everything nobby. Bless his old white head, I say once more! 'If any one attempts to haul down *that* flag (of truce) shoot him on the spot!'

"But here I am, running off again! Check me up, won't you? We went first, that day, Fred and I, to the Trocadero Hill, as the place from which the best view of the morning could be managed. Do you know where the

Trocadero Hill *is*? No—how should you?—though you will before you have done your little Exposition and gone home again. Well, when you were here in '65, there was an ugly line of rough high bank, on the north side of the Bridge of Jena, opposite the dust-heapy Champ de Mars. For months, now, they have been turning this into a terrace sloping down to the river,—with wheelbarrows, and pickaxes, and shovels, and carts, and all that sort of thing; and one of these long days you will see it all stone steps, away up from the bridge to the top, with an avenue that they are going to call the Avenue de le Roi de Rome (in memory of that poor little light-papers that was the first Napoleon's son), exactly in front of the palace and running back from it over the hill toward the big Arc d'Etoile. Splendid old view over the Seine, the Tuileries, the Louvre, and all the way down to the Ile de la Cité and Notre Dame, and then over the big boiler (that's what they call it) in which Nappy is going to cook the visitorial goose: greenbacks to postage-stamps that there is such a view as is a view, of a fine morning, from the Trocadero Hill, and that it is worth remembering.

“What does ‘Trocadero’ mean?” Oh, you thought that you had me there, but you hadn't—not once! When there were two parties fighting in Spain, a good many years ago, and the Johnny Crapauds helping them, they stormed a Spanish fort somewhere, with such a name; and they have named rues and boulevards and ‘places’ after everybody that ever fought a French battle, and after every French battle that ever was fought (*except* Waterloo!) till they have pretty much used up the stock of national victories that amount to anything, and are under the necessity, now, of falling back on the little ones. That is the story of the ‘Trocadero,’ that nobody ever heard of on our side of the big pond. Bet *you* never did!”

At this point it becomes necessary to check the young-

ster in what may be called the "impertinence of suddenly-acquired information," like that which consequential green-horns show when they have a head-start of an hour in seeing Niagara or one of the great mountains. They fancy that they *own* the thing thereafter, until the conceit is taken out of them. I, the Governor, *have* heard of the "Trocadero," and I should be sorry to believe that many other Americans had not. The French allies of the Christinos, under the Duc d'Angoulême, in the struggle with the Carlists, stormed the Trocadero at Cadiz, about 1830; and Thomas Campbell deified the Carlist "patriots" (the defeated and slain) in a certain poem which Tommy will read when his beard is grown—when he knows more and thinks that he knows less; the opening line being familiar to most readers of English history more solid than the Swinburnian and Dobelly:—

"Brave men who at the Trocadero fell!" &c., &c.

Now let the youngster be heard once more; and let him keep to his relation, even if he should mingle with it what he calls "spice," and some of the rest of us designate as mild "New York *slang*,"—so that he avoids dangerous personalities.

"Well, I said that we went first to the Trocadero, to catch the *ensemble*. It was a gay old one, you can take your small davy, though you may not think that exactly the word. The Champ de Mars lay just far enough away to keep us from seeing the things half-finished around the Exposition building, while the building itself shone with a sort of bright blueness under the morning sun; and the flags of all nations made a fellow feel as if he did not know where he was born, fluttering and flapping from the little poles all around it; and Nappy's imperial standard and the tri-color, floating eagle and ermine and white and red from two great gilded Moorish masts at the entrance;

and inside of that a jolly rich old canopy of green silk and gold (I wish I had all the money *that* cost!) swung from the side-standards and covered the walk, all the way from the Grande Porte to the palace door—not much less than a quarter of a mile; and the detached buildings and ‘annexes’ in the park, a little bit of everything from ‘all creation and part of Becket,’ but half of them ginger-breaded with gilding, and chopped into oriental fragments, and the other half odd enough in shape to set the eyes dancing like paper-jacks; and crowds of people fluttering about like so many crows in the biggest cornfield in the world—in the park, over the bridge, down the quays, on the little boats steaming up and down the Seine—everywhere and all over; and away beyond, the stunning big palaces (the Louvre and the Tuileries), stretched out like so many jointed snakes with humps at the joints; and Cleopatra’s Needle (she must have been a screaming old seamstress to use that!—wonder why she didn’t get a sewing-machine?) looking like an old Roman sword, point-upward, in among the white horses and the fountains of the Place de la Concorde; and the Madeleine, my little beauty, seeming at the distance so neat and so bright that it might have been a new toy brought home to us babies only that morning; and over behind the great building, the dome of the Invalides sticking up like a broken limb with splints around it (confound those scaffoldings!—what did the foo-foos have them there for, this year of all years?); and away up the river, Notre Dame trying to make itself seem nearer by looking like two great piles of houses heaped one on the top of the other; and—well, I think that is about all that I remember just then, except the fellows with the wheelbarrows and shovels, working away on the Trocadero Hill. You may not see it in that light, Gov.; but it seems to me that that little bit of description isn’t to be sneezed at by a man with no nose, if

it *was* only seventeen that did it! Eh, what do you say to that, old steel pens and foolscap?"

Only this, Thomas — that irreverence towards people beyond your own age seems to be suspiciously evident again; and that though you are a bright boy, Thomas, you shouldn't—really you shouldn't. For who knows but you may some time go on the Bourse or tumble into Wall Street, where, if they don't read Scripture much, or know very well what I mean, there are *bears*—bears that eat up juvenile people, Thomas, when they attempt to go against the "old ones." Proceed, Thomas.

"Well, when we had enjoyed view enough from the Trocadero, we went down the hill to the Pont de Jena, through the crowd of workmen who were just then getting their little flags in order, to do their little show before Nappy himself. There, at the bridge, was a time, a high old time, with something to spare. Everything in the shape of a carriage, a wagon, or a cart, was setting down visitors, or carting them over and dumping them out on the other side; and everybody that couldn't or wouldn't ride, was shambling along, walking, rolling, dragging, getting over the ground somehow, but as if they didn't quite know where they were going; all eyes on the big building ahead, as if there had never been such another old boiler since creation (and you bet there hadn't!), and never was going to be such another day until the last horn blew. Well-dressed, ill-dressed, scarcely dressed at all—broadclothed, bloused, in baggy oriental costumes; Englishmen in tight trousers and short coats, with whiskers—oh, my! such whiskers—where are *you*, lap-dogs' ears! Our people, Americans (weren't there lots of *them* there, though), with the best hats of any, and enough cloth in one suit to do up a whole family on this side; once in a while an out-westerner, slab-sided and rough-faced, with bad clothes; but oh! what a customer to run foul of! And

then a Yankee, thinner-faced than the other, and not so much meat on his bones; but his arms and legs all the time wobbling as if he was a machine that had just been patented and wanted everybody to see him go! Here and there a nigger, with white eyes that made the rest of him blacker than charcoal, and got up—oh, my stars and garters!—weren't they got up, especially in the way of shirt-collars and tight coats? And didn't they gabble French as was French, especially the New York darkies? 'Bong joor, mong amy!—how you was, Sam? Ki yi! Monsus fine mornin'. Allay voo ay la grand 'Sposition, mounseer? Wee, pardong—nuffin else! How's Jim?' That was about the style of it; but don't you dare to believe that the niggers didn't see the ridiculousness of the thing better than many of the whites did.

"Then there would be a pig-tailed Chinaman, with his funny little eyes and parchment face; and a handsome, tall Arab, with his fine moustache, nut-brown face, and splendid eyes, that, by George, would make a fellow mighty careful—wouldn't they?—how he let him come around his girl too often, when *he* hadn't fine eyes and moustache! And then a black Turco, white-turbaned, with his crooked scimeter as broad as a hay-scythe, his face ugly wrinkles and the d—l's temper, and his bag-breeches above the knee making up for the stockinged shanks and splay feet below; and a Persian, brown, white-dressed, and clean-looking, as if they had some of the sunshine of their fire-worship still on them, but ready to cut off your head, at a moment's notice, with the crooked knife in his girdle; and a low-caste Egyptian, more than half Ethiopian, with no more clothes than the law allows; and a copper-colored Egyptian with Caucasian face, high cap, and robes all the way down to his feet (the abbé says that he was a Copt, and that his race built the pyramids); and then a big Russian, all long beard and round cap, handsome enough,

in a burly way, but seeming to be melting all the time and to want ice in his boots; then a fat Dutchman, all smell of beer, and his pipe sticking out of his pocket, so that his eyes could smoke if his mouth couldn't; and then one of our Indians from the far west, fierce-faced, painted, and greasy-looking, evidently wishing that he could tomahawk a few of the people who had just been giving him 'fire-water.' Noah's ark emptied out, just after the stoppage of our second 'flood,' and all the human animals that had ever been gathered in the highest old menagerie *you* ever saw!

"Everybody had his wife out, or somebody else's wife—about the same thing in Paris, only more so—so Count Bob says; but I must cut that, I suppose, or the Banker will be after me with the wrong kind of 'check'! Then all the beggars of Paris, and all the cripples from all the departments—all the blind, all the crooked, all the dot-and-carry-ones, on canes and crutches, out of all the hospitals of Europe. Police everywhere, all through the rest, keeping a fellow's eyes constantly changing from the cocked hats and really pleasant quiet faces (they are not the worst of 'beaks'—the *sergens de ville*: I have had a bout or two with them, in a quiet way, and they're 'human') down to the straight swords that seem to belong to the seams of their trousers, and the little silver ships (the arms of Paris, though without the crown) on the tails of their coats. A gay old scene, altogether—don't you believe it was?—and wouldn't you have given something (if you had it) to have been 'there to see'?"

"Hallo!—away went the bands, or rather their music. Seemed to be all the brass in the world, blown and banged until the very old boiler shivered. 'Vive l'Empereur!' some of them shouted. Why the deuce couldn't they have said it in decent English and so that they meant something: 'Bully for old Nap.!' for instance?"

"We were still standing—the abbé, and Fred, and I—

at the Grand Porte, where it opens on the broad space at the Bridge of Jena; and I soon found what was the matter. Nappy himself, with his head and tail (you bet that nobs like him have 'heads' as well as 'tails'—for don't the chamberlains and other dodgers go in advance?—and don't that make the 'head' of any 'old sarpint'?)—Nappy himself was coming to do his little biz., in opening the house that was everything else than ready. Away they came; over the Place de la Concorde, up the quays and over the bridge they dashed like a house afire—a squadron of officers of the *Cent Gardes* ahead, and a courier on a racehorse even ahead of *them*—the officers all uniform, and their heads all feathers (wonder if it made them 'light-headed'?); then three carriages with six horses each (very fine horses, many of them, but they couldn't make us forget the cracks that they trot out at the Central Park o' nice afternoons—could they, Gov.?); then another cloud of the 'household troops' on horseback, with as brassy a shine as if they had all been bronze statues in motion; and behind them the great tail of 'everybody and his first cousin.'

"Couldn't see, at the distance, of course, who were in the Imperial carriages; but we could see when they dashed over the bridge and prepared to alight at the Grand Porte; and I can tell you about some of them. (Haven't I a right to give the information as my own, and get paid for it—even if the abbé did point out most of the nobs to me and tell me who they were and what they had done? Ask one of your reporters, and see what *he* will say).

"If I am going to stay in Paris any longer, I had better mention the Emperor and Empress first, hadn't I? Should like to put the lady first, for I like her best; but can't do it, you know!—what would you think of 'Mrs. and Mr. Jones' on a reception card?

"Nappy first, as he stepped down from his open coach,

with the gold-laced and thingamied outriders, with a squad of officers all round him, and yet 'keeping their distance.' Nappy isn't as young as he was; but the old 'Parisianers' (don't let your fellows print that 'parishioners,' for they don't go to church, *much*!) they say that he is a better-looking man now, than he was years ago, since his hair has grizzled and his cheeks fullled out, even if they look older and less healthy. He looks riper and more human, they say, if feebler. At all events, he did not look a bit Mephistophelean that day, with his full face (a *little* bloated in the lines), his sharp long moustaches, gray eyes and tell-tale hair,—in a brown overcoat, dark vest and trousers, the Grand Cross of the Legion—something less than a tea-plate—on his breast, and a solitaire diamond, of about the size of a piece of chalk, serving him as a breastpin. I don't much over-estimate the old fellow who has been trying to do *us*, and I don't say too many soft things of him; but I did respect him that day, and wouldn't have asked much to be in his place. Believe me or believe me not, I did want to be an Emperor, and *that* Emperor, once in my life, and for what the big scribblers call 'a brief period.'

"As for the Empress—she wore a purple satin dress, long enough for two to tread on at once, and a bonnet to match (not to *tread on*), with a black satin cloak to crown all (not her *head*, though). She is a screamer, even now—you bet she is! Fuller than she used to be, and older-looking, even through her enamel (for she does use the 'email')—so Count Bob says. May be I'm not a little touched around the edges, with her sweet, long face, her pliant waist, and look of sorrowful goodness—Oh, no! of course not; though you needn't send this to the Tuileries, for my next ticket there might not come by telegraph if you did. The Prince Imperial was not with them—too sick, they said (not the Imperial couple—the people,

stupid !) ; but I've seen him, over and often—a nicish, gentlemanly, slight little fellow, of eleven or twelve, and small for his age, with a long nose, like his mother's, a smile that somehow seems to belong to low spirits, and an indescribable something which seems to say: 'Don't lay too heavy a weight on me, good people, for I'm not strong enough to carry it!' And then one thinks of the young King of Rome, that I spoke about before, and it doesn't cost much to be spooney about the eyes. What are you laughing at? *You* do such things sometimes, old frump as you are—you know you do!

“ ‘Who else?’ You don't suppose that I am going to give you a catalogue, do you, of the state officers who attended on and received my friend Nappy? If you do, you slip up, that is all! There were about eight thousand of them, more or less—chamberlains, and liveried valets, and grooms, and all that sort of thing. The abbé said that the other people in the three carriages were General Rolin, sharp-faced, and gray as a badger; Baron Genlis, nothing in particular; the Duchesse de Bassano, the Countess de Poez, and the Countess de Rayneval—all well-enough looking girls, to anybody who had never been in America; two or three other ladies, and two or three military nobodies—proud as peacocks, the last of 'em, just *because* they were nobodies.

“Plenty of people who weren't nobodies, and who had something more than a title to recommend them, came in with the great couple—didn't they, though! It was worth something to have the abbé, who knows everything French, and Fred, who knows everything English, point them out to me. Emile de Girardin, the editor, eager-faced, thin, nervous, and fidgety; Thiers, the historian, with a weazen face; George Sand (why the deuce do they call a woman 'George?'), handsome as a girl, yet, and dressed like one, if she *has* written long novels and is (so the abbé says)

Madame Dudevant; Gustave Doré (can’t that young person draw till your hair stands on end!), looking like a boy, but pale and nervous, and as if he was ‘going it,’ either at work or the other way; Rossini (don’t I like the ‘Barbieri,’ especially when Figaro sings ‘Largo al factotum?’), very old and feeble looking, in spite of his dark wig, and leaning both hands on his big-knobbed cane, even in the carriage; Liszt, the pianist, with a face like a jack-in-the-box, that somehow makes a fellow shudder (wonder if that is the happiness of his becoming a priest!); the Countess of Jersey (here Fred came in play), fit to set any body wild with her English girl-face and blonde curls; and the English Marquis Townshend, young-looking and unquiet-faced, as if he wasn’t quite satisfied to be *only* a Marquis——”

He wasn’t, Tommy: he has since been filling the honorable position of stock-actor at the St. James and other leading theatres—proving his “utility” in that conclusive manner, after the style of Hon. Lewis Wingfield *et id genus omne*. The Marquis is “one of the boys,” to copy your own style. Tommy, pass on to the next.

“The Duchess de Morny, widow of the Emperor’s half-brother (I believe that is the relationship, though I am a little puzzled sometimes about who is and who is not his relative), slender and fair, and not looking a bit like a widow; a brace of American girls in a phaeton together, said to be daughters of one of our commissioners, and if they are, better and handsomer than any other goods he has in charge; then one or two of our New York celebrities—I’m not going to make them vain by naming them; and——

“Stop! I have no more time, and you no more space, for personal descriptions. The ‘trouble was beginning,’ as they say at some of the minstrels,’ (who ought to have come over and made us respectable this summer, in the

place of mere hop-o'-my-thumbs). And a trouble it was—no sardines in the way of disturbance—Hail Columbia and the Fourth of July in noise and bustle. Down off the Trocadero, where we had been looking at the others and not noticing them, had come a thousand or more of the bloused ouvriers at work there, with little tri-color flags stuck into their dirt-carts; and they jammed the whole space left by the carriages in front of the Grand Porte, cheering as if they really loved the man they feared (possibly hated—I don't know), throwing up their caps and making themselves a jubilant lot of dirty humbugs generally. Nappy froze them with a smile (as Fred says that he did old Haussmann); and one unknown presented Mrs. Nappy—no, I mean the Empress—with a bouquet something smaller than a washerwoman's basket; and she made the happy mudsill who presented it a fool for life, by shooting him with one of her smiles ('oh, them eyes!').

“And then the workmen began yelling as if they had a new barricade and had just shot somebody at it; and the other dirty two thousand on the Trocadero caught up the shout about nothing, and helped them along; and the crowd on the bridge, and at the Grand Porte, and around the big boiler, all took a hand in, principally because they had no special reason to halloo; and a cannon banged away somewhere, and other cannon replied to it, away over at the Tuileries; and three hundred hands of music (more or less, again)! struck up three hundred or less of different tunes; and in the Exposition building, amid it all, you could hear the hum as somebody let on the steam and set all the wheels and spindles and other thingamys-whirring away to infinitesimal smash; and, to cut a long story short, things were lively generally, and the imperial bird (not the eagle—the one that laid the golden egg) held a highly elevated position at that particular moment. How's that, Gov., I ask

you again—anything neat and appropriate in the way of verbal daguerreotypes?

“Nappy and his immediate suite were at length inside the great Exposition building. I am glad that I have got him there at last, as no doubt *he* was at that moment; for I am tired—aren’t you? Now to the reception, which I must give what the girls (they say) give their hair when too lazy to comb it—‘a sleek and a promise;’ for I am a second time overrunning space, and how are you off for patience?

“Well, it was at the grand entrance, opposite the Grand Porte, near to where that entrance cuts the gallery running round the outside circle (can you understand all that? if not, you know the alternative!)’ that the reception was given to the Emperor, he being made the visitor for the time, where he should have been the host! That is my idea, any way; though perhaps there being a ‘host of people’ prevented any other being necessary. But of course you wish to know who received him; and as the abbé and Count Bob and I ‘took precedence’ of ‘His Imperial Majesty,’ who should know better than we?

“We all expected to see the fat, jolly face of Prince Napoleon there; for who had a better right than he who had done so much to give the Exposition shape and success? He was not there; another fat face (and a less notable one, so the abbé said), was there in its place—that of Prince Murat, dumpy, gray, idle-looking, and not very heavy papers in the way of principality. Near him was the Duke of Leuchtenberg, representing the Czar of Russia; he (the duke, not the Czar—confound this tangling language), a tall, pleasant-faced young man, no more a Russian than a Cossack, but, if my memory doesn’t play tricks, a relative of the Emperor, through his mother, and only connected with the Czar by marriage. Then the Prince of Orange, who will some day be King of Holland,

though he had better wake up first, or he won't know it; and the Count of Flanders, heir-presumptive (I think) to the throne of Belgium, his pleasant and wide-awake Coburg face showing that Belgium still has the best of it in the division of the two countries. Then two more ladies whom you will like to hear something about—the Princess Mathilde, elderly, plain-looking, and not a bit ginger-breaded, without a suspicion of her evening parties, bad hours, and jolly reputation—and sweet little blonde Anna Murat de Mouchy, the pet kitten (that's what Count Bob says) of all Paris and the court.

“Then, a little further on, some people yet a little more ‘official’ received old Nappy over again, just as if he was being continually ‘paid out’ and ‘taken in.’ (Wonder if he is.) Rouher, prime minister, stony-faced, broad-figured, and kind-looking; gray old Marshal Vaillant, with a face looking like a monitor just out of battle, and (his breast, not his face) speckled all over with decorations; and overshadowing them as if they were pigmies and he was a tree that they stood under, Fred's tall friend, Baron Haussmann, with a face in which the keen fox of command seemed to be all the time trying to peep out through the quiet lamb of habitual subserviency; and Pietri, the other prefect—him of police (whom the emperor complimented); and Duruy, who looks after the schools (such as they are! you ought to know what Count Bob says of them!); and a few others whom I don't mention, for the double reason that I don't know anything about them, and that they don't amount to a row of pins!

“Did I tell you that I was almost done? No?—then I am nearer ‘done’ than any ‘bifteck’ that I have had since I came to this gay old land of raw-meat, wine cheaper than water, and bread by the yard. When you have the story of the receptions, you have almost that of what they called the ‘Opening.’ I have before spoken of the high

gallery, railed on both sides, running around the outside circle. Around this gallery, just completed, and with no goods on it, except a few of the oriental thingamys, to break the contour, stood a dozen or less of circular pavilions, over or nearly over the national departments below ; and at each of them stood the official commissioners from a particular nation, very much got up in evening dress and white kids, except such as wore oriental frippery and nothings, and looking, as I fancied, about as happy and at their ease as so many country boys rammed into tail-coats and tight gloves, and sent to a full-dress party. Ornamental people, they are, you bet ; and perhaps most of the overweighted commissioners weren’t figure-heads of elegance ! At all events, many of them didn’t know what to do with their hands ; some of them stared through the building at some other one away off in the world of imagination, and the balance twiddled their thumbs to show that *they* were not embarrassed—oh, no !

“ It was along and among these groups of commissioner botherations from the different countries, that Nappy and his *cara sposa*, with their head and tail, made their little promenade of about a mile, stopping at each station to do a little shaking hands, to have a little very bad French fired at them in the way of addresses and felicitations, and to pretend to examine the whirling wheels and half-unpacked things below ; while the music brayed and squealed, the wheels and spindles buzzed and hummed, the hammers of the workmen banged and clashed ; people shouted and cheered at the wrong times ; tuft-hunters made fools of themselves in trying to force for a moment into an imperial presence and notice ; quiet and dry people smiled loudly in corners ; and a crowd that would have made an unit of the locusts of Egypt rushed along behind, near enough to have crushed off the ‘ tail ’ of the cortege close to the roots, had that ‘ tail ’ been a real one of flesh

and fur, or even of silk or merino. The Emperor tried to be friendly everywhere, but seemed to me to be stiff, bored, and distraught; the Empress smiled sweetly on everybody, yet her smiles looked hollow and moonlighty, for she was, no doubt, thinking of Josephine and the sick little Prince Imperial; and so, above such a scene, below, as you may stake your valuable existence that no man ever saw before, and down amid the half-unpacked boxes, and among hanging shelves, and statues unerecited, and wealth run mad, and splendor in a worse mess than nature was when Satan (the first Mephistopheles; you know they call Nappy the second) went 'floundering over chaos'—so the round was made, the Opening accomplished, and the show came to an end.

"You will expect me to say something of the United States Commissioners especially, and how they comported themselves. Don't you wish I might! They were a terribly mixed up lot, about two to each article on exhibition, and some of the best and some of the worst that could have been selected. 'Who were the best and who were the worst?' Discover that for yourself, by what you know of the people and the dailies tell of the names. I know that Dr. Evans got the sweetest and the softest smile from the Empress (poor old girl!—she probably has good reason to be fond of doctors!); that ——— reddened like a schoolboy; ——— seemed to have stolen something, without quite time to hide it away; ——— kept his lips going all the while, as if he wished to say something and dared not; and ——— split his new white gloves all to smithereens in the effort to applaud so that the imperial ears might hear him. Ask those who were present, and pick out the personalities at your leisure.

"Nothing else worth mentioning, even if I haven't mentioned half. They all lived through it. It didn't rain, all day; so that I have no means of knowing whether Mad-

ame Haussmann sent home Eugenie’s umbrella. Neither do I know whether, as Fred alleged, one of the Japanese Commissioners committed hari-kari as part of the official programme, and had to be taken up and carried away in a basket; and a Yankee clock-maker sold a seven-day patent-lever to the Duke de Leuchtenberg, right under the nose of the Emperor, and in the midst of his speeches; and a Turkish Pasha eloped with three frail beauties to replenish his harem; and a North American Indian scalped one of the Empress’s maids of honor, and bore the trophy away to his wigwam in the Champ de Mars. All this may have occurred; I didn’t see it; but then I didn’t see a good many things, you know! I do know that the Great Exposition was open; that my old Nappy and his handsome half, the work done, first lunched at the Imperial pagoda that they call a ‘pavilion,’ and then went back to the Tuileries, happy, with bad headaches and the proud consciousness that they had inaugurated the biggest thing out, as well as the biggest thing *in*!

“There, Gov., that is the whole story, told *my* way. Does it suit? I hope so, for you are not likely to get another of that sort. As for the things that happened afterward, ask anybody else, or tell what you have seen yourself. I am tired; besides, Count Bob and I have a little appointment at —, well, never mind *where* Count Bob and I have our little appointment. *Addio mio!* as they say at the opera. My bankers (not *the* Banker) are John Munroe & Co., No. 7 Rue Scribe (clever fellows, who keep an American reading room and take care of American letters, as well as cash drafts and change money for us); and I don’t care how soon you communicate with them, financially. Once more, *addio mio caro!* ‘May your shadow never be less,’ as my friend the Bey of Tunis originally remarks; and the Lord knows that it needn’t be larger than it was the last time I saw you!”

To which the Governor only takes occasion to remark that the world progresses, and to add, "Good-by, Tommy." *

* P. S.—While this volume was in press, another letter was received from the youngster, containing a brief but important communication, and one showing how wise was my last remark—how very fast we are moving. It was nothing less than a conundrum of this atrocious character: "Why is my friend Nappy, whenever he appears in public, like poor Artemus Ward used to be? D'ye give it up? Because he is always expected to 'speak a *peace*.'" Tommy adds, "How's that?" I decline to answer. I may publish the experiment on public patience, but I must be excused from commenting upon it.

X.

THE GREAT EXPOSITION BUILDING—PRINCIPALLY WITHOUT.

THE location of the Champ de Mars having been briefly and hurriedly indicated, and its historical associations glanced at, a much more extended and difficult task remains, in the attempt to convey to eyes that have neither looked upon it actually nor pictorially, any idea of the great building and its surroundings, already, within the limited time since their erection, visited and commented upon by more persons than have ever gazed, within the same space, upon any single work from the hand of man.

To describe at all intelligibly, the most colossal of buildings, may well be held the most colossal of tasks, and a modest man would shrink from the effort. The Governor, whatever his other weaknesses, is not modest—at least he has failed to convey the general impression that he is so; and yet he pauses and hesitates.

“Oh, yes! your pictures and descriptions are all very well, to those who have seen the reality and only need them as reminders, but they don’t amount to *that*” (with a snap of the fingers) “to us who have not seen it at all.” So said a stay-at-home lady to me the other day, when I was “trying it on;” and I am somewhat painfully apprehensive that she was as correct as bitter. Nevertheless, as we always say when we have been checked or puzzled, but not conquered——

The Champ de Mars, as has already been mentioned,

covers an area of something more than one hundred acres. The Exposition building does not appear to stand in the middle of it, but really does so, having its length with the long direction of the field, its shape that of a parallelogram of four by five, with the corners widely rounded off, and the general effect that of a very wide oval, which it is not, owing to the flattening of the extreme circumferences. The length of the building is something over fifteen hundred feet (seven and a-half ordinary blocks of a New York street—say from Tompkins Market, upper side, to the upper end of the Academy of Music); and its width is about twelve hundred and fifty feet (or from Broadway to First Avenue, at the same portion of the city); the area occupied being about thirty-five acres of the whole one hundred.

If this immense space was covered by a *building*, properly so called, all the erections of ancient and modern times would be dwarfed into absolute insignificance—for St. Peter's, St. Paul's, the Duomo of Milan, and the Strasbourg Cathedral, could all be hidden away in it. But, unfortunately for the cause of architectural art, though fortunately for the practical and the useful, the *utile* has been more consulted than the *dulce* in planning and arranging this building that is not a building—*this magnificent covered yard or shed*.

In all previous international exhibitions, the building has been almost as much, and quite as much considered, as the collection. In the English one of 1851, while Prince Albert and his coadjutors arranged the one, Mr. Paxton (afterwards and for that very service Sir Joseph), looked after the other quite as successfully; and the "Great Exhibition Building in Hyde Park" had nearly as many columns of admiring comment bestowed upon it as all the industrial and art treasures there gathered. Glass and iron were just being apotheosized in connection, and the

really great architectural genius of Chatsworth came near to overshadowing even McCormick's reaper and the yacht America. And in connection with the building the English have retained the same fact and idea; for to-day, marred as it is by the fire which a year and a-half ago destroyed one entire end, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham—enlargement of that in Hyde Park—is more of a wonder of beauty, and a subject of conversational interest to visitors, than all the marvels of nature and art gathered within its mammoth compass.

The same feature marked the American Exhibition of 1853, second on the list, however inconsiderable beside that of 1851. Beauty in building was quite as much considered as size or convenience; and when, after the rejection of the plans of Sir Joseph Paxton, Mr. Downing, and others, Messrs. Carstensen and Gildemeister laid their plans for the work, they were quite as evidently arranging for a "thing of beauty" as for what Elihu Burritt called it—"the manger-cradle of labor." They succeeded better in that regard than did the managers in arranging an exhibition; and till the day of its unfortunate destruction, the New York Crystal Palace stood like a colossal soap-bubble that had suddenly alighted on the earth, not too convenient and always unsubstantial, but an advance even upon Paxton—one of the loveliest creations in airy architecture that ever sprung from human brain and hand.

The first French Exposition, again, had many of the same features. In portions far more solid than its predecessors, the Palais d'Industrie in the Champs Elysees has the same inconveniences for the sake of height and dignity, observable in both the English and American. Far more costly than the Hyde Park Sydenham Palace, and only second to it in outer effect, the Palais d'Industrie stands to-day, and will no doubt long remain, a glorious reminder of the earlier days of international exhibitions, and the

theatre of some of the most splendid spectacles of that of the current year,—but as the central scene and figure of an Exposition like that of 1867, as antiquated as one of the pyramids—so fast do we travel, lately, not only in achieving the new, but in setting aside the old!

It has already been suggested that the Exposition Building is more a covered yard than a building proper. This involves, of course, the entire absence of any pretence to architectural dignity or proportion; and so much will be conceded, with reference to the structure itself, on all hands. Some of the epithets bestowed by those thoroughly familiar with it will illustrate this fact, and possibly convey a little idea in addition.

The Emperor, as alleged, looked upon the affair, when nearly finished, very much as Frankenstein may have gazed upon the monster he had created, or as the child believed that God must have contemplated the first elephant—with a shade of tremor; and forestalled after-ridicule by naming it “the great gasometer”—a structure to which it certainly bears some resemblance, in its circular form, the thinness and superior height of the outer circle to anything within, and the consequent appearance of a mere wall or shell. Says St. Edward (of my French experiences of 1865), in a warning letter of May: “The Exposition Building is as flat as a pancake, as sprawling as a fellow just under the table with three bottles, and about July will be as hot and uncomfortable as an oven.” (Except once or twice, for an hour or two, the prophecy lacked fulfillment; the building was rarely hot to discomfort.)

One of the very best of the American Parisian correspondents (“C. B. S.,” of the *New York Daily Times*, whom I may again have more than one occasion to quote) hits it ludicrously off, more in effects than in shape, immediately after the opening: “The building itself * * is a combination of railroad-station and bazaar—what is not

refreshment-room being shop. You lose your way with great facility, and recover bearings by going in any given direction and then working out of it. The advantages for taking cold are remarkable. At every corner there is an east wind and a policeman. Both are attentive." There is real description, however, in what follows: "There is an outside garden and an inside garden. The various departments radiate from the latter, expanding fan-like for each nationality. The part allotted to the United States is somewhat more than a sandwich and not quite a slice. Where the oval is smallest, it looks like a passage; then it assumes the proportions of a closet, and so slips easily to the size of a workshop, where we ["C. B. S." is a U. S. Commissioner] hope to make some striking effects."

A droll contributor to *Harper's Weekly* comes nearer to the truth than he knows, in the following bit of atrocity: "The shape of the building is, as you are aware, round; except the square part, which is oblong. For fear some of your readers may not fully understand its construction, I will be more explicit. Thus: take an ordinary link of sausage and lay it flat on a table; then take another link large enough to enclose the first link; then take another still larger; and keep on taking them until you have sausages enough—and there it is, simple enough. The space between each of the links as they are laid in a nest, one inside the other, is the aisles; and all the curious things and stuff you see in walking through the aisles is your sausage. The avenues cut the sausage up into pieces, the inside ones into mouthfuls, so to speak, and of course they get larger as you go out to the circumference." Allow the outside link to be of much stouter proportions than the others—say a Bologna beside the ordinary canine and feline mixture known in American markets as "country sausage"—and some aid will really have been given to understanding the architectural novelty.

But what, in plain earnest, is the Great Exposition Building really like, all this while? And what is it, as to intent, arrangement, and capacity? Not one who has been present at the Exposition but feels himself quite capable of answering at once and clearly; very few, it is probable, who would not succeed about as well as our English friend in giving the whereabouts of the Champ de Mars, and explain more or less in this lucid manner: "What is it like? Oh, that is easy enough explained, you know. You see, there is a beastly great square building—no, it is round—no, it is 'arf-and-'arf—that's it, you know. And then there is another one inside of it, or outside of it, whichever you like; and another one inside or outside of that; and you cut across from one to another, and there is the bloodiest quantity of all kinds of things there, and don't you see—that's the Exposition."

For the building, as it is, there seem to be four persons more or less responsible. "First, in honor as in place" (to quote Wilfred, of *Ivanhoe*), the Emperor, who appears to have conceived the original idea of a building which should, as he said, "contain all the wares of the world," while avoiding that inconvenience of lifting awkward weights to second stories, and preventing that tiring of the limbs of visitors from constantly ascending and descending staircases, inevitable from the shapes of previous exhibitionary buildings. "All on one floor, and no confounded stairs!" as some of the good housewives are said to prefer their mansions in sections where land for extended ground-floors is plenty and cheap, and where the personal doing of work elsewhere intrusted to servants, makes the appreciation of "leg-weariness" more general. The material and general shape of the building are also understood to be the result of the Emperor's ruminations on the erections of Sir Joseph Paxton, combined with his own experience in the Palais d'Industrie.

Prince Napoleon, originally spoken of as the head of the enterprise, and Chief of the Imperial Commission, but for some reason kept in the background throughout—Prince Napoleon is said to have devised the plan of the transverse arrangement of States, through which the orange (to change a figure) has been divided into unequal slices from seeds to rind, and appropriated between one and another; and the circular arrangement of goods, through which the promenader following one circle has the opportunity of comparing most of the works of different nations in the same line of industry or art.

After the Prince, if not in advance of him, came Baron Haussmann (lately elevated to the dignity of having a boulevard in the Faubourg St. Germain named after him), Chief of the Bureau de Demolition as Prefect of the Seine, and the Emperor's right-hand man in most of the great works of the past few years—and Mons. Le Play, an unofficial political economist, with marked executive ability, who has been aiding and abetting Baron Haussmann throughout. Between the two, or three, or four, they have swamped the engineers and actual architects, whose names have not much better chance of ever being known to the world than has that of the old Roman master-mason who hoisted the mighty bulk of what is known as "Trajan's Column."

Glass and iron, of course, play a part in the great Exposition Building only second to that which they played at Hyde Park, and are now playing at Sydenham. It is a secondary part, however; for the outer circle has its bases and foundations laid in stone, and so has the innermost of all, leading to a suspicion hereafter to be noticed, of an intended permanency for at least some portions of the erection. The inner portions are of glass, wood and iron only, with roofs of glass that are not reputed to be too strong, and that certainly suggest only transient use.

The shape of the building has already been conveyed, so

far as practicable. This borne in mind, the next step is to guess (with Yankee privilege—no data at hand for this) at the height of the outside front or façade, uniform throughout. This may be sixty to seventy feet, as the circle or corridor, which it forms within, is eighty-five feet high, and one hundred and fifteen wide. Less than one-third of the way up the outside, all the way around, springs a wide piazza roof, of corrugated iron, with the portes, doors, and windows in single row below, while above, and extending to the eaves (if such things there are), the portes rear themselves at the entrances, and a row of round-headed windows, three clustered between each of the great supporting columns, give light to the corridor and airiness to the appearance of the structure. The roof of this higher and outer circle, of glass and iron, is a flat round with center ridge, supported without by openwork iron brackets or girders, extending from the great columns outside to those inside, each girder square at the top or highest point, and producing the oddest of effects in the idea that the roof must be of cloth, leather, or some soft substance, and that these are hoops (like those of a cloth-top wagon), necessary to keep it in shape. This, again, is relieved, however, by the outer supporting columns running to a considerable height above the roof, and formed into flag-staffs, from which float and depend little colored bannerols, giving color and lightness to what would otherwise seem heavy and ungraceful, as well as plain.

The inner circles are three in number, all much lower than the outer, and all with pointed, pitched roofs, broken at the eaves for ventilation; of course, all this unobservable from without, and forming no part of the ensemble, near or at a distance, except from some great elevation. Across these interior roofs, from the outer to the inner, run transverse roofs, corresponding with the twelve principal entrances or cross-galleries; three divergent at either end of

the building, and three parallel at either side. The inner circle of the building, surrounding the Central Garden, though so much lower than the outer, is finished like it, with round-headed doors and windows, has stone foundations and bases, has two bannerrolled flag-staffs on an elevation at either end (highest next the Grand Porte), and seems likely to be retained in the event of any part of the erection finding permanent use.

The entrances to and through this immense sprawl of structure naturally come next in order; and it is worthy of note, as a most commendable feature, that there are no *culs de sac*, or closed passages; that through any passage one can go direct from center to circumference, or the reverse; that (in spite of "C. B. S.") the facilities for losing oneself are not remarkable, but the reverse.

It will have been noticed by careful readers or observers, that the two *ends* of the great building front the Pont de Jena, over the Seine, on the northwest, and the Ecole Militaire, on the Avenue de la Mothe Piquet, at the other extremity. The Grand Porte proper—the official and royal approach—is at the river entrance, from the Pont de Jena. The second in importance is the Porte de l'Ecole Militaire opposite, on the southeast. Besides these, there are the Port Rapp, the Porte Labourdonnaye, and the Porte St. Dominique, on the up-stream, or northeastern side, on the Avenue de la Bourdonnaye; and the Portes Kleber, Suffren and Dessaix, at the southwestern, on the Avenue Suffren; while at the four corners are the Portes de la Gare, d'Orsay, Dupleix, and Tourville. The entrance to the grounds at all these portes, it must be observed, is to the Champ de Mars, all of which is included in the Exposition, and so to the Exposition itself without additional charge or hindrance. Only one portion of the grounds remains a "holy of holies" beyond this admission—the Parc Français (hereafter to be spoken of), with its flowers

and music, occupying the extreme southeastern corner of the Champ; while to certain of the buildings, scattered through the grounds, many of them exhibitionary in their occupation, as the Chinese, the Japanese, &c., half a franc or a franc is necessary as an *open sesame*.

XI.

THE GREAT EXPOSITION BUILDING—INSIDE AND ARRANGEMENT.

To those who have been familiar with the buildings of any of the other great exhibitions, few words are necessary to convey the appearance of the French, so far as the structure itself is concerned. Iron and glass in compartments and roofing, and wood in the arrangement of floors and fittings, produce nearly the same ensemble everywhere; and the Exposition Building has nothing extraordinary in those regards. At no point, the collection out of the question, will it compare favorably with many of the vistas presented by the Sydenham Palace, or by the perished American building; while it is indisputable that it is far beyond them and all others in the matter of convenience, comprehensiveness, and fitness for its use; and that another newspaper correspondent (of the *World*) was right when he said that "greater magnitude, or the imprisonment of more space within the walls, was probably never before attained by any structure whose roof alone measures acres of air." The collection included in the view, of course no present or past erection can for a moment come into competition with it; but of that hereafter.

As has been suggested, there is almost no "up-stairs" to the great building, only one circle in which that painful knee-bending is even once required. (Surely we have nothing to do, just now, with the malicious fancy of one of the scribblers, that the Emperor, wishing to walk often

through the Exposition, and renally troubled, as are some others of his *kidney*, chose to make his disability less apparent by giving himself fewer stairs to climb, and making it seem that he was thus careful for his visitors!) That only "up-stairs" is in the outer circle, and runs nearly around it, only broken at some of the great entrances, in the shape of a central gallery, railed on either side, a few articles studding it in special pavilions of oriental countries, but its principal charm lying in the unequaled view from it of the machinery, labor-saving inventions, and works of useful art to which that great circle is devoted. It need scarcely be said that he who has not "seen the Exposition" from this ground of vantage has not seen it at all; and that—the "floor sights" of the rest of the building partially or quite exhausted—this has proved one of the most delightful and most fashionable of promenades. From no other point could either the immense extent of the building within, the wilderness of machinery, or the mass of manufactures belonging to the "useful arts" ("*arts usuel*"), be so well seen and appreciated.

It has before been hinted that the credit of originating the plan of circular and transverse allotments of States and departments, is claimed for Prince Napoleon. The claim is no light one, for whomever set up; for when the assertion has been made that the building is the best ever devised for the favorable exhibition of an immense multitude of incongruous articles, it next remains to be said that probably upon no other plan could the same variety of articles be so well placed for intelligent review. It is, of course, somewhat difficult to convey to the eye and the mind, without sight or diagram, the particular plan pursued; and yet the task must be briefly attempted. Perhaps one of the best original cues may be obtained from the explanation made by the official commission, with reference to this arrangement.

"The length of the central garden," say the commissioners, "is one hundred and forty-four metres by forty-eight broad. The great difference between the length and the breadth is such as to admit of an equal distance between each alley or transverse walk leading through the palace from the garden to the park. These walks, whether straight or radiant, are exactly one hundred and fifty metres in length. Whichever direction is taken, each of these alleys traverses the circular galleries and gives a survey along a radius of one hundred and fifty metres of the whole series of productions exposed by any particular nation. If, on the contrary, it is preferred to study similar productions from different countries, instead of following their diversity in any one country, the object is attained by abandoning the transverse alleys and following the circular galleries which encircle the palace at different latitudes, and any one of which will be found as closely as possible following a corresponding line of production throughout its whole length."

To this it must be added that the following general arrangement (occasionally a little varied on account of the presence or absence of certain peculiar productions of a given country) seems to have been pursued in appropriating the various circles, proceeding inward. In the first, or great gallery, two divisions, separated by the raised centre: outside, instruments and proceeds of the useful arts, in which may be reckoned machineries and heavy fabrications; inside, unmanufactured materials. In the second, cloths and more delicate fabrics, approaching to luxury. In the third and fourth, less carefully divided because less easy to divide, materials for works of liberal art, works of art themselves, books, and the more notable evidences of luxurious progress, the great picture-galleries of the Exposition holding the very inner place before passing out into the garden.

Assuming that the two explanations convey some proximate idea of the general arrangement, it next remains to ascertain (what not all the visitors to the Exposition may have succeeded in ascertaining) the proportion of space allotted to each nation, and the location in the building of the displays of each.

Dividing the building, then, by the transverse galleries, into sixteen segments of a circle, as if a gigantic melon were sliced outward from the core (the central garden), and premising that by the peculiar arrangement the segments each contain precisely the same space, the following will be very nearly the result of the allotment: Commencing at the great avenue leading in from the Grand Porte, and moving always to the left, France and its colonies will be found to hold seven of the sixteen segments. Next, the Low Countries (Holland), one third of a segment. Next, Belgium, two-thirds—this completing the occupation of half the building.

Returning to the place of original departure, and this time proceeding to the right, England and her colonies hold two and a-half segments. Next, North America (principally the United States) has a little more than one-third and a little less than one-half a segment. Then about one-tenth of a segment each is appropriated to Brazil, South America, Mexico and Central America, Africa and Oceanica, China, Japan and Southern Asia, Persia and Central Asia, and Turkey. Then Russia has something less than one-third, and Italy something more. Then follow a tenth each for the Roman States, for the Danubian Principalities, and for Greece. Portugal has an eighth, and Spain and its colonies a seventh. Sweden and Norway have a fourth; Denmark has an eighth; Switzerland has a fourth; and Austria follows with nearly a whole segment. Then the Germanic Confederation has one entire, and Prussia finishes

with two-thirds—thus concluding the occupation of the remaining half of the building.

It might well be expected that something should be said of the *peculiar construction* of different sections of the building, as accommodating different nationalities and arranged by them at will. But no limited space would suffice for enlargement on this point, as no limited observation could supply the material. The widest variety is the rule, of course—scarcely any two nations having copied each other, and some attempt at national architecture being observable in almost every instance, and the flags and cognizances of different countries serving to mark the distinctions yet more widely. As might be supposed, while the plainer and more solid nations of Europe have indulged but slightly in what the tasteful call “ornament,” and the plain “gingerbread,” and while the United States department seems to have ignored the ornamental entirely, some of the more Southern European countries have shown a marked tendency towards the tropical, and the orientals supplied little else than the beautifully-extravagant in form and color. But perhaps no better idea of these differences can be briefly conveyed, than by quoting once more from an intelligent Parisian letter-writer (“Malakoff”) in the *New York Times*:—

“A circumstance which has not been remarked upon,” says that writer, “because it happened naturally and without prearrangement, is the conformity in form, color, and costliness of the different temporary constructions of the Exhibition to the characteristics of the nation which put them up. These include the cases for exhibition, the decoration of sections and of the *annexes*, and the isolated structures in the park. Thus the English and American departments are plain in form, with no surplus decoration, and absolutely without method as to color. Their departments correspond more nearly to the Exhibition building

itself than the others, because it is the nut and not the envelope they look after. The French section is both showy and solid, and especially in good taste. Their colors vary. Austria shows gray and yellow—the national colors—apparently without thinking about it. Egypt and Tunis are recognized by their glaring colors and their Moorish arcades, covered with hieroglyphics. Italy is remarked by its quiet but very artistic decorations, and by its fine paintings and statuary. Turkey is prominent by its arcades plastered over with pottery, like so much coarse mosaic. Holland shows its fine colors in a system of ornamentation quite unique in its kind. Russia is remarked by its strong raw material, and its curious but useless sculpturing in poplar wood.”

It may scarcely seem legitimate to speak of things without as being “inside;” and yet no other use is possible of one of the most prominent features, if not one of the most important. “C. B. S.” has already been quoted as saying that “what is not refreshment-room is shop;” and to a casual observer even stronger words would seem in place; for the whole immediate outside of the building, under the portico and along what would else be the outer promenade, is one endless succession of restaurants of all nations, interspersed with less-nameable conveniences made necessary by the usages of society—this circle supplying every national vice as well as every alimentary demand, and awaking alternately gratification at their completeness of arrangement, and disgust at their overwhelming number and prominence, their noise, clatter, chair-and-table occupation of the promenade, and general suggestion that the Exposition may, after all, have been merely devised as a speculation by the victualers and venders of French wines, English ale, German bier, Turkish sherbet, and American (alas for the juxtaposition!) gin-slings and soda-water!

One more feature, and that, again, outside of the build-

ing at the same time that it is inside—the little pavilion in the centre of the Central Garden, and devoted to the exhibition and comparison of all the world's weights and measures, as well as of (what Americans cannot just now examine without a little tingling of the fingers) the coins, gold and silver, window-displayed, of that same all-the-world.

And yet, perhaps, it may be more legitimately in connection with the building than the grounds and their occupancy, to note that the most brilliant detail of the whole has been the canopy of green silk, fringed, and with the golden bees of the Bonapartes studding it, suspended by ropes from the bannerrolled posts on either side, and forming in fair weather a covering for the grand entrance, all the way from the Grand Porte proper to the end of the Pont de Jena, past the great fountains and the Emperor's Pavilion, to the corresponding door of the palace. Monarchs only used to walk under gilded canopies; things have changed in that regard; the commons (kings in their growing power) have during 1867 joined with the monarchs in making gilded canopies so literally a thing of every day, that they scarcely excited notice or comment.

A word, now, of the intention and destiny of the great building thus imperfectly indicated rather than described:—

“The earth has bubbles, as the water hath,
And these are of them!”

Felicitously quoted from Shakspeare, a London wit, when the first Crystal Palace sprung into being in Hyde Park; and both the New York Palace (entirely burned) and that at Sydenham (partially) have proved how unsubstantial that kind of structure may be, under certain conditions. No doubt that the body of visitors to the French Exposition have looked upon the erection as altogether transitory; and the official announcements have all conveyed the idea

that, opening on the first of April, the Exposition would close about seven months afterward—on or about the first of November. So it may do; it may even be a thing of the past when this meets its first perusal. But, *first*, it seems highly probable, at the present writing, that no such close will take place, or that the shutting-up will be merely temporary, to permit the filling up of vacated places; and, *second*, even if there should be an entire close of the building for exhibitionary purposes, beyond a doubt it is the intention of the Emperor to remodel it as an extensive manufactory or group of manufactories, for which purpose, so well situated, lighted and ventilated, it will be found admirably adapted.

In one of the opening speeches (before alluded to), the Emperor is known to have remarked, in substance, that the Champ de Mars had been celebrated in the annals of war, but he intended to make it even more celebrated in those of peace. He may merely have alluded to the celebrity certain to be acquired during the summer of 1867; but he is much more likely to have been giving a “dark utterance” to something beyond.

England has scarcely a greater boast in the British Museum itself than in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; and the Emperor is aware of the fact. He has a fancy for the retention of noble buildings, as well as their erection—as witness the stability of the Palais d’Industrie. The Exposition of 1867 has been a magnificent moneyed success, as well as a magnificent advertisement of the productions of France. It would remain attractive for a year or two longer, even if only national, and with no crowned heads to draw the crowd. France occupies, as has been shown, seven-sixteenths of the covered space, and nearly one-half the park; she would probably be glad to fill the whole, with permission for occasional change, as at once a display and an advertisement. The Emperor, if he needs another

Champ de Mars, can easily find it, or *make* it: make it with much less trouble and expense than would be needed to restore the floral and arboricultural glories of the Parc Français, once destroyed. He loves show, as a great agency, and readily adds to, but is slow to detract from, anything that can make Paris more pronouncedly *the leading city of the world*.

The deductions from all these are that the great building will not be destroyed, even if remodeled, and in spite of the rumors of its having been sold to Prussian or Belgian speculators. That probably visitors to Paris in 1868, or even 1869, may see most of the features that have made the glory of 1867, even if they do not meet a continued international exhibition. And that, in the alternative, it is the Emperor's intention to preserve the building and probably the park, and establish in it, or in a remodeled structure with the general features retained, some immense gathering of practical art and labor, calculated to shed new luster on his forethought and inventive faculties, and to astonish the world quite as thoroughly as the Exposition of 1867 has at once attracted and surprised it.*

* During the passage of this work through the press, a part of these calculations have been proved fallacious, in the actual close on the 17th November. As for the other portion of the prophecy, "we shall see what we shall see."

XII.

THE PARK AND GROUNDS OF THE EXPOSITION.

NEVER has the old axiom, that "the greater contains the less," been more satisfactorily proved than in the building and park of the Exposition. Most displays, of this character, make the grounds surrounding of little comparative consequence; not so in the present instance, when whatever the charm of the kernel within, the rind or husk is found quite as appetizing. Indeed it may be said that take away the building and its contents, and leave the park, and there would remain a more attractive exhibition than that supplied by the former without the latter. If never before, on the face of the globe, there have been gathered in any one building so many of the products of different and very diverse nations, certainly never before has even an attempt been made at grouping the nations themselves, in the architecture and even the modes of living of many lands, as they have here been grouped and arranged.

The superficies of the Champ de Mars have already been given in this connection—something more than one hundred acres—a fraction more than one third of the space covered by the New York Central Park. It is also understood that the Champ de Mars was entirely a level, used for parade purposes, and having the very least of pretensions to any of the attractive features of a public ground. To-day, in shrubbery, flowers, and foliage, and in the

scarcely less difficult regard of verdure, it may compare with the royalest of the royal grounds of the proudest nations; to-day, in the structures which stud it, something more than half a world has been grouped and gathered; and if buildings had tongues, an architectural Babel would certainly be inaugurated, shaming the most polyglot of the performances in and around the great building.

So far as was consistent with effect, the same calculating taste has been displayed in the arrangement of the park, notable in the interior of the building. Not many artificial inequalities of surface have been created, the most remarkable of the few being found in the knolls and depressions of the *Parc Français*, at the back or southern end, and in the little retort-shaped lake at the front or northern, left of the grand entrance. In the first circle, immediately surrounding the building, and inside the *Grand Boulevard*, something like the shape of that structure has been followed, and the intersecting alleys and walks partially correspond with the entrances; but beyond that circle a far greater latitude has been taken, and the outer, while mainly leading to the entrances, have all the irregularity of shape desirable in anything else than an old *Hollandische* garden with its squarely-clipped shrubbery.

Following the course pursued in giving the allotment of the building, the various nationalities of the park may be thus indicated: Leaving the grand entrance and going to the left, the French grounds will be found covering the whole space thence around nearly half the building, and exactly backing the French department, to the *Porte de Tourville* at the south-east corner, seven-sixteenths of the whole being thus occupied, without as within. Adjoining this come, first the *Low Countries* (Holland) with one thirty-second; and next Belgium with another thirty-second, the eastern half being thus completed. Returning again to the grand entrance, and passing to the right,

England has something less than three-sixteenths, in like manner backing her share of the building. Then follow, irregularly, the United States with two considerable plats, perhaps the sixth or eighth of the space allotted to England (though quite enough for their filling) ; Russia, Turkey, Persia and Central Asia, China, Japan and Southern Asia, Africa, Oceanica, Mexico and Central America, South America generally, and Brazil in especial, all crowded into less than the modicum of space allowed the United States. Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Spain, Portugal, Greece, the Danubian Principalities, the Roman States and Italy, all come next, with space corresponding to the last-named group. Then follows Switzerland, with half the space devoted to the United States ; and then follow and conclude Austria, with something like a sixteenth of the whole, the Germanic Confederation with two-sixteenths, and Prussia with one—the *Porte de l'Ecole Militaire* being thus again reached and the circle completed.

But what pen shall portray or what uninstructed eye imagine, the magnificent incongruity presented by the peculiar buildings of all nations, quaintly and irregularly grouped, bowered in trees and shrubbery, and bearing little indication of the suddenness with which they have sprung into place ? What except a mind of corresponding grasp and oddity, could have devised such a grouping of things pole-wide in their origin ? And what would inevitably be the sensations of a traveler through many lands, uninformed as to the object of such a conglomeration, and finding himself stumbling over a Turkish mosque and a Chinese pagoda, the moment after he had steered painfully clear of an American school-house and disentangled himself from an English light-house, an Egyptian temple of the days of Thothmes III., and a Swiss *châlet* ? Would he not inevitably imagine that some new earthquake throe had shaken the world, jumbling climes into

hopeless confusion, and coming nearer to the dream of the wild fellow who attempted to scatter the bones of his enemy "so that they could never be got together again for the Day of Judgment," than would be well consistent with human sanity?

Men travel world-wide to see in painful weeks what is here shown in the walk of a few hours—quite as much as to survey the beauties of nature amid which the varied habitations are located; and yet thousands of visitors to the Exposition during the current summer, have left it, believing its marvels exhausted after days and weeks spent in its circles and transverse passages, and without having made connectedly the "tour of the world" thus opened to them in a single inclosure, and embodying art as well as the detail of ordinary living in distant lands! Thousands, and yet only a small proportion of the great crowd; for the declaration has been general, that "the outside is quite as interesting as the inside," and the alleys of the park have been filled with delightful crowds, not only during the time of exhibition, but during those long hours elapsing between the inexorable closing of the building at seven, and that of the grounds at eleven, which otherwise would have been *all* restaurant-life instead of compound.

Art as well as the detail of ordinary living, it has been said, for no small share of the isolated buildings are gemmed with the best and finest productions of the countries to which they are accredited. Not only in the long barrack-like buildings studding the outer walls are clustered many of the heavier manufactures of all the nations (including nearly all that have won us medals and applause in the United States Department, and the admirable agricultural and equine inventions of England, France, and Germany); but some of the very finest specimens of what our French cousins persist in calling the "*beaux arts*" (why not "*belles arts*" as well as "*belles lettres*?") are to be found

either stowed or scattered through these detached buildings and "annexes."

The task is no light one, but the object is worthy of the labor. Let us stroll in thought, as only a part of us have done in reality, among the buildings forming the most notable features of these notable grounds.

The first toast, in any land, should be to the ruler of that land: let the same compliment be paid in a promenade. Entering at the Grand Porte, let us turn to the left again, as in marking out the allotments; and if we only note a few of the most prominent objects, let them be such as to convey a faint idea of the whole. The Quart Français (French one-quarter), of course.

The Emperor's Pavilion stands at the immediate left of the walk, and near the Grand Porte—a gilded Persian mosque or temple, rich with rare shrubberies without, and yet rarer shrubberies showing within. Three flights of steps, one from the front, and one at either end, with silks, satins, and the art of tapestry-working—Lyons, Aubusson and the Gobelins—all exhausted in the small centre-room, that nearly always stands so invitingly open (though the groom at the steps and the silken cord across them might make entrance inconvenient), and the two still smaller half-curtained recesses which spring like wings from the centre of this very bijou of an oriental building. Nothing gaudy, nothing glaring, but everything rather low-toned than otherwise, and yet the sum of luxury offered in adulation to one of the most luxurious monarchs of any age. The upholsteries are inviting, the flowers are rare and odorous, and the taste is unimpeachable; and yet pass on and pass on without envy—there have been those who grew used to such luxuries, and missed them much more when they passed beyond their reach, than can we whose limbs have never pressed the couches, nor our fingers toyed with the bijouterie!

A little on, to the left, and we are upon (figuratively, not literally) the tall chimney of one of the steam generators which supply power to the immense machines within the building, and of which some twenty surround it on different sides; then upon a handsome little Grecian temple, filled with the richest and the rarest of photo-sculpture—an art some day destined to make Phidias a nobody; then upon a tall tower, which seems a shot-tower, and is really a windmill, though, oddly enough, without wings or sails; then upon a little ruined round-tower, on a raised rocky knoll, with the crumbling stones and the climbing ivy so natural as to deceive many of the unsophisticated; then upon a building of open frame-work, which seems to be as literally “hung with bells,” inside, as ever was oriental bride or team in sleighing time, without, and from which, at the hours, such loud and melodious chimes go out and ring merrily over the Champ, that, for the moment, all other pursuits are suspended, and the whole body of visitors fall to chasing the flying melody through the air; then upon an immense church of the diminutive cathedral species, in which different denominations join in worship during the Exposition—no guaranty of anything beyond; then upon a fifty-foot lake, with a tall light-house rock-throned in the centre, and a Fresnel light (at night) at top, big enough and bright enough to suggest that the dangers of Paris to human vessels have been foreseen, and this beacon erected to warn them off; then upon a cluster of beautiful nothings in the way of lap-roofed towers, which proves to be a *châlet* (Franco-Suisse); and a plain building which turns out to be a military bakery, and makes people hungry by the warm-bready smell continually emanating from it; then upon a building of three flights and a protruding front, which is discovered to be an International Theatre, where performances (by no means international) are given, afternoon and evening, and where

people guilty of going to theatres in summer may enter if they like. Down in the corner, near the Porte de l'Université (or Porte d'Orsay), stands a large Grecian building with Turkish dome and Chinese stair-cased front, which we suspect to be a new model chateau or state prison, but discover to be a photographer's shop. Here a model Parisian workman's house, rather American-looking; there a model blanchisserie (wash-house), which looks like a Swiss cottage above, but straddles below like a wide-legged boy with rolled-up trousers; and plenty of other objects, but none of especial interest remain, until we have passed the three grand entrances of the southeast (Rapp, De la Bourdonnaye, and St. Dominique), having thus made one quarter the circuit of the building.

Beyond these portes we enter upon the Quart Belge; but within this lies the French Park proper, and a brief description of that reserve must be kept for a separate article. There is nothing (outside of that park) to attract special attention until reaching the Belgian Park proper, except an immense plain three-storied building on the Avenue Bourdonnaye, and immediately above the portes, known as the Pavilion of the Imperial Commission and Jury—already dear to the exhibitors who have succeeded, and execrated by the others; because there the deliberations (more or less earnest) have been held which awarded or denied them their "rights."

It is beyond the French Park and near the Grand Porte de l'Ecole Militaire, that the Belgian buildings have place, few, but notable, as the Belgian collections are the third, if not the second, in interest of the whole. The first in importance is a handsome plain Grecian building with false front, but commanding attention from being filled with a most extensive collection of pictures, embracing many of the gems of Flemish art, and second only to the grand array within the Exposition building. Yet another

structure, an exact diminutive copy of Castle Garden, with a Greenwich Street boarding-house added as a front, supplies room to the immense Flemish collection of carriages — so many and so luxurious, that the lymphatic character of the people is recalled, and one also remembers how they have been provided with animals to draw them, ever since the time of Henry VIII., in the shape of “Flanders mares.”

This, with some minor buildings of the Flemings, brings us to the Grand Porte de l'Ecole Militaire, and completes the circuit (except the French Park) of the second quarter of the building and the Champ.

XIII.

PARK AND GROUNDS OF THE EXPOSITION.

SECOND PAPER.

RETURNING, then, in our continued promenade of the park, to the grand entrance at the Pont de Jena, and turning to the right as before to the left, we enter the Quart Anglais, where, as in the Belge and the Allemand (German), French buildings of art and convenience are to be found interspersed. Some of the more important of them are located here—an immense erection, something like a town-hall or state-house, at the very edge of the Champ, and fronting both there and riverward, being the Cercle International, a blending of club-house and restaurant, specially intended for visitors, to which very nearly the same remarks will apply, before used with reference to the Théâtre. Near it, and with the same frontage, farther to the right, a handsome, but singular building, which seems to be an enlarged article of cabinet-furniture and bears the carved eagles and wooden urns of the prevalent manufactures in walnut, is the Salle des Conférences, or hall in which the officials may (again more or less) deliberate on the details of the Exposition. Beyond and around it, filling half the extreme corner towards the Portes de la Gare and Grenelle, heavy erections in mechanics meet the eye, and Archimedes seems to have *his* share of the collection. A little beyond, yet near the corner, but toward the building, comes

the one structure within the grounds, vying with the Emperor's Pavilion in richness of oriental taste, and far excelling it in size—the palace of the Bey of Tunis, whose tum-tuming café, within, has been the *bête noir* of visitors. Light, airy, and exceedingly beautiful in architecture, is this markedly Saracen erection, its central mosque dome-spired, crescented and bannerolled, while two smaller domes of the same shape relieve the squareness of the ornamented eaves, and tall, large windows seem to cut it into an upright lattice, and curved high stairs add to the lightness of appearance and the difficulty of entrance, if the Bey (I did not see him) should chance to be fat and waddle. “Tommy,” who has been the guest of the Bey, alleges that “the palace is finished, inside, with Moorish filagree ceilings and gingerbread hangings, very much like that confounded Tunisian café where they bang and jingle the thingamys in the big building; and they lounge on piles of thick red cushions all round the walls, and smoke long pipes that make a fellow sick, and drink what they call sherbet, that tastes like honey, water, and rum, and talk about its being cooled with ‘snow from the Mountains of the Moon,’ though bet your boots that it is nothing but common ice from Norway or New England, and not the cleanest at that, either!” “Tommy” adds that the Tunisians, and other Oriental nations whom he has visited in their special privacies, are “bag-breeched, squatty, miserable sort o’ old foo-foos, anyway, and he wouldn’t give shocks for them!”

But all this by the way. The Tunisian Palace is handsome and picturesque, and gives character to that portion of the English Park, not a little disfigured, just above, by the long and shapeless “annexe” buildings, filled with the homely and practical, which commence at the Porte de Grenelle and skirt the Avenue Suffren all the way up to the head of the Champ, except where broken by the

three north-western portes. Not far from the Tunisian Palace, left of it, is a plain building with raised centre roof and Grecian entrance, of peculiar interest to the lovers of missionary enterprise; for in it are the records and results, in books and printing, of all the Protestant missions which have wrought such marvelous changes, beneficial and the reverse, but always intended for the best, in far Asia and Africa, and the "Islands of the Sea." Still nearer to the grand entrance stand two buildings of importance—the one long, plain and cumbersome, the other of two heights and some pretension—the first an interesting model French military hospital (of which Americans know quite enough, just now, practically, without instruction), and the second (with two lesser buildings at no great distance) containing the unexplainable details for warming and gas-lighting the great building.

Then another striking orientalism, between the last-named group and the Tunisian Palace—the summer palace (just as if he intended to remain during the *winter*!) of the Viceroy (since King) of Egypt. Lower than the Tunisian Palace, and more broken-up in the character of its architecture, but airy, wide-doored and many-windowed, and crowned with the inevitable mosque-dome, without which an Eastern mansion could no more be complete than an European one without a chimney. Next, an Egyptian temple, that of Edfou in miniature, massive, ponderous, and Tombs-like, containing the smallest and least-interesting collection of Egyptian antiquities, that had far better been kept at home. Near it a Turkish mosque, major and minor domed, draped and carpeted, but cheerless and empty of conveniences, with a pulpit at the side, from which the moollah may be supposed to discourse, with the requisite-number of "Allah's," "Bismillah's," allusions to the "Prophet" and the "Hourii," and anathemas against the

“dogs of infidels, whose graves may beasts defile!”—to the “followers of the Faithful.”

At which point comes in a reminder that, what with the Sultan, his brother and son, the Viceroy of Egypt, and the Bey of Tunis, orientalism has been the feature of the season, and the Koran a thing rather honored than the reverse, all the way from Paris to London—so that one might have doubted whether under its shadow Christians had ever been persecuted, and especially whether there ever *could* have been such an event as cruelty in Crete, needing the remonstrance of the Christian world! So that there might have been difficulty in recalling, with any feeling of their applicability to the present crisis, the words of Halleck, away back in the days of Byron and Marco Bozzaris, when the Crimean complications were as yet more than thirty years in the future:—

—— “To day the turbaned Turk—
Sleep, Richard of the Lion Heart!
Sleep on, nor from your cerements start!—
Is England’s firm and fast ally;
The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
And Christendom looks calmly on,
And hears the Christian maiden shriek,
And sees the Christian father die,
And not a sabre-blow is given
For Greece and fame, for God and heaven,
By Europe’s craven chivalry!”

Judging from some of the addresses in French and English reception-ceremonials of these oriental potentates, nothing could be finer than the religion and practice of the august gentlemen, and any effort to change their opinions and customs would be worse than wasted! Anna Maria (of whom also by-and-by), interrogated upon this point, suggested that the English and French admiration showered upon the Turks was real; that their institutions of more than one wife, now so extensively though privately copied in London and Paris (certainly not in New York!),

rendered them special objects of interest to their proselytes—*i. e.*, every third male monster! However much this may be of libel, one thing is certain—compensations are universal and inevitable. If the Sultan was extolled as the first of lawgivers and rulers, before he left Western Europe he “had his gruel.” Once upon a time a certain Turkish Pasha, transacting government business with the United States authorities, was entertained at the New York City Hall on ham-sandwiches and wine, the two forbidden uncleannesses of the Koran; but what was that to the “flea in his ear” with which the Sultan left England—a *Bible flung at him*—just as Luther used to hurl the same weapon at the devil in his paroxysms—by the British and Foreign Bible Society!

Near the Turkish mosque and at the edge of the main building, a Turkish school-house raises its clumsy square sides and clumsier round dome; what it may be within, the horror of personal school-days forbend our making any inquiry! And here a tall Chinese pagoda lifts its height, broken by the graceful curved horns of the order; and there a theatre, of the same architecture, gives performances every hour (*à la* Barnum), and periodically sends out on the air bursts of wild barbaric music in which the shrill scream of the reeds is grandly broken in upon by the solemn undertone of the great gong; and near beside, in a veritable Chinese dwelling, one may see (for half a franc additional) tea, urn-boiled by one Chinaman, and drank without milk and scalding hot by another, and the pigsties where these people sleep behind matting curtains, and the desolate-looking, furnitureless apartments where fat beauties of girls, with little feet, almond eyes, Mephistophelean eyebrows, inch-thick-enameled baby faces, and gowns tight at the bottom and sticking out with stiff wings at the waist, squat on the floor, gabble, ogle, and do nothing with lazy vigor. Then the same research may be made

into a Japanese mansion, where all the cobwebby lumber of an old garret seems to have been gathered; where parchment skin and paucity of head-hair seem to be the characteristics of the occupants; and where one old codger eternally occupies himself with a Japano-French book and a pencil, pricking out a word when he happens to understand it—a little wearily to the looker-on, who finds nothing of interest in the whole race, already overdone on both continents.

It is at near this point that three very plain buildings meet the American eye and suggest uncovered heads and low speech, though no doubt they excite widely-different feelings in those who fail to understand their relation to a great race. A simple American farmer's dwelling, of wood, and with no elaboration of ornament; but one in the likes of which the men and women of America are country-born and country-reared, and a far more indispensable part of the land and its power than can well be realized even by the American who is altogether and exclusively "citizen." The second is a Boston cracker-bakery, whence arise appetizing smells that more than compensate for the ungracefulness of the architecture. And yet the third is more suggestive and entitled to precedence; for it is an American school-house, with the master's desk, the benches, and the black-board, among and around the counterparts of which the foundations of American practical knowledge, and consequently American *freedom*, have been laid; and one almost seems to hear the hum of young voices on the summer air, looking in at the door—and almost to expect, turning away, to be overrun by the rush of released youngsters, crammed with enough of juvenile education for one day, and grasping books and lunch-baskets to hurry home to kisses, scoldings, and their play.

This is all "bosh" and "shibboleth" to the dwellers in other lands, of course. Pass on into the things of the old

world, once more. For very near, in another unpretentious building, is the Pompeian gallery, where the faded relics of two thousand years ago are gathered, and where, in the crumbling mosaics, the fragments of corroding jewelry and decaying furniture, one may visit the neighborhood of Vesuvius without crossing the Alps, and learn something of the modes of living of those days when the Saviour's foot had as yet scarcely quitted the earth—when Sallust wrote and Diomedes scattered wealth. And, passing, the thought comes inevitably up: Could any juxtaposition be more strikingly suggestive than this of the Old and the New—of Italy and Western America—of the plain where almost literally fell that “fire from heaven,” and the wide prairies where falls heaven's dew to create bread for half a world?

And as if to afford even more diversity here, after this reminder of the effeminate South, followed by a Mexican temple of the days when a better race ruled Mexico (the natives) than it supplies at present—a building odd, lumbering, but not uncomely,—and by a Portuguese pavilion of really exquisite Moorish beauty, with its finely swelled domes and elaborate ornamentation,—here come the hanging-roofed buildings of Sweden and Norway, queer, picturesque, and full of a half-barbarous beauty—one of the Swedish, a marvel in the work bestowed on its inclosure and the curve of its outside stair-way, and said to be an exact model of one once built and occupied by Gustavus Vasa; and beyond them the Swiss *châlets* rise, as I saw them yesterday up the valleys of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald, their roofs nearly twice the size of the houses themselves, their outside galleries a feature of winter-convenience, and on some of them the laboriously round-pointed little shingles seeming to remind one of scale-armor. And yet beyond, a Russian country-house presents its perfect apotheosis of chiseled wood and front gables,

and contains within it a collection of the household utensils and furniture of that northern people, and a shop where their manufactures may be seen and their nick-nackeries bought. And there a Swiss "annexe" shows that the mountains give birth to skillful mechanics in the heavy and practical; and near it a skin-and-bark pole-supported conical tent displays the wild living of the Tartar Kirghis; and here flashes one of the Spanish houses, light, airy, and tasteful, that must have been borrowed from the Moors, and might stand under the orange-groves of Grenada; and yet beyond comes a Prussian school-house, little different from the ordinary English and American, though smaller and more temple-like; and there is one of the mountain cabins, little more than a hut, of the Tyrolese, who drove out the First Napoleon from their mountain fastnesses, and come down, now-a-days, cross-bodded and sharp-hatted, from their gathering-capital at Innsbruck, to sing echo-songs for us on dull evenings, all over Europe and America; and another Swiss "annexe" gives prominence to Alpine pictures made in the land that inspired them; and in the extreme corner, at the Porte Duplex, a double-towered small Alhambra of the Spaniards gives place to some of the finer specimens of the art that once employed Murillo; and a Hungarian mansion, strong, convenient, and substantial, recalls the late crowing of Francis Joseph at Pesth, and makes us wonder whether there are to be any more Kossuths; and yet beyond, a whole handsome building is devoted to the agricultural products of the Department of the North (France)—one of the completest and most creditable ever gathered in corresponding space; and a long building, near the entrance, and at the edge of the Avenue de la Mothe Piquet, called the "Grand Restaurant for Workmen Delegates" ("Grand restaurant pour les ouvriers délégués—commission d'encouragement"), indicates that the humbler classes

have really been sometimes thought of while ministering especially to the tastes of the rich and the royal; and then we come upon a group of army-tents, French, tasteful, and convenient, with the marquee of the *chef d'escadron* towering nobly in the centre, and the array guarded as if in actual warfare (so fond this people are of "playing at soldiers" everywhere!); and this, with only a tithe of the features noticed, and the general aspects only indicated in the faintest manner by types that specially strike the eye—this brings us once more to the Grand Porte de l'Ecole Militaire, and completes the circuit of the great park, the Parc Français again excepted, and retained as a *bonne bouche* after a banquet that has been (or should have been) all appetizing.

Indicated in the faintest manner—perhaps not indicated at all—for what is all this infinite variety, even, without the Chinese that eat fire and swallow swords in their theatre; the mock hareem of Circassian girls that peep from the Turkish pavilion; the French miniature bal d'opera, where the girls (mildly) throw their feet in one's face, in the diluted *cancan*; the clinking castanets and trampling feet of the Spanish girls dancing in their Moresco habitation; the railways that carry little cars loaded with ice cream, in the Italian quarter; the little bells that tinkle and rills that ripple, and walks that lead astray to sweet surprises; the trees that wave; the flowers that bloom; the shrubberies that encircle; the flags and bannerols that flaunt; the fountains that spout and spirt bright water; the statues that stud every avenue and tower in colossal size at every entrance and approach; the moving crowd that everywhere and at every hour lend it additional variety by the diversity of costume the continuity of motion, the speech of lip and expression of face; the great bells that ring; the children that laugh; the lovely women that smile; the idiots that strut and simper; the force of well-regulated

and unobtrusive authority that shows itself at every turn in the quiet men with the cocked hats and swords, and the silver ships on the long tails of their coats; the music that ever and anon breaks forth from outbuilding or encircling restaurant; the new-comers that flock in; the wearied who saunter slowly away; the thousand-and-one sights and sounds and influences, which pencil cannot catch or word convey, and which after all supply the life when human art and arrangement can only bring forth the inanimate body? What is all without these? Nothing. The intelligent and observant stroller through the wonderful grounds of the Exposition, during the summer of 1867, will have felt, seen and understood the indescribable enchantment: the absentee, even if instructed by more faithful and facile pens than that of the Governor, will never come nearer than a fancy, an echo, a shadow!

XIV.

BEAUTIES OF THE PARC FRANÇAIS.

OFTEN, in speaking of the Bois de Boulogne, the expression has been used of the Pre Catelan hidden away in its midst, that it is an inner glory within a glory—a holy of holies in the priesthood of beauty, to be approached last, if at all, because after it the less-perfect would seem flat and insignificant. Something like this may be said of the French Park proper, which is by no means hidden away even from outsiders who have never entered the Exposition grounds (it being in plain view from different portions of the Avenue de la Bourdonnaye on the east, and the Avenue de la Mothe Piquet on the south); but an additional franc is necessary to enter within and fully enjoy it, whether paid on first entrance by the Porte de Tourville, which opens upon it at the southeast corner, or in the attempt to pass into it from other portions of the grounds. It forms the crown and perfection of the Champ de Mars, even as the Pre Catelan crowns and completes the Bois de Boulogne. It supplies a ground of agreement even for those who deny and those who indorse the excellence of the other details of the Exposition.

Here it is that the science of *delicate landscape gardening* (i.e., landscape gardening in a close way and for near view), for which the French are deservedly applauded by all the rest of the world, comes into play and supplies a rival to the wonders of Versailles. Here it is that the great conservatories stand, evidently unlimited cost and

labor bestowed upon their heating, arrangement and ventilation, and half hidden behind the glasses of each, such rows and groups and masses of the loveliest plants and flowers to which temperate zone or tropics give birth, that the botanist may well go half insane over the display, and the unlearned observer thank heaven that he has been gifted with the power of seeing and enjoying, without the labor of classification—just as an old codger once thanked a pompous duke for wearing diamonds for him, so that he could see and enjoy them without the cost of buying or the risk of keeping.

Here it is, too, that the verdure, well kept throughout the whole Champ de Mars, is made a perfection of neat finish—the little spots of plain lawn, close emerald velvet; the walks edged with iron-bowed borderings skillfully made into the semblance of wooden withes; the shrubbery judiciously placed as well kept, and often of the rarest and costliest exotic materials; and that peculiar French and German science of embroidering in the colors of flowers, carried to the extreme of care and taste in borderings, beds, and intersections, which really seem to have been sown with the fragments of a thousand shivered rainbows. I have said it before, and I repeat it—Versailles, Kew, and the grounds of the Sydenham Crystal Palace are all rivaled here. The Captain (of whom, too, something more definite by-and-by)—the Captain, who has a practiced eye in all that belongs to the fruits and flowers of the earth, places the Parc Français before all in this regard, and literally surrenders at discretion to a series of bewildering flower-hemmed rambles that are too much for his available vacuum of enjoyment.

Perhaps the Captain grows even more enthusiastic (and eke the Governor), when a golden but by no means hot afternoon throws its Italian atmosphere over the Exposition palace, over the Seine and its opposite heights and

buildings, and, better than all, over the French Park, to which we retire for absolute rest when the more practical features of the exhibition have wearied us.

Yonder is a little lake, or fresh-water aquarium (*eau douce*—soft water, the Frenchmen call it), where we stand at the brink and watch the tiny ripples made by the tinier denizens within, and find the sense of the beautiful filled by the green-and-silver supplied in border and water, and muse over great oceans which some of us have crossed, where mighty whales were as nothing, in comparison, beside these atoms of fish-life to their “inland sea.” And then we peep into conservatory after conservatory, and stroll by beds of soft flower-embroidery, and come at last to a spot where hundreds are gathered, and where five sous each, placed in the hand of the buxom, short-petticoated and bare-headed female *commissionnaire des chaises*, with the tell-tale wheel at her girdle, supplies a chair to each for the needed rest, and enables us to lounge indolently back and listen to the music.

The music—ay, that is the attraction, after all. For near us there is an elegant colored and gilded open pavilion, or music-stand, like that which New Yorkers so well know in the Central Park, but larger and less graceful; and around it and down the winding walks in the immediate neighborhood the chair-occupiers are grouped; and in the pavilion a band in green—one of the pet bands of the Emperor’s “household troops”—are discoursing such soft music, from Sebastian Bach and Abt and Mendelssohn, as thrills the ear with quiet satisfaction and makes the drowsy loungeer think of sleeping a little while in his chair, “lapped in” scenic as well as musical “elysium.”

Another and then another, with applause and bravos at the close of nearly every piece; and then there comes a change in the programme. There is a stir and bustle among the loungers, the measured tramp of feet is heard

in the pause of the music ; and two by two, filing up from the palace, comes another of the Emperor's bands, larger than the other, in blue, shakoed, sworded and fierce, and loaded with such bulky instruments in brass that they seem in anything else than "light marching order." They approach the steps of the pavilion ; the band within salutes ; that without answers ; and then the first file down the steps at the left, and the latter enter and take their places. Green has given place to blue, and the repertoire changes with the personnel.

Was there a thought of sleep before ? And did the softer and gentler emotions of humanity find momentary encouragement—love, and moonlight rambles, and grief over the graves of dear friends ? Something very different, now : the sentimental in French character has been indulged quite long enough ; let the vigorous and warlike take its place. Grand marches thunder from the ponderous brazen throats, and fierce onslaughts seem to rise in the magic of sound, till Rouget de Lisle comes back with the "Marseillaise," and John of Leyden with the triumphal progress of the "Prophet," and the days of the Little Corporal seem to live again, and the most lamb-like of us seem to be "conquerors striding over ruined walls" and dictating the destinies of nations.

When and whereupon, in a longer pause than usual of the music, the Governor tells the Captain one of his brief but inevitable stories, having for its foundation that very turning lambs into lions consequent upon warlike music. The Captain laughs appreciatively ; and thereupon the Governor is encouraged to detail it to a more extensive auditory, without the just-ended martial melody to give it point.

There may have been more arrant cowards in his generation than a certain Middle State American of a late age, who rejoiced in a name something like that of John Best ;

but they had not been made manifest to the outer world. At forty he had never been known to remain outside of his own garden alone after dusk; sharp thunder shook him with fancies of the Day of Doom, and the apparition of a small dog from behind a road-side bush in broad daylight, would set his knees knocking together like a pair of castanets. He was said to have denied "popping the question" to the woman of his heart, and left her to fall into the hands of his rival, after forming an engagement of marriage, on that rival pulling his nose as a preliminary, and threatening to use a subsequent cowhide if he did not at once retire from the field. Well, one evening Best, then in the flower of his inglorious manhood, chanced to find himself for an hour in the company of a dozen rural serenaders, armed with violins, clarionets, drums and cymbals, preparing for an excursion. They were "practising" and heaven help the music they made, except in the way of noise! They played various then-popular airs, and Best (who seldom heard music beyond that of a jewsharp) listened with interest. They broadened their repertoire, bringing in "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and other national melodies, and Best's eyes began to flash and his cheek to redden as no man had ever before seen them. They played "Washington's March," and he commenced promenading, with something approaching a martial step, and an occasional snort which might have been mistaken for that of an awakening war-horse. They changed to that now unfashionable yet fine old air, once popularly called "Bony Over the Alps," the grand rolling sweep of which always seemed to suggest the days of Arcole and Marengo; and the loud thud of the heel of the promenade almost vied with the thunder of the drums. Eyes flashing, chest heaving, breath drawn sonorously, who could have believed that metamorphosed man to be the John Best of any previous day? One of the party went up to him. "What

ails you, Best?" "What ails *me*? Nothing!" "What are you raving in that way for, then?" "Raving! I'm not raving—I'm marching! Any man that *is* a man, could march through h—ll to that tune!" "You?—why you couldn't march through a sheep-pasture, if there was a cat in the path!" At which moment, *mirabile dictu*, John Best's right fist hit the doubter between the eyes, and he measured his length on the floor, Best showing no inconsiderable prowess, moreover, in the "free-fight" which followed—a fight rendered somewhat mixed and prolonged by the fact that all parties doubted their own eyes. The music died out, and Best, once more a coward, "begged off," called for liquor, abjectly apologized, and slunk away; but there was a wondering tradition in the neighborhood for many years after of the power of music, and especially of "Bony Over the Alps," that on a certain occasion, within the personal knowledge of some of the relators, had "actually induced John Best, the biggest coward between Casco Bay and Currituck, to *strike a man*!"

But the Governor's story has happily an end, and it ends as the musical hour expires and the gubernatorial and naval heroes leave their chairs and move onward down the slope toward the Serre Monumental, on the opposite rise or knoll—pausing midway, however, to catch the crowning triumph with which the band carries all French hearts captive, and recalls another of the First Napoleonic eras than that just alluded to—that sweet, sad, characteristic air with which poor Josephine made sacred the campaign in Egypt—" *Partant Pour le Syrie*."

It is a beautiful water-bijou—a lake in miniature—that lies below the music pavilion and is passed by a neat little rustic bridge on the way to the Serre Monumental, standing on the opposite rise with full front to the Porte de Tourville (southeast corner of the Park), and of the name of which all explanation must be waived, excepting

that "serre" is French for "green-house" or "conservatory," and that there seems to be no "monument" whatever, except of taste, attached to the building. It forms one of the rarest glories of the whole, presenting a square, open-sided, roofed pavilion, first on entering, with Venetian draperies of striped cloth depending, and the resources of a world apparently exhausted in the floral glories which surround it on every hand. This square is only the vestibule to the larger division of the building, rounded at the opposite end, and with the glass roof shaded by a full covering of the same striped Venetian material, familiar to us all in window awnings. The architect of the Serre has evidently seen that finest feature in the English Royal Gardens at Kew, the Palm-House; for the general character of the building is not only the same, but the same sharp-arched orientalism is shown in the shape of the roof. Within, too, is a diminutive Kew—for not only Paris, but Brussels and other European capitals have been ransacked for rare tropical plants of peculiar size and magnificence, to give it tone and completeness; and delicate feathery palms thrust up their graceful branches, as if feeling for the balmy southern air; and giant cacti suggest the succulent South American lands; and century-plants give their promise of bloom of a hundred years; and the orange-tree of Spain and the spice and gum trees of the far East stand lovingly together; and the naturalist probably has a "good time" in understanding what he sees, as the non-scientific observer ("present company *not* excepted") finds one in his happy ignorance.

There is a single statue in the Palm-House of the Serre Monumental, of more than average merit and interest—a life-size full-length of the Empress Eugenie on the day of her marriage, and in the robes of that occasion, in which the sculptor seems to have caught face and form with as happy effect as Winterhalter in painting. The popular

Empress will always live as she was (alas! as she is not now), while this excellent statue remains; and on the square pedestal a bas-relief of the marriage ceremony commemorates that occasion with far less than the average inelegance of that branch of sculpture.

One other special feature in the French Park, and then we must pass away from it imaginarily, as it is not too easy to do in reality.

An hundred or two of yards from the Serre, and on either side, stand the Aquarium d'Eau Douce (before spoken of) and the Aquarium Maritime; and in the wonderful expanse of the latter, with water-filled glass rustically set, above and below, all the monsters and all the minnows of the sea—always excepting whales and sea-serpents—seem to be swimming; while in the caverns below, which might skirt some wild northern coast, the science of laborious illusion seems to have been carried even farther than in that ruined tower with its ivy skirting the grand entrance. Beneath rough crags, that seem to have been corroded and hollowed by the tide-wash of centuries, the Captain (old salt in his element then) and his land-lubber companion stumble down into a succession of subterranean caverns, in the very midst of which the aquarium dimly shows its scaly denizens, and where the rough sides, encrusted with artificial spar, and hardened by the real drip of water artistically supplied, the whole just enough torch-lighted to make the sense of reality perfect, give evidence of the fact that when the Emperor and his satellites resolve to carry out a project, however insignificant or unnecessary, they do it as Sambo "got up" his "har" for the visit to Susannah—" 'gardless of 'spense."

But this fact, and the correlative one of the advantages for lavish display which despotic government supplies to a ruler, over a system ordinarily called "constitutional"—

these may well have been suspected at an earlier day, before the inspection of the bewildering beauties of the Parc Français—even before the inauguration of the great Exposition, to which it forms a pendant as costly and appropriate as the diamond drop in the pearliest ear in the world.

The royal visitors to Paris having been sufficiently indicated, with the features of scenery amid which they moved, and the crowd who waited on their motions—it now becomes necessary to interpolate a few somewhat important descriptions of leading imperial festivities, before proceeding to notice briefly the *contents* of the Building and the Park, of more or less special interest to American readers.

XV.

THE IMPERIAL BALLS—BALL OF THE SOVEREIGNS AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

THE presence of a “numerous and reliable corps of correspondents” at the great events not under gubernatorial notice, has already been announced, in introducing the expansive “Tommy,” the historian of the Opening. Lucky is it for both editor and reader, probably, that Master Thomas was not depended upon to supply accounts of the great balls given at the Tuileries and the Hotel de Ville; as that young and ardent person, with his strong language and *ad captandum* utterances, might have made nearly as fatal work of the royal personages and their appointments as the proverbial “bull” is said to accomplish “in a china-shop,” or as one of our far-western Apaches would be likely to perpetrate, if left unrestrained among the costly fittings and bijouterie of a fashionable up-town residence.

Fortunately the grand balls of the Exposition have fallen into more fitting hands—abler (in their way) as well as much fairer ones; hands that (if a bad pun may be permitted on a grave subject) handle them as deftly as the Eastern juggler deals with those very different globules of the same name. The account of the great state balls, in short, is supplied by “The Counselor’s Lady,” an old (young) *habitué* of Parisian society, as well as of “society” in her own land, resident in the capital during all the leading events of the season, and possessing the *entree* wherever entrance was desirable, from the Emperor’s box at the opera to the reserved seats at the royal receptions. It is

with the balls, however, that she principally deals in her somewhat extended communication; and to her own recital they may be safely left, without other introduction.

"I have promised," writes the "Counselor's Lady," "to supply you with a brief account of the most notable of the Parisian balls of the season, at which I have been present. I confess that I tremble a little at the thought of assuming such a responsibility; but one reflection reassures me—not many of my countrywomen were present at them, and those who were may have been as dazzled as myself, and not much more capable of close observation. To my task, then, with what courage I may. Some of my Pennsylvanian ancestors are said not to have been seriously afraid of *bullets*—why should their descendants be of *BALLS*?

"Royal and imperial balls, as you are well aware, have been so prevalent in Paris since my advent here in March, that to those who have the *entrée*, not to have been present has become more of a distinction than presence itself. But there have been some of those events, as you are also well aware, so raised above all the others by the unlimited cost bestowed upon them, the halo of highest fashion that surrounded them, and the presence at them of half the crowned heads of Europe, that beside them all the minor occasions, however brilliant, sink into comparative insignificance.

"There have been two of even the most notable, embodying so many of the most extraordinary features of all the others, that when I have supplied you with the best glimpse in my power of *them*, writing of the others would be but the weariest repetition. I refer to what will no doubt be historically called the 'Ball of the Sovereigns,' given by the City of Paris, under the auspices of Baron Haussmann, the Prefect of the Seine, to the Emperor and his guest the Czar of Russia, King of Prussia, and other royal and noble visitors, at the Hotel de Ville, on Satur-

day evening, the 8th of June; and the Grand Ball at the Palace of the Tuileries, given by the Emperor himself to the same royal guests and a more select body of other visitors, on the Monday night following, the 10th of June—which will probably be known as the ‘Czar’s Ball,’ in contradistinction to the other.

“Of the first of these, again, I shall supply you little more than a glimpse, avoiding detail and any attempt at personal description, and occupying something more than half my space with a relation of very singular character, which will ever make that ball most memorable to *me*. In the later event I shall attempt to give you personal glimpses of some of the notables, and to convey at least a feeble impression of the movements incidental to what was, no doubt, the most brilliant assemblage of the century. To the event of the 8th at the Hotel de Ville, then, without further preface or promise, except the insertion of a copy of the municipal invitations of the season, and the instructions as to dress for gentlemen, accompanying—not issued for this special occasion, it is true, but supplying some idea of the strict though unpretending form used in such instances:—

No. 1.

LE SENATEUR, PRÉFET DE LA SEINE,
au nom du Corps Municipal de Paris,
a l'honneur d'inviter

MADAME

à la Fête qui aura lieu

à l'Hotel de Ville

le Samedi 6 Juillet 1867, à 9 heures.

Arms of
Paris.

*Ce Billet, rigoureusement personnel, aura être remis aux
 huissiers chargé d'annoncer.*

Leurs Majestés l'Empereur et l'Impératrice et les Souverains étrangers alors à Paris devant honorer la Fête de la Ville de leur présence, le Corps Municipal sera en grand uniforme avec la culotte blanche.

Les Invités sont priés de vouloir bien être également en uniforme, ou, à défaut de costume officiel, en frac avec la culotte courte ou le pantalon collant.

“Neither you nor most of your readers need be told that the ‘City Hall’ of Paris is almost or quite the equal of the Tuileries and the Louvre in its architecture, and that it has a history quite as extensive and interesting as either; but some *need* to be told that there are apartments in the Hotel de Ville more richly decorated and showing the evidence of a costlier taste from floor to ceiling, than any of the other palaces of France! Yet so it is. Here, as sometimes it used to be in London, the ‘City’ occasionally asserts itself, and shows that when it will it can come near to overtopping the ‘State’—the civic above the national—money above the political sinews which it strengthens if it does not create them.

“There was even more rarity in the ball at the Hotel de Ville than in the grandest at the Tuileries. For the Imperial palace is often ablaze, and in the ‘season’ so many fêtes are given, that gaieties there seem to be things of course. But it is different at the civic palace. It has not before been entirely opened for any festivity, since Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were entertained there, ten or fifteen years ago—I do not remember how many; and I suppose that nothing less than a congress of sovereigns, like that which has lately seemed in perpetual session in Paris, could again have brought the pet palace of the city into entire requisition. For, apart from the costly splendor, it is no trifle of space that is surrendered to festivity when the Hotel de Ville is given up to it—they say

the *salons*, placed in a line, would extend something like fifteen hundred yards or little less than a mile! They tell me, too, in spite of my woman's horror of any other 'figures' than those of beauty or a cotillion—that the Grand Hall is nearly two hundred feet in length by half that distance in width, and that very few less than one hundred thousand wax-lights are necessary to bring out all the rooms of the immense building in their full glory! You can imagine that they must be 'occasions,' indeed, on which this space is occupied, and all this outlay in chandlery justified! But justified they were, then, if ever; for did not the number of regular invitations reach beyond six thousand?—and are there not plenty who believe that the number present, besides a perfect assembly of notabilities forming part of it, must have reached nearer to ten thousand than six? We have seen two or three thousand persons, on rare occasions, at our old New York Academy of Music; but multiply that number by three, or possibly five, and the splendor of each particular group by fifty or one hundred, and some faint idea may be formed of the guests of Baron Haussmann on that Saturday evening!

“You are aware what magnificent open spaces surround the Hotel de Ville, with the Rue Rivoli on one side of it, and the Seine with its bridges and quays on the other—with the great Caserne Napoleon behind it, but at a considerable interval, and the shops and houses in front standing at a corresponding shy distance. Well, can you imagine what a crowd it was that filled that wide open space?—the Czar only just arrived in Paris, everybody on tiptoe to see him, and the additional incitement of standing in the glare of that line of gas-lights stretching across the palace front, and seeing hundred upon hundred of the showiest people in Europe, and many of the handsomest women, going by in the handsomest of equipages, and to the most magnificent of balls? An orderly crowd, I must admit—though I

do not believe in the good order or harmlessness of Parisian populace, as I may have after-occasion to tell you; but still a crowd of the densest and most eager description, making the passage of that wilderness of vehicles almost impossible.

“Were you ever a fire-fly?—a will-o’-the-wisp?—a fire-balloon? or a comet? I suppose not, and yet I saw something of one or the other, or of all of them, that night, with humanity supplying the material! Think of one feature of the arrival of the Imperial party through that crowd, in so many carriages that I do not like to hazard a guess at the number—perhaps twenty, perhaps thirty, or forty; all guarded down the side by squadrons of the splendidly-uniformed and dashing lancers of the guard; and every carriage, with its gorgeously appointed occupants, lit up *inside*, as if it had been a ball-room on its own account! Think what a line of magnificent will-o’-the-wisps that must have made; and how that light must have flashed and glittered to the eyes of the crowd, on face and figure that they wished to recognize—on dress and jewel and decoration! It was a case of distinguished people ‘making a show of themselves,’ to please the public eye—a case odd enough to deserve mention, and I think a little commendation. I could only see that part of the pageant for a few moments, glancing back from my carriage as I made an arrival almost late enough to have been ‘royal’ in my own right; but I am not likely soon to forget the general effect, even in that which followed.

“*Light* is to be the glory of the other spectacle, to be spoken of by-and-by. *Music* and *flowers* were the features of this, as if something ugly in the past needed to be covered up and danced merrily over. Ugh!—I wonder if there was not? *Ma foi!* as my French hosts say, I thought so before I left the building; but I must tell you that in its proper place. Music and flowers—flowers and

music—probably the order should be changed, for there were even more floral glories than witcheries of sound.

“There is one portion of the Hotel de Ville with which I know you are familiar, for I have heard you speak enthusiastically of it—the grand entrance from the Place de la Hotel de Ville, with its costliest hangings of cloth and silk, gold-fringed and gold-emblomed, sweeping down around columns that seem to have been shaped and gold-incrusted during some one of the many dreams of the ‘Arabian Nights.’ There is nothing like it, I think, in the world ; as there is certainly nothing else that I have ever seen, comparable in costly splendor to its elaborately-decorated saloons, with their frescoes from the ablest pencils, their panelings in which cost seems to have been entirely ignored, and their pictures, which have certainly been derived from the unscrupulous ‘appropriations’ of centuries, as well as from the ‘liberalities’ of one of the richest cities on the globe.

“There may be more glorious sensations of being in another world while yet breathing the breath of this life, than those supplied on entering the civic palace ; but I have no hope of ever sharing them, and it is not too sure that any accession would be desirable, even if one could arrive at it. Imagine that more than regally-splendid vestibule, with its gorgeous hangings and decorations, with so many and such rare flowers decking it at every point, that all else seemed to be but unreal exhalations sprung up in the midst of the most rich and varied garden of the generous tropics—with a great fountain of exquisite shape and detail in the centre, flashing out its wealth of water, every drop a gem in the soft blaze of the innumerable wax-lights that made doubly beautiful everything upon which it radiated ; with all that could be devised of most gorgeous in attendance and reception, scattered among all that could be selected of royal, rich, queenly, and fair—pearls

and diamonds on brow and bosom of beauty, answered by the flashing of the like rare gems on the starred and crossed and decorated breasts of manhood—silks, satins, and velvets, little less than a sea in which the gazer seemed to be floating, swimming, almost drowning; and then add to this the most voluptuous music that ever floated from horn or rang from string, seeming to drip from that marvellous baton waved by white-gloved Strauss himself—Strauss, to whose notes, even when others gave them feeble utterance through picked-up orchestras that had never known the master-hand, our senses have thrilled and our feet bounded so often—add all this, and throw over it all that glamour which only comparative youth and full happiness can bestow, from that fairy-land in which we have all believed since childhood—then and only then will some dim light creep into the eyes and some suspicion into the brain, from that moment of moments enjoyed on entering the ‘Ball of the Sovereigns’ at the Hotel de Ville.

“But do not suppose that either the splendor or the interest was exhausted at this mere first glimpse—neither was further entered into than the building—the vestibule only in each. For, the great *escalier* once ascended, in the midst of that human, musical and floral bewilderment, no less than a dozen of those great halls, *au deuxième*, opened into each other, all devoted to the purposes of the fête, and each, as it seemed, more ravishing than the others in the rarity of its pictures, the talent employed upon its frescoes, the richness of its hangings, the softened blaze of its wax-lights, and the sense of passing into some new and charmed existence, inevitable on entering; while the very ingenuity of taste had been employed in creating little passages, at the end of which came sweet new surprises, in the way of rare flowers, more ingenious arrangements of light, and temptations to lose one’s self away from the present and wander into the charmed past and rainbow future of ro-

mance, history, and—let me be honest on the dangerous theme—the intoxicating whispers of love-making, that might not have been indulged in a more matter-of-fact existence!

“I have omitted, so far, one of the rarest elements of pleasant intoxication, of the whole. It has appeared to me that it should crown all, and have no mention while any rivalry remained. Does the thought strike you what other sense must have been ministered to than even the sight, the sound, the pride, the vanity, and the sense of the romantic? What must have been the perfume, think you, of all the sweetest flowers of all lands, thus grouped and gathered, and flung broadcast with lavish wastefulness? What else than the very drunkenness of delight must have ravished the sense, when all the sources from which Lubin and Violet have extracted their thousand odors, were blended in one wealth of fragrance, carrying the weight of sweetness to the very verge of oppression? We have all heard of the lady who ‘died of a rose, in aromatic pain,’ and I beg you to believe that I could have easily fainted from the same influences, under slight additional strain of the over-delighted olfactories.

“Let me recapitulate—something which they say is a woman’s custom, especially in detailing grievances—and see whether I have succeeded in conveying any idea whatever of that wonderful scene. The grand halls of the Hotel de Ville; music under Strauss’s own hand, and by the orchestra brought by Strauss himself from Vienna; wax-lights by the ten thousand; flowers by the literal cart-load, and perfume with no measurement but its own volume; ornamentation; pictures; statues; five or six thousand well-dressed ‘nobodies,’ half of them fair women, and all be-decked and bejeweled in the utmost splendor of a wasteful age; hundreds of celebrities, noble if not royal, and each the cynosure of many eyes; and, to crown all, empe-

rors, kings and royal highnesses enough to have revolutionized a republican world, each more or less resplendent in court blazonry and gemmed orders, while on brow and bosom of their ladies blazed diamonds and rubies and pearls and sapphires, of such size and cost that they seemed seas of light in which kingdoms had been melted. This is what I saw, quite as much with my mind as my eyes : this is where I was—that part of me which had not floated away in the enchantment of luxurious novelty.

“And here it was that my peculiar adventure occurred, or seems to me to have occurred. Something so rare and strange that in it all the other events of that more than regal night sink away into mere shadowy recollection. A glimpse of *that*, to which I almost dread to allude, on account of the opinions which may be formed of the relation, and the feeling which even the recapitulation necessarily involves, and then I shall have done with the ‘Ball of the Sovereigns.’

“You are aware that I am an enthusiastic reader and lover of history, and that I have a weakness for finding historical personages, and imagining historical events, on the spots where the former moved and the latter occurred. Attribute to this, if you like, the peculiar incident which follows, and the truth of which I could asseverate with my dying breath ; or take the alternative, if you please, of believing that there are influences beyond ourselves, shaping peculiar appearances, or that around certain spots there hang, like the perfume around Moore’s vase, an aroma of the past, impossible to exorcise through any lapse of years, and liable to be actively invoked at any moment.

“It was perhaps an hour past midnight, and the dancing begun by the royal party at shortly after ten, and continued in nearly all the grand salons, amid that delicious blending of waltz-music and flower perfume, had temporarily slackened in its intensity. Only a few ‘sets’ kept

the floor in any of the rooms, and the music was for the time light, delicate, and somewhat weirdly German. I remember so much, and not much more, of the moment when I left the seat to which my last partner had led me after our charming whirl in a waltz that had at least *one* accomplished performer. I happened not to have become engaged in any conversation; and a little warmed and breathing short from the rapid exercise, I approached an open window, looking out upon the Place de la Hotel de Ville, and passed into the deep embrasure, where the heavy hangings left me nearly as much alone as I would have been behind closed doors.

“I looked out listlessly upon the Place, dimly lighted from without, but the broad stone esplanade and bordering circles plainly visible under the blaze that streamed from the gas-lighted front. This space had been kept clear by the police, from the first; and now the tired crowd had fallen entirely back from the palace, though they were still dimly visible along the Rue Rivoli and eastward. I remember noticing this, and that there did not seem to be even any of the *sergens de ville* on guard in the centre of the broad Place. Then I remember being recalled by the music, and thinking that I was too weary to join the next ‘set;’ and then it seemed to become fainter, and I found myself thinking of my dear ones beyond the sea—possibly at that moment *on* it. Then, so far as I can remember, thought, *as* thought, became rather a blank abstraction than a reality. I seemed to be not only shut within the window-embrasure, but in a little world of my own. Let it be understood that I was standing, and that I was no nearer to physical sleep than I am at the moment of writing. It is necessary to understand and believe this, which I solemnly aver, in order to appreciate what followed.

“Suddenly I found myself rubbing my eyes, with a sort

of fancy that I *must* be asleep or demented. For, without my having heard any sound which could have justified such an appearance, there was something in the very midst of the Place, where the moment before I had seen bare stones dimly showing under the light from the front and the windows. The 'something' was dusky and tall, appearing like a great post or low column, and, heaven help my senses, I thought, as the second consciousness came to me—it was growing taller and wider momentarily, and something much broader, like a platform, rising beneath it.

"To say that I was terrified would be to say very little—I was nearer horrified, under one dread thought compounded of the physical and the supernatural. I gripped the side of the window-embrasure, and tried to call out to attract the attention of others to this singular phenomenon, occurring immediately in front of the civic palace. I could not utter a word, and knew that for the first time in my life I understood the meaning of 'the tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth.' Thenceforth, for any purpose of life I might as well have been a post myself, or part of the draped window. I was frozen, statue-like, immovable. Had I been frightened before?—horror of horrors! what was I when a red light seemed to stream from the Place beyond, on that fearful 'something,' and when I saw that it was the guillotine on its platform—the knife shining with a dull glare, with here and there a gout of rust that might have been formed from coagulated blood? The guillotine there, and the palace full of the royal, the fair, the distinguished! For whom was it set, and by whom? Ah, I had half the answer, though I could not understand the continued silence, so unusual for Parisian mobs; for, as if they had sprung from the ground like so many mushrooms, the whole Place seemed filled with a dim, shadowy, gesticulating crowd, uttering no audible

word, but seething and moving in wild commotion. Ah, how I tried once more to call out, then!—with no more effect than had been produced in my past effort. No! the guillotine was there, the mad crowd was there—who might not be a victim?—and yet I could give no sign of warning! Why did they not shout as well as gesticulate, so that others might become aware of the awful preparations, and succor arrive before some murder should be accomplished?

“How long this endured, I do not know; it seemed long—it may have been but a moment. There came more than one new feature into the dreadful scene. There were forms on the platform—the horrible knife rose and fell as if in trial of its readiness. Still no sound. Then there was a movement in the crowd, and it seemed to part into two waves, gesticulating yet more wildly. Then through between the waves rolled in a fearful vehicle, half cart and half coffin. Soldiers of an antique uniform guarded it; and men and women, with wringing hands, were huddled into it like so many sheep going to the butcher. It was the tumbril—I knew it at once—one more of the bygone horrors was being revived! What next was I to witness, on that night which had seemed to me so splendid in imagination?

“What next? This question again was answered but too soon, while all the powers of my body and my mind seemed struggling but vanquished in the unequal combat for expression. Out of the tumbril stepped, or rather was dragged, a woman in white—young, handsome, but oh, with such dreadful despair and horror on her white face! I saw them force her up the steps of the platform; I saw the executioner grasp her with brutal violence; I saw the mad crowd waving arms and caps in fiendish exultation; I saw the victim’s last struggle as she was strapped to the fatal plank and it fell horizontal; I saw—

"No, thank God, I did *not* see the descent of the knife, the fall of the severed head, and the spouting of the red blood: I think I should have gone mad indeed if I had seen *that*! For my struggle for expression grew fiercer, and either life or bond must have given way. Heaven be praised, I *could* scream!—I did so—the scream subsiding into a moan as my eyes closed and I fell backward, half out of the window-embrasure, my fall broken by the ever ready arm of Count —, who had heard my first cry and rushed forward to discover whence it proceeded.

"I did not faint entirely, nor, I think, did the incident produce much commotion in the *salons*, where each was so occupied with some special thought or feeling as to be naturally oblivious to the mere cry of a nervous woman. Only a moment later, with the Count still at my side, I was again looking from the same window, but upon how different a scene! There was no dark 'something' there—no crowd of fierce and excited *sans culottes*—guillotine, tumbril and victims had all disappeared; and behind me the sweet Strauss music, the floating perfume, and the chiming steps of the waltzers told me that it was 1867, and the apotheosis of Baron Haussmann, who would not be likely to tolerate any violent proceedings of that character in the very faces of his imperial, royal and noble guests! But I remembered then, even better than before, that on the very spot where I had just seen that spectral horror—there, in the middle of the Place de la Hotel de Ville, then the fatal Place de Grève, stood the guillotine and rolled the tumbril loaded with its doomed, through all the Reign of Terror, when more than twenty thousand fell beneath the knife!

"I think that the world has not wealth enough to tempt me voluntarily to look on that sight again; but it is worth something, even through that horror, to have seen, as I know that I saw with my waking eyes, though without knowing why or how, the veritable guillotine and tumbril

of the days of blood! Can you explain the mystery to me? No?—neither can I to you; the wonder remains as I found it. But you can imagine that I have a special recollection of the ‘Ball of the Sovereigns’ at the Hotel de Ville, more sacred as more terrible than all else in memory, and that the imperial and royal occupants of the carriages did not absorb me quite so closely as they had done, when we rolled away and the great pageant faded, at something near daylight on Sunday morning.”

XVI.

THE CZAR'S BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

As already intimated, the "Counselor's Lady" is also the chronicler of the second and yet more important, if less numerously-attended, of the imperial balls; and as her own language supplies sufficient comment upon the difference of the two in scope and intention, let her be heard without further introduction.

"If I have given you a somewhat fearful picture at the end of my account of the ball at the Hotel de Ville," resumes the lady, "I have something of a different sort to inflict upon you, in attempting to give you some faint idea of the great event which crowned all—something as select and *recherche* as the other had been extensive and all-admitting—the ball especially given to the Czar of Russia, and attended by the King of Prussia and the immense concourse of sovereigns and scions of royal houses, then in Paris, on the following Monday evening, the 10th of June.

The same overwhelming magnificence of arrangement and attendance which makes description nearly impossible, renders the occasion the best worth describing of its kind in all the annals of festivity. No monarch upon earth, past or present, ever before so gathered around him the royal and noble—even if another has supplied, as I can scarcely believe, a corresponding glory of arena and lavish luxury of detail. In the history of the festivities of a splendid age, it will beyond doubt supply a most memorable part, for reasons as numerous as easily apparent. I

can but wish, now more than ever, that my task had fallen into the hands of a more practiced chronicler.

“Of all events, this should be described most sensation-ally, and with least intrusion of dry details and descriptions; meanwhile, it unfortunately happens that what the body of readers will most eagerly desire to know, with reference to it, can only be conveyed by those details of ceremony and descriptions of personal appearance. What can I do, then, except try to be instructive to the great world of absentees, even at the risk of failing to be picturesque?

“And now for that feeble glimpse of the Grand Ball, as it lingers in brief memory and the note-book to which I committed some of my impressions on—I wish that I could say the following *morning*, but candor compels me to write *afternoon*. But this should be premised with the fact that in the place of the six to ten thousand invitations issued to the festivity at the Hotel de Ville, not more than six to eight hundred had been issued to that at the Tuileries, while the command had been given that evening instead of court-dress should be assumed by the gentlemen, and that something of the air and exclusiveness of the ‘private ball’ should be imparted to it in all its details. Not the easiest of things to do, either in the ‘toning down’ of splendor, or the imparting of confidence to guests, as may easily be imagined.

“That particular part of the line of carriages bearing guests, in which I happened to be ensconced, must have reached the Gardens of the Tuileries about half-past nine, coming across from the Rue St. Honoré to the great gate leading in from the Rue Rivoli at the Place des Pyramides. The Gardens themselves were entirely cleared; but without the gate, and in the wide Rue, sitting in my open carriage, I found the sensation of the very worst fright I ever experienced—a real human one, and so nearer tangible than

that at the Hotel de Ville; in other words, I came face to face with a Parisian mob, in what seemed to be its most ferocious aspect before breaking into open violence and the inevitable murder following. Far as the eye could see in the comparatively dim light of the lamps and the young moon hanging in the west—for the illumination directly to be spoken of had not yet commenced,—a densely-packed crowd surrounded the gardens, stretched away into the distance, pressed close against gate and railings, hemmed in the carriages so that with all the efforts of the police they could scarcely move two steps forward without a check. Workmen, many of them, from their blouses; something worse than workmen, probably, some of those who wore costlier material than the blue chambray; no small proportion of women of the *blanchisseuse* and wine-seller condition, capped and ferocious. But oh, those visages of the male mob of Paris! Oh, the thin cheeks, the lowering brows, the shock heads, the wild, bad eyes that scowled half-hungry defiance as the owners thrust them into the very faces of the shuddering occupants of the open carriages! Oh, the clenching hands, the muttering lips, the sneering and yet too-earnest tones, the evidence that only a spark was wanting to explode the magazine of temporarily-indolent hate—that never tiger tore to pieces its prey with more demoniac joy than those ‘dear children’ of the Emperor, the hand of power for one moment lifted from their necks, would have shown, in murdering the whole array of guests, from the host downward, slaying the male members of the cortege, butcher-like, with quick and sudden blows, and making a horrible feast of rapine and twice-terrible slaughter among the dainty flesh of the weak women who accompanied them! Ugh, I shudder to think of dozens of threatening, glaring, frightful faces, thrust into my own in the few moments of pause at the gate, in spite of the efforts of the police to

prevent the outrage, and creating the same pleasant impression of security as if a whole menagerie of ferocious beasts had been present, uncaged, and each held by only a cord of pack-thread that might snap at any instant! Yes, thank you!—I was quite near enough to 1793 at that particular crisis, or at least I felt that I was; and I have no wish to make the nearer acquaintance of those most polite, subservient and lamb-like people. I wonder if the Emperor himself, bravely as he goes among them, almost or quite unattended, does not some day expect to see the tiger spring and feel the hot breath on his cheek and the fangs snapping at his throat? A pleasant remembrance and a cheering fancy, truly! Possibly we have had enough of this, as certainly I had enough of it in thirty seconds!

“At all events we passed the gates, after a brief delay, and were in the Tuileries Gardens, set down at the grand entrance, which, as you will remember, is in the centre of the garden-width as well as of the Palace front. But just then, with the recollection of my late fright fresh upon me, and with the magnificent novelty of the scene as alighting royalty and celebrity surrounded me like an overflowing wave in which I was nothing—just then there sprung up a wonder so overwhelming that I think every foot paused in the spot where it had been resting, and scarcely a breath was drawn for many seconds. Whether the lights had before existed but kept low, and were at that instant flung into full blaze—or whether by some electric arrangement all the lighting took place then and at once, I cannot pretend to say. I only know that in an instant sprung into full glory, from mere ordinary evening light, the *illumination of the Tuileries Gardens*, the recollection of which still flashes in my eyes whenever I think of that evening, as if some Genie from the Land of Fire had temporarily introduced me to all the blazing wonders of his kingdom, dazzled me to his heart's content,

and then sent me away again into the darkness of the ordinary world.

"I have been present at ordinary 'illuminations' for victories, in cities; and I have been no stranger to the mimic or real glories of the most magnificently-lighted gardens in the world; but in the subtle shapes and over-mastering brilliancy of this, all else seems to be dim and shadowy. Do not expect me to describe the exact process by which all this effect was accomplished. Have I not before told you that I was dazzled and blinded? And yet a little attempt must be made, to 'save my credit,' as we used to say when I was a school-girl.

"You know the Gardens of the Tuileries—that portion of them, especially, which lie immediately in front of the grand entrance of the Palace—the wealth of fine trees which make just enough of shade, in the daytime, to supply the loveliest of walks; the shrubs from every clime, with flowers of every form and color, which make the whole nearer portion of the Gardens one wonderful piece of floral embroidery. Then you know, too, some of the fire-witcheries of the Jardin Mabille and the Chateau des Fleurs—the skill with which great rows of lily-bells, which would seem entirely natural if they were not so gigantic, are made to burst, at a given moment, into lily-bells with tongues of flame; and how the globes of fire are so disposed there as to dazzle anew at every turn and present continual new groupings of brilliancy. Multiply all this by an hundred or two if you can; then add to it little lines of globed colored lights creeping around the roots of trees and shrubs, as if an endless menagerie of fiery serpents had been let out to twine and circle everywhere; and hang from every bough, and apparently from every cluster of leaves, a colored globe or lantern, with such a variety in shade that they seem to mock the hues of the very flowers they rival. Extend this up from

shrubs to trees, until there seems to be a line of light half-way skyward, brighter than the Milky Way, and almost as countless as the orbs composing it; and throw over walk after walk arches of delicate pipe, the agency invisible in the absence of daylight, but little jets of light shooting and radiating from them with the soft freedom of so many issues of bright water; then, when the extreme of beauty in fire and artificial light seems to have been reached, let great broad flames of calcium blaze stream down from airy distances, continually varying in color, and fading and glowing as if high over all a comet of ever-changing ray was shedding down portions of the 'light which no mortal may know.' Let this all reflect upon the glory of white statues and sparkling fountains, and the noble front of that wilderness of separate palaces, the Tuileries, and flash far away upon the great column of the Place de la Concorde, and seem to light up the scene and its farther banks on the one hand, and to touch the great city with a broad belt of flame on the other. Do all this, and bring into play, in addition, an imagination of at least respectable power, and you will form some idea, which I know that my words cannot convey, of the most magnificent and overwhelming of all fire spectacles yet seen by the people of this century—the illumination of the Tuileries Gardens at the Grand Ball to the Czar and the King of Prussia—to the latter of whom, by the way, I believe that the courtesy was among the hollowest paid during the entire summer, only that possibly the light was intended to blind him and to dazzle the eyes of Count Bismarck as to the real merits of the Luxembourg question!

“But there was something upon which the blaze of that illumination shone, a part of the Tuileries and yet not of it, which made the second notable feature of that imperial magnificence. This was a platform built especially for the occasion, outside one of the great drawing-room windows,

approached from without by thirty or forty low steps, and from within from the ball-room floor by the full-length window ; with a canopy of green silk and gold, the Emperor's golden bees studding it, and the whole so richly draped and ornamented with the rarest flowers and costly gems of art, that it seemed a part of Aladdin's palace left behind when the rest of the structure vanished. It was here that the imperial and royal party sunned themselves, so to speak, in that wonderful light, and added to the brilliancy of the scene, to near spectators, by the reflections on gem and order and decoration. The structure seemed to belong to the light, and the light to the structure. Both were wonderful, unrivaled, magnificent in their way. Had I not better stop before I exhaust all my adjectives, especially as I have no ordinary scene to deal with, from my limited vocabulary, in the events of the evening within the palace ?

“But this reminds me that the vestibule was as far as I had progressed. Let us go on, for it is ill keeping a crowd of royal notabilities waiting.

“I thought that I had before been ‘received’—more than once in the course of my life ; but all that I had ever before seen of this detail of ‘society’ seemed to me at the moment mere neglect and rudeness beside that highest development of a science in which the French excel all other nations as if they belonged to a different race. Such clouds of rich-liveried attendants, each seeming to blend the obsequiousness of the servant with the suave dignity of the gentleman, chanced to be in exactly the right place at the moment when every lady stepped from her carriage and passed within the vestibule, and so deftly and quickly relieved her of cloaks and wraps and dropped into her hand the little ivory check that was to redeem them, that not one but appeared to be the object of special attention, and to have precisely the proper servant at her exclusive

command. And then such a Master of Ceremonies met every lady in the vestibule, just at the entrance of the music-flower atmosphere, at precisely the moment when her wraps had fallen, her robes settled into graceful fold, and she was ready to do fashionable battle to the death—met each as if she alone, of all that assembly, was the object for which his unimpeachable evening-dress had been assumed, and seemed rather to sweep than conduct her up the grand escalier and toward the *salons* of festivity—that he seemed to be multiplied into at least an hundred, all possessing the same rare qualifications.

“But I must pause again, as I did pause, a little in defiance of etiquette, at the escalier. You have seen that noble central staircase of the Tuileries, and know what it is at ordinary times; what must it have been, think you, when the rarest flowers from all the world seemed to have twined around it as if the hundred years of a ‘Sleeping Beauty’ had overgrown the whole palace with glory to hide decay! But ah, there were other and terribly-hand-some flowers there—flowers that had grown in no garden,—nothing less than a line of the Emperor’s splendid, richly-uniformed six-foot *Cent Gardes*, crowned with the silver helmet and long drooping white plume, and filling each end of every second step with magnificent and immovable human statuary!

“Statuary, indeed! for I believe that the palace might have burned or fallen under the shock of an earthquake, and not one would have moved without orders—just as the stout old Roman guards at Herculaneum are said to have stood motionless while the shower of hot ashes from Vesuvius gathered up to their chins and then smothered out their lives.

“Those splendid fellows not only *seemed* immovable, but *were* so, as I happen to know; for a pleasant but very laughable *contretemps* occurred just when I was on one of

the lowest steps of the escalier, some hint of which has already crept, as I see, into the French newspapers. It created, for a moment, quite a buzz among those who observed and understood it, and would have forced a smile, I think, even from the grave lips of the Emperor. Miss H——, one of our pretty little American belles *par excellence*, finding her slipper loosened when half-way up the stair, stopped and stooped to fasten it, leaning against what, from its immovability, she took to be one of many statues of military personages lining the steps. It was the form of a *Cent Garde* against which she supported herself by one hand and her snowy left shoulder; and that form remained as stony and motionless, outwardly, as the statue could have been—whatever the sensations that may have surged through the pulses of the soldier at being thus brought within touch of a warm breathing beauty so far beyond his ordinary reach. The silent figure breathed, however, even if lightly; and the lady's absorbed senses finally took the alarm at feeling a trembling motion under her hand; so that, with a pretty scream, half fright and half apology, she drew herself suddenly away, forced on the refractory slipper, and tripped up the escalier a little more nimbly than she had intended.

“But what a spectacle met the unaccustomed eye and even dazzled one used to festive splendors, when we had been marshaled by the courteous Master of Ceremonies through two magnificent *salons*, *au deuxième*, each perfect in frescoes and decorations, regal in its appointments and furniture, blooming with flowers and ablaze with a thousand lights, into the grand *sallé du trône* of the evening—the great ball-room of the Tuileries! You know the wonderful size of that room, though I suppose, like myself, you could not render the result in feet and inches—only say ‘one of the largest in the world,’ and certainly ‘one of the most gorgeous.’ Frescoes, gilded ornamenta-

tion, rare flowers in matchless profusion in raised vases, a great candelabra radiating softest and yet most brilliant light from so many points that it seemed to be a blending of sun and moon just overhead—I do not see how you can do otherwise than receive these little descriptive items in the gross, and apply and elaborate them at your leisure.

“And here a word of the lights. I have used the phrase ‘candelabra’ instead of ‘chandelier,’ which really means the same thing—because the first conveys a more nearly correct idea. Do you suppose that the Tuileries is lighted with gas for festive occasions?—that female beauty, which I must own to be sometimes a trifle delicate and in need of nursing, is at such times subjected to the searching influences of that inflammable discovery of the nineteenth century? If you do, you err seriously: the same description of light which shone upon Marguerite de Valois and Marie de Medicis, radiates upon Eugenie de Montijo and her attendant luminaries. Wax-candles—nothing else throughout; wax-candles in such unlimited profusion that the production of a world would seem to be consumed in a single evening; but nothing more glaring on the female cheek, on such occasions, than this soft kiss of warm golden splendor, which takes away pallor where it exists, and does not deal too harshly with rouge and enamel. There! I have let you into one of the secrets of my sex; let me catch you making undue use of the admission if you think it advisable!

“But now I know that you are impatient, or at least your readers will be, to see more closely some of the royal and other celebrities occupying their position in the grand *salon*, and to hear of the action of the ball proper. Know, then, that at the end of the room right from the entrance there was a raised dais or platform, richly-carpeted, and with two carpeted steps leading up to it; that on the dais were precisely twenty-five chairs—I think that for some

reason or other I counted them a dozen times over; and that on and around that dais, during the evening, shone the great luminaries in whose blaze we were all basking—republicans quite as much as any of the others.

“I should say, however, that the imperial party entered the *salon* after the most of the company had assembled—perhaps at about ten or half-past; and I cannot find a more appropriate place than the present to tell you of a little incident connected with their entrance, which the newspaper people are quite likely to omit, intentionally or otherwise, and which seemed to me to display one of two things in the Empress—wonderful childish naiveté, or wonderful artful mannerism of a peculiar character. The Empress entered on the arm of the Czar of Russia as the special guest of the evening, the Emperor and other notabilities immediately before, behind, and around. Of course she was at the moment engaged in the very highest exercise of hospitality—introducing a guest and endeavouring to place him at ease; and yet can you imagine what she did? I do not think it at all probable that six hours could have elapsed since her last sight of the Duchess Anna Murat de Mouchy, who has been for some time one of her pets; but at all events she left the arm of the Czar, without a word of apology, rushed one-third of the way across the room, with the air of a mother flying to a beloved child not met for a twelve-month, seized and kissed the young Duchess in a way that I can only describe as *devouring*—leaving the Czar in what I could see was a very awkward position, stopping the whole progress of the imperial party, and causing the Emperor to look at her in a manner which would not have been pleasant if *I* had been the subject of the glance and the gazer *my* husband! This may have been quite ‘the thing to do’—probably it was; at all events it was what we call ‘stagey,’ and I should not have liked to risk the impression of my being underbred, had I

performed the same evolution under similar circumstances.

"The dais found its occupants at last, and I shall endeavor to give you a brief descriptive word of a few who then and later filled the chairs on it, as I saw them then and to a better advantage afterward, when dancing or moving among the guests.

"First, the Czar of Russia, the special guest of the evening—a tall, large man, moustached, broad-faced, inclined to be blonde and northern-looking as well as fine-looking—older than most of his pictures, and beginning to remind one of his imperial and imperious father, Nicholas. He would have looked much better, I think, in anything else than his complete suit of white cloth covered with orders—the general effect so unusual to our 'evening' eyes.

"The Empress entered with the Czar, leaned on his arm, and sat beside him on the dais; and she is well entitled to a place as early as the second. She is certainly very handsome yet, and wears her dignity proudly; though not even my regard for my own sex can prevent my noticing that she is losing something of her fine outline of form as she grows a shade stouter, and that the once clear skin is thickening so that the veins on the temples need to be supplied artificially instead of showing through as they used to do. I should do very little violence to my impressions, in applying to her the well-known alliteration, 'fair, fat and forty'—somehow that is her atmosphere. She was heavily enameled, very *décolleté*, and a little sad-faced when in repose, as she may well have been, even in the midst of these splendors. Her outer adornings certainly won my eyes, if I could speculate upon her physique. She wore a robe of some white Algerian silk material, with a thread of silver running through it, and bias-flounced; a ribbon bow of diamonds on the right shoulder, fastening a broad tri-colored ribbon which crossed the breast and ended in a

jeweled order at the left hip; a necklace of black velvet, closely studded with solitaire diamonds of great size and beauty, with depending strips of strung solitaires falling fern-like down bosom and back, until they almost formed a covering for what otherwise had none; a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley in her hand, and a heavy diamond circlet or demi-crown spanning her front head, which she had removed during the course of the evening, because it either was, or *ought to have been thought*, too heavy for comfort. If the Anna de Mouchy demonstration was real, so was this, probably; if otherwise, this may have been a strip of the same pattern.

“But I must pause here again to make an explanation, covering—or perhaps the opposite—others than the Empress. I have spoken of her as being ‘very décolleté,’ and ‘heavily enameled.’ There is no occasion of repeating the terms for each of the female notabilities present, though I might do so with propriety for most of them—all, certainly, except the very young. ‘Very décolleté’ does not express the whole fact, at all, with the Empress. She had about four inches of waist above the belt. She was, to use plain words, *half-naked*. So were her guests; so were her maids-of-honor; we were all more or less half-naked. Either I should not much have cared to have my husband see me at that juncture, or I should have preferred to have *him* see me *only*!

“Then as to the enameling! The Empress could no more have shown her natural face than changed the length of her D’Alba nose. Nor could any of the rest of us—we were enameled, rouged, daubed, plastered—artistically, of course, but nevertheless daubed and plastered. Felix, the wonderful ‘artist’ of the Rue St. Honoré, made me up, coated me, finished me off, as if I had been a building and he a stone-mason. I was very handsome, when he had done with me, but I was not *myself* by any manner of

means; I looked in the mirror, and fell in love with the girlish face that I saw there—something that I am not vain enough to do habitually. * So let it be understood that we all more or less wore masks that evening; and if any of my hurried descriptions fail to convey an idea of the actual people, the fault will not be mine, but Felix's or that of some brother 'artist.' The descriptions will be of *what I saw*.

"And now to the Emperor and *his* special companion of the evening, the sister of the Czar—Grand Duchess Marie something, if I do not misremember the name.

"The Emperor was among the best-dressed men present; certainly among the most modest, in his plain black evening suit, with no startling ornament whatever, except the broad red ribbon of Grand Commander of the Legion of Honor, which crossed his breast, and the great star of the Order, one side of which showed from under his lapel. But oh, his face! that took away all thought from his garments! He looked so listless, so lifeless, so distraught, so broken!—so impossible to be amused even by the pleasant attentions of the Grand Duchess, so much as if his thoughts were upon a distracted kingdom, a hostile Europe, a sick boy, and Maximilian in peril of his making! And yet the face seemed nobler than I had ever before seen it; and more than once, yes, more than twice, when he folded his arms a little wearily and seemed to say: 'Ah me!—I wish all this mockery was over!' the resemblance in face and figure to the pictures of the First Napoleon was startlingly marked and suggestive. I caught myself asking, when the likeness struck me once and again—What does this mean? Is it family, *all*?—or position? or something else about which people do not care to talk, and about which a mere guest at one of his balls had probably as well avoid gossiping?

"There was nothing special about the Russian Grand

Duchess, a tall, dark-haired woman of forty or fifty, with a pleasing manner, nothing marked except her diamonds, which were of wonderful size, profusion and lustre. The Emperor was evidently pleased with her, and as attentive as a dextrous man could be, whose heart and brain were absorbed.

“Next, by right of power if for no other cause, came the King of Prussia, a tall man, young-looking for his advancing years, moustached and side-whiskered, scarcely seeming to have strength and stamina to command the success so literally showered upon him within the past two years. But perhaps—ah, here was the answer to my doubt, in the very tall man, plainly-dressed and with few decorations, who approached and took me by the hand in recognition of a previous presentation.

“Bismarck! sharp ringing Slavonic-sounding name of a strange man, who is certainly one of the ‘men of the day.’ Very tall, as I have before said; rather angular in figure; blonde; bald; small-headed; moustached; with large protruding blueish-gray eyes; his whole manner something that cannot be described, while it does not appear to be anything seriously different from the common—a manner urbane and courteous at will, but evidently capable of being something very different when the other side of the will is aroused. I found time and opportunity for a chat with the man who has given the first effectual check to the world’s worst tyrant, Austria; told him the truth, that I had rather made his acquaintance than that of any other man in Europe, and had the pleasure of being assured that such words from American lips were always welcome, as he felt fully convinced of the sympathy of the best American statesman with his efforts and policy; and then the ‘man of the day’ passed away into the whirl of other conversationists.

“Here my eyes again catch the sweet azure orbs of Anna

Murat de Mouchy, an American girl by birth and early residence, as you are aware ; and I half forgive the Empress her affectation—if it was one—of being hungry to kiss her ! A perfect blue-eyed, sweet-faced blonde, of medium height, or perhaps a line less, looking twenty or twenty-two, with splendid neck and arms, altogether fine plump figure, and a manner so sunshiny and genial that no wonder the Parisians sometimes call her '*La Petite Chaton*,' literally, 'the Pet Kitten.' She wore a blue tarlatane, with all her jewelry in large blue turquoises—a combination which would have been fearfully trying to most complexions ; but to hers—Rubens might have come back, specially to paint that exquisite propriety of form and adornment.

"The Prince of Wales, in black evening dress, with the jeweled Star of the Garter his only decoration—looking manlier, and handsomer, and yet less lovable than as we saw him when yet a mere boy. He has evidently more talent of a certain kind than we, or England, thought : it is sad to fear that the son of a noble father, and a good, even if crotchety mother, may be found to have less principle than had been hoped. The Prince of Wales has filled too many mouths in Paris, during the season ; let us turn to his sister—

" '*Princess Alice of Great Britain and Ireland*,' as she is designated in royal ceremonials ; a modestly-dressed and most lovable-looking girl, blonde, sweet-faced, and radiating the very soul of goodness in her smiles. Queen Victoria is at least happy in her daughters.

"Let me present a foil to the sweet young English princess, in one whom I saw standing near her at a certain moment—the Princess Metternich, twenty-five or six, tall and angular, with an apish face, 'dressed to death'—as our mothers used to say—gaudily, and with too many diamonds ; in the habit of driving a yellow chariot, and reputed to be 'fast' and shameless as she is hideously

ugly. Ugh! it is no trouble to turn away from *her*, in spite of the flash of her hereditary diamonds and that grand ball of her own, in which she succeeded in vieing with the Russian embassy, rivaling the Emperor as to cost and splendor, and making herself conspicuous to her fullest desire. *Mem.*—I did not go to that ball. I should like to have been caught putting myself under obligations to such a hostess!

“Prince Napoleon, fat and quiet—they say he has been a good deal crushed, lately, though he may be only ‘biding his time’—his face a heavy First Napoleon, and his brow sombre. The Princess Clothilde, his wife, and as you remember, a daughter of the King of Italy—looking as homely and as much like a short-nosed brownie as ever, though good beyond a doubt, and beginning to show a *fadé* suspicion.

“Count de la Ferriere, First Chamberlain to the Emperor, Master of Ceremonies by right of his office, and by that far better right of being the very Admirable Crichton of all accomplishments. The Count must be fifty or fifty-five, but looks younger—gray, with a fine profile, the courtliest manners imaginable, and considered the handsomest gentleman at court. He has the reputation of having been the most successful in his attentions to American ladies, of any living Frenchman; and as a pendant to this it is also reported that he is under engagement of marriage to an American belle, Miss X——, who will thus enter permanently into the charmed inner circle of Parisian court-life.

“One more hasty portrait of a Parisian celebrity, before passing to another detail that may prove of more interest in America. My presentation to Count Bismarck had been originally made by the gentleman of whom I am about to say a word—Colonel O’Gorman-Mahon, once a rival of O’Connell in popularity and power in the British

Parliament—friend of Bismarck and many other leading European statesmen, and a man of markedly-fine, tall personal appearance, in spite of his age—as well as the very highest type of the Irish gentleman. I need scarcely say that he is a cousin of Mr. Richard O’Gorman, the distinguished Irish-American member of the New York bar, who is well known to be a scion of that proud old Hibernian family. The gallant and courteous old gentleman has not forgotten his native land, by the way; for, after much friendly conference, pointed by not a few favors at court, he spoke warmly of his kinsman on the American side of the Atlantic, and kindly gave me letters to Mr. Richard O’Gorman’s parents, still living in Ireland, which I shall some day be but too happy to present and avail myself of their prestige.*

“And now a few words of the Americans present; for I am by no means disposed to run through the catalogue of royal and princely nobodies. I think that there were not more than thirty or forty of our country-people, altogether, at the Tuileries that night, though the country was far from being ill represented; and in the midst of other surroundings, I only saw and recognized a few—only four, I think—of male Americans: Commissioners Charles B. Seymour and Frank Leslie, both of New York, looking blythe and debonair, as is the wont of both; Senator Sherman, who seemed to be abstractedly thinking about the Capitol at Washington; and General Dix, military-looking, in spite of the years and white hairs which seem to stamp him as almost too old for his arduous position.

“By right of justice, Mrs. General Dix and her daughter should come first among the ladies, as they accompanied the ambassador. Mrs. Dix, gray but energetic-looking, and creating an impression of supplying much of the vigor of the family—to give it no stronger name; Miss Kate Dix, a pet in Paris ever since her advent here, tall, blonde

* Since the above was in type, the regretted death of Mr. Richard O’Gorman, Sr., has been announced.

and handsome, but with a face somewhat too severe and reticent for her years. But here I must fall into the Jenkinsian initials, for I have done with public names. Mrs. R——, a pretty and well-figured blonde, attracting very marked attention among people whose attention is distinction. Mrs. P——, strikingly well dressed, very attractive without being strictly handsome, and quite dividing attention with the lady last named. Mrs. M—— S——, of Fifth Avenue, carrying much of the atmosphere of Murray Hill in her rich robes, fine jewelry and proud bearing. Mrs. B—— S——, of New York and Staten Island, plumply handsome, with fine dark eyes, unimpeachably well dressed, and apparently as much at home at the Tuileries as she could have been in her own drawing-room. Miss B—— V——, of Kentucky, blonde and sweet-looking, and considered one of the handsomest women present, chaperoned by the lady last named, and pleasingly representing the 'Border States.'

"There was one other American lady present, the last I can name, and worthy of separate mention—Madame E——, a small, wiry woman, approaching middle age, and at the first glance not attractive, but with a world of managing intellect under her brown hair and flashing out of her brown eyes—a smart, active, diplomatic woman, said to have more influence at court than any other American lady at Paris, and certainly one of the most valuable friends that American society-seekers have found during the imperial festivities.

"And now enough of personal glimpses, few and imperfect as they have been. A little time and space must suffice me for the action of the ball, which did not wait, in reality, so long as I have kept it waiting in description.

"The Emperor and Empress did not dance. The latter was no doubt prevented by the ill health of the Prince Imperial, and the former by his own ill health and the

unfortunate Mexican perils just then—though we did not know how nearly—closing around poor Maximilian. Of course no one else danced before or at the same time with the royal party, for which two quadrilles of eight commenced at about eleven o'clock, led by the Prince of Wales and other youthful potentates in embryo. There was nothing peculiar in these quadrilles, for monarchy 'kicks up its heels' very much like common humanity—except that the many gems and jeweled orders produced a brilliant effect when in motion, and that the lovely Princess Metternich tripped during the course of it, fell sprawling, and raised another of those general commotions from which I would always prefer to be excused, even if I had more grace than she to make the operation less embarrassing!

"The opening quadrilles over, as if there had been some arduous labor demanding recompense, came the distribution of presents to the favored participators—elegant little bouquets of the rarest and costliest flowers, shaped into symbols of various orders and held together by gemmed ribbons. Then, 'the King of Persia having dined, the rest of the world might go to dinner;' the royal party returned to their dais, to the Aladdin balcony or the reserved gardens, where living flowers, fountains, concealed music, and all the other other appliances of luxury, made up the most perfect dream of enchantment—or mingled with guests on the floor, and dancing became as general as the severe rules of etiquette and the limited number allowed to take the floor at once, could well permit. But the truth is—and you may print this in smaller type, as a secret, if you like—that *flirting* is quite as much the business of a Parisian ball, as dancing; so that the rules did not press with undue severity.

"I have said that the dancing began at about eleven. It was about one when the company moved from the

grand *salon* to the great dining-hall, ushered with the same ceremonies which had marked their entrance.

"Scarcely the 'company' however—only a part of it; not more than two or three hundred found place in that magnificent banqueting-hall of the Tuileries, with its repletion of frescoes, gilding, flowers, and waxen illuminations. After the guests were seated with the due order of precedence, at tables radiant with every variety of costly service, and loaded with (hot) soups, meats, and costly confections—the imperial party were announced and passed through in a body to the separate dining-hall provided for them at one side of the great hall—the guests rising and cheering with much enthusiasm as they passed, whether in honor of royalty or at the near prospect of supper I confess that I did not stop to inquire, though I gave my little woman's cheer with the rest!

"This imperial dining-hall, at the left, was raised a little above the main hall, and full glimpses could be caught of it through the open doors, while the supper was in progress. It was splendidly decorated with flowers, fountains over which gauze prevented undue dampness from filling the atmosphere, the flags of the different nations etc.; while it was worth something to see, for once, what are the meanings of the phrases 'plate' and 'table service,' when they apply to gold, silver-gilt, gem-incrustations and lavish splendor generally, devoted to the satisfying of royal palates. But I said that monarchs danced like other mortals: so they ate and drank, as we observed them through the open doors—with no more of dignity than the occupants of the great hall, and I fancy without keener appetite; for there is nothing better calculated to sharpen the taste than dancing, fatigue, and supper at half-past one!

"My rambling story of the Grand Ball to the Czar—and I fear it has been a dry one—is nearly over. It only

remains to say that the large number of other guests, who failed to reach the great hall, were otherwise accommodated; that after supper we were ushered into another apartment, where ices, jellies, and the most delicate of cooling confections awaited us; that dancing was resumed on return from supper, and continued until half-past three—the royal party leaving somewhat earlier, perhaps at half-past two; that again, on leaving, came the Master of Ceremonies, the accurate and yet not disagreeable formalities, the wonderful attendance, the lights, flowers, and music of entrance, the regulated crush of carriages without, even a few of the glaring and defiant faces staring into the carriages as we rolled away up the Rue Rivoli or through the Place des Pyramides.

“There! Strauss’ wonderful music of that night has already ceased; the flowers of the Tuileries have faded, the crowned heads have gone home; the flirtations then begun have borne fruit or ended; the enamel is off my face, and I wear a robe with more than four inches of waist! You have only a woman’s relation of the affair, and of the affair of the same character preceding; but I have tried to satisfy a little of the natural curiosity of my country-women who did not chance to be present; and neither to you nor to them have I any apology to offer for having possibly failed in doing my very best.”

XVII.

THE WORLD'S JEWELS IN THE BIG CASKET.

THE most sublime thing said at any or all of the ceremonies connected with the American Exhibition of 1853, was the utterance of Elihu Burritt, at the great oratorical re-opening, in which he spoke of the beautiful building as being "worthy to furnish a manger-cradle to the divine infant, Labor," and all the triumphs of art surrounding, as "gems brought from far, to bind upon its baby-brow." And perhaps it is more to that utterance than any other, that I owe the feeling, in any great industrial exhibition, that I am standing amid something sacred, because so much of the best of the human heart and brain and hand has entered into the production of its various components—that these are, indeed, the royal gems and glories of a world.

He who has visited the Great Exposition of 1867, and experienced no such feeling when looking down one of the broad circles and marking how labor has been immortalized in the very efforts made for its amelioration—has caught but a faint reflection of the lesson intended to be conveyed. To him who has learned the lesson, I think it is quite permissible that he may have indulged in another, on his own account—the thought how much is constantly wasted, of what might supply human comfort to individuals by the million, in the effort to supply a few hundreds, or at least a few thousands, with rare and unnecessary

luxuries. The world is richer for every one of the whirling spindles and revolving wheels which make possible production without the racking of so many nerves and the consumption of so much valuable time; it is the richer, too, for most of the solid products of labor, in wood, and iron, and brass, and leather, and stuffs, and mixed materials, which render so much labor unnecessary because so much has been already done; and the fund of wealth is certainly added to, the mind as well as the body needing to be supplied, by the efforts of art which enliven the brain and make the material world more beautiful—whatever may be the final verdict on those costly nothings destined to deck limb and add unnatural radiance to brow and hand. Of most of the articles in this long array, that may be said which cannot be uttered over the personality of quite all the men on earth, without a far-seeing deference to the creative will: “It is better that they exist”; and *the pride of being part of a world capable of such productions* has been no mean ingredient in the pleasure of gazing down the transverse galleries and around the great circles of the Exposition.

Of course it will not be expected that in this connection any list can be made of even the most notable objects on exhibition,—or that even the most notable of the most notable can be indicated by a mere word. The intelligent man who had spent the whole summer within the building and park, moving about briskly and making notes continually, might have done the latter, in the dry mode of a catalogue, but very little more. If a few observations find place, here, of what a single pair of eyes, not supernaturally observant, saw and noted within a few days—all possibility (and let us hope all expectation) will have been supplied. Desultory glimpses, grouped so far as convenient, but having only one settled feature—that they altogether ignore the American contributions, they being

entitled, in deference to American readers, to the justice of a separate paper.

Naturally enough, an impractical man, who scarcely knows a lever from a connecting-rod, turns at once to machinery (because it is one of his great *wonders*),—and a “peace” man of the most declared character, to warlike weapons, simply because he is not in the habit of handling them.

Oddly enough, too, the two nations toward whom France is well known to have been looking most jealously—England and Prussia—have chosen to thrust into her face, in the present instance, nearly all the “big-guns” and improved warlike machinery of the collection. Prussia’s improved fire-arms, the perfection of neatness and apparently of force, have attracted much attention in the main building; and a cannon of hers, about the size of an ordinary Croton-main, has pointed toward the centre of the building and only needed loading to be dangerous to the whole affair. Her needle-guns and other weapons have correspondingly dazzled all eyes with the completeness of their finish and the suggestions of the use which a *practically military nation* could make of them on occasion. England, meanwhile (principally in the great *annexe*), has shown Armstrongs, Whitworths and other iron monsters in profusion, with suggestive splintered targets and hints of what has been accomplished and can be accomplished again in case of necessity. Belgium, however, does not fall off from the old prestige of Liege, especially in the display of somewhat heavy but effective-looking fire-arms and army-cutlery; and France, as if daring all that other countries can send her, in peace as in war, fills up every atom of available space with such monstrosities in founding, and such an infinite variety of death-dealing implements, facile and keen-looking as the German are clumsy, (the Chassepôt rifle not forgotten), that the day of

"beating spears into pruning-hooks" does not seem appreciably near. The artillerie display has lain principally between the three nations already mentioned; though Turkey has matched either, if not over-matched all, in the display of guns, pistols, sabres, and other warlike cutlery, somewhat oriental-looking, but evidently effective, even if not many of them have the glitter of Damascus.

It is in machinery and machines, probably, that the most wonderful of all the collections has been accomplished. As might be expected, France, having the advantage of proximity, leads in this heavy detail, with mighty engines supplying motive-power to the building, with locomotives and railway-novelties of interest, with cotton and silk machines, opening the whole arcana of manufacture to the looker-on, and displaying her wealth of resources in a most profitable manner. But she has been closely followed by England, sending over many of the best heavy works of the great manufactories at London, Birmingham, Leeds, &c., and fully rivaling France in machinery devoted to cloth manufactures and the preparation of materials. In heavy and railway machineries, Belgium excels England, and in some respects even France—her locomotives and traction-engines being ponderously-powerful-looking, her railway-carriages models of taste and beauty (the European compartment system taken as the standard), and no mean rivalry established in machines specially devoted to the preparation of materials and the manufacture of silks, cottons and woollens. Austria has some excellent traction-engines, and promising railway-novelties; Bavaria, Baden and Switzerland, all make creditable railway displays; and Austria, Prussia and Sweden principally divide the credit (England being literally "nowhere," and France scarcely clutching for the palm) of exhibiting sewing-machines that look like more-or-less successful operation, all modeled, of course, on thefts from well-known American

patents, and all founded on one of the two cardinal American principles. In one regard, which may be entirely a matter of local advantage, and may depend not a little on accorded or withheld permission, France has all the while been at an immeasurable distance ahead of competition—her smaller manufacturing machinery put and kept in operation, and visitors enjoying the privilege, profitable enough to the exhibitor, as well as instructive to the looker-on, of seeing hats, coats, shoes, combs, artificial flowers, buttons, *and* the inevitable chocolate, manufactured from the raw material; while a fully-appointed working printing-press has supplied another of the peeps behind the curtain of labor, not quite so rare in industrial exhibitions. In some of the buildings in the Park, by the way, the orientals have been allowed to infringe the French monopoly, and greasy Egyptians have woven mats, made silver finger-rings from wire, and otherwise instructed eyes and depleted pockets.

In jewelry and fine ornamental work (to make a leap which suggests the packing of a carpet-bag by first putting in the boots, and then the watches) France leads, again and pronouncedly—one whole chamber (well-policed, “you bet!” as “Tommy” would say) hung in green (the best color for jewel-relief), and devoted to such a display of diamond, pearl, and other costly bijouterie, as the Count of Monte Cristo might have gazed upon in despair—such as has kept the “sea of tempestuous petticoats” (to use a favorite expression of the season) dashing dangerously around it—every device of flower, or insect, or reptile, ever shaped in gems, here so modeled and incrustated, of the rarest and costliest, with the serpents’ eyes of fire, rubies and emeralds, the drop of dew on an enameled rose-leaf a diamond, and the sprays of delicate flowers, pearls and opals and sapphires diamond-blended, that it has seemed almost impossible to avoid pausing to speculate

how much the material universe would have cost in francs, dollars, or pounds-sterling, had the Great Architect formed *his* world of insect life and floral beauty in the same lavish manner ! France certainly exhausts the graceful in shape, and the skilful in manipulation, as she “tops the infinite of” cost; though England presses her hard, in some of the collections of the great London jewelers, in one of which (I forget the name, though I think it was Jewish) I saw diamond sprays of such luxuriousness that they seemed to radiate the atmosphere of Hyde Park in the season, or the Queen’s Drawing Room; while in one jewel a single yellow diamond, of immense size, was surrounded by others, so set as to quiver and shimmer continually, with a most dazzling effect; and some of the English peeresses (the Countess Dudley among others) did what no French lady had thought of doing, and sent over her ancestral diamonds in a body, to keep up the national reputation ! As to the other continental nations—Berlin and Vienna have only been behind London and Paris in the extent of their jewelry contributions; though the truth must be told that the Prussians and Austrians both lack the art of setting to perfection, however rare the gems at their disposal, and that the Austrians, at least, seem more at home in the extensive collection of “Brummagem,” or mock jewels, which have blinded uninstructed eyes nearly as much as the costly realities. Italy, meanwhile, has not forgotten Benvenuto Cellini, or the Etruscans, as evidenced by some of her works in gold, silver, and precious stones. Russia has astonished those who only thought of her as a land of snows, furs, and the knout, by showing some exquisite productions in the precious metals, and some novelties in gem-incrusted furniture, from her own semi-precious stones, defying competition in their way; and sleepy old Holland, seldom too much admired of the fair sex, has carried them all captive by establishing a diamond-cutting laboratory in

an *annexe*, showing the whole process of shaping the gem on wheels through the friction of its own powder, and making more feminine mouths water, and more masculine pockets empty in anticipation, than almost any of the more pretentious nations.

From jewels to statuary, bronzes and carvings, is not quite so extended a leap. In marble statuary, as might have been expected, Italy has stood unrivaled and unapproachable, the different sections of the Italian department having been literally heart-aching (to the poor and covetous), with the number and excellence of products of the chisel. This paper has no mission to particularize, else might it be entirely filled with the naming of some of my own particular heart-aches that have not even the distant prospect of a cure. France has supplied many fine rival works in marble, and shamed competition by the wealth of her display of photo-sculpture (moulding in clay by a new process, about which Americans will be better instructed by and by), and she has furnished many noble specimens of the colossal in art, adorning the grounds and entrances, closely followed, and in some instances, excelled, by Belgium, to which the collection has owed some of the most striking of its ultra-colossal figures. Much of the Russian cutting in poplar-wood (for house decoration) can scarcely be named as carving, any more than as sculpture, though it has a certain rude and odd charm, undeniable when its use is considered; and that the great Northern Bear can work in other materials is evident in one chimney-piece of contrasted native marbles, excelling all others in its line and commanding universal admiration. Switzerland and Central Germany, possessors at once of the woods especially appropriate for carving, and of the contented, plodding, low-paid people requisite for the work—excel the world in their carvings in walnut and oak, from the colossal to the liliputian—from great

bears and stalwart warriors, to wondrous match-boxes and distracting paper-folders—that branch of art rapidly rising, now, to recognition among the most creditable, rare and costly. In bronzes the great German kingdoms display very excellent specimens; but there is not even a comparison to be made between them, or the works in the same material from any other country, and the matchless beauties and delicacies of the French department, in which richness of material answers to chastity of design, and the art of working in bronze, at its present height of perfection, seems literally to have reached its apotheosis. Pausing in this department and falling in love, continually, with some new object of grace and beauty—the most graceful thing in nature, the form of woman, continually renewed in the richest of material—it has been easier, I think, than ever before, to understand how much the divine ordinance debarred, when it commanded: “Thou shalt not worship any graven image.”

Swiss Geneva and Locle, English Birmingham and Liverpool, German Nuremberg, Prussian Berlin, and Austrian Vienna and Prague, all run riot, of course, in a mad competition of watches, the costliest to the cheapest, diamond-studded and enameled, to the plainest silver—and the sizes ranging from a corn-kernel to a tea-plate, but Switzerland decidedly wearing the honors; while Switzerland and Germany combine to present so many clocks, equally elegant and cheap, in carved woods, and the commoner metals, as to join hands with the French costly beauties in bronze, virtually annihilate the once-popular Yankee structure at a touch, and squeeze the traditional Yankee clock-maker out of existence.

There would seem to have been a fair understanding of the inherent indolence of mankind, among contributors to the Exposition, for no small expenditure of wealth and talent has been employed upon the costliest means of con-

veyance—the private carriage. In this department, again, France has asserted her pre-eminence, not strangely, the cost of transporting such bulky articles being considered; but with a claim to much credit for the unimpeachable taste in shape characterizing most of the carriages, and for the soberness of rich upholstery. England has followed, with vehicles highly creditable, but somewhat too ponderous for the American eye; and Belgium, Prussia and Austria have all played well their part in this regard; while from far-away Russia have come so many and such odd conveyances that the modes of transit of the Czar and his subjects remain no longer a mystery. Perhaps in no detail of the whole exhibition has the progress of human luxury been more apparent than in the general tendency to lay additional stress upon the indolent substitute for healthier equestrianism.

Close to the carriage naturally come the harness and the world-used material of which it is made—leather. Of harness, England, France, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, Russia and Holland, have all supplied most creditable collections, costly luxury being again apparent in the increasing use of plate and patent-leather; and a gratifying progress evident, with all these nations, in the eschewing of antique weight and clumsiness, and the adoption of recent inventions for giving additional freedom to the horse. In saddlery, Spain may be said to lead the van, in excellence nearly as much as in show; while Turkey supplies much that is orientally odd though valuable, and France, England and all the leading continental nations display taste and progress in this too-much-neglected branch of manufacture. As might be supposed, the three great rivals, Russia, Spain and Turkey, dwarf all opposition in the fineness and infinite variety of the far-famed “Russia-leather,” fragrant as the cedar and sandal-wood used in its preparation—the “Spanish-leather,” known

wherever the name of Cordova has reached—and the “Turkish morocco,” as inseparably connected with the *chaussure* of beauty. France, Belgium, and the German States, have made splendid shows in patent-leather, and England supplies some of the heavier fabrics in rare perfection. And while speaking of leather and its products, it may be well to say, here, that though the French and German collections of shoes are almost endless, and running through every variety of cost and excellence, yet from some of the London manufacturers there have been exhibited, made exclusively (they say) by native workmen, specimens of boot and shoe manufacture very materially excelling, both in shape and working detail, the finest of Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. Johnny Crapaud is in this instance fairly beaten on his own ground, and in a branch of manufacture in which he has before had but one rival—the Austrian.

A new language, or at least a fresh supply of adjectives, would be needed to speak of the infinite variety and splendor of the cloths, silks, velvets, worsted stuffs, and other dress material for the two sexes, with which the cases of all the leading nations have been studded. Alternately it has seemed to me, in woollen fabrics, that the French, the English and the German looms had the predominance; but one fact was patent at last—that in the soft and luxurious folds of the finer fabrics of either, judgment could be nearly as effectually smothered as physical life. To some of those soft, fleecy, white and light-colored cloths, destined to wrap the dainty forms of the fairer sex, I think that I could easily have paid adoration and commenced a new worship; while I could certainly have done so to the seas of silks and velvets of Lyons, Spitalfields and Verona. I might have found something more enduring, at the same time, in the soberer and heavier German fabrics—Prussia, Austria, Belgium and the German

States being all most creditably represented; and had I been disposed to be showily oriental, in what tawdry magnificence of cloth-of-gold-and-silver, and fine woollens showing the dyes once employed in the looms of Tyre, could I not have wrapped myself from the collections of Spain (Moorish), Turkey, Tunis and Morocco? And had I had daintier shoulders than my own to ornament, in what seas of shawls might I not have drowned myself and the "beloved object," many of the French, and some of the English and German, approaching very closely to the boasted glories of the priceless Indian and Persian fabrics so proudly challenging competition? And had I desired laces—have not the proudest triumphs of the Flemings, fortunes in a cap-full, been setting female hearts aching? And have not the French artists followed closely, and sometimes matched their exemplars? And have there not been lace productions from England and Ireland, so rich and costly that, in the event of a "non-intercourse" with all the continent, Her Grace the Duchess would not be seriously puzzled for a cobweb to envelop her plump shoulders?

But this resumé is growing, after all, to something like a catalogue of the whole exhibition: it must have an end at once, difficult as it may be to break away from glories in manufacture more wonderful even to this age than were the oriental marvels of Prester John to his. How grateful would be the task, to note the figures in the peculiar dresses of their localities, supplied by France, by Russia, by Sweden and Norway; to smack imaginary lips over the wines of uncounted names and varieties, in which France has taken the lead (joined with Algeria), with Spain, Portugal and Italy following, and the German States far in arrear; to delve into the wonderful wealth of mineral productions of Prussia, Spain, Austria, France, Italy, Turkey and England; to feel doubly assured that

the world has no near starvation before it, in the midst of the crowded cereals of France (again with Algeria), Holland, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Sweden, Russia, Italy, Turkey, Brazil, England and the British possessions in the West and the East; to make comparison between the farm-implements of all the leading nations named (many of them down at the Ile de Billancourt, in the middle of the Seine, and hopelessly out of ordinary view); to riot (not rudely) among the wilderness of porcelain, from Sevres in France to Prague in Bohemia and Uttoxeter in England and Cracow in Poland; to build ships from those models of the Austrians, the French and the Norwegians; to hear all the horns blow, all the fiddles twang and all the eight-hundred organs and pianos bang and moan; to bathe in the atmosphere of French flowers and imitations—to prolong, so far as possible, the glamour of a collection of art, industry, usefulness, extravagance and instruction, such as the world has never before known and may roll through many cycles before it duplicates the opportunity.

But here an end, except as to one detail purposely avoided up to this moment.—Pictures. Had the Exposition of '67 performed no other office for the world than educating taste in this single regard, it would still have deserved well of humanity. For within that inner circle of the great building, and in some of the *annexes* specially devoted to the same purpose, have been gathered better evidences of the world's progress in the painter's art, more beauties and fewer deformities, than ever before covered the same stupendous extent of wall-surface. The Vatican, the Louvre, Versailles, the galleries of Florence and Dresden and London may be each wonderful in their way; but they do not inclose the race in a circle, as this gathering has done, and that feature of "seeing eye to eye" has been the great necessity.

Wonderful walks, to even the moderately-instructed in art, have been those (leg-wearying enough as to distance) through the almost endless circle still clasped closest within the building as if most valuable of all. It has been no ordinary privilege to look up in succession to walls bearing pieces presented as worthy the stake of reputation, by such artists as *French* Rosa Bonheur ("Scottish Razzia," "Stags," &c.); Meissonier ("Expectation," "The Emperor at Solferino," "Campaign of France," "Cavaliers Drinking," &c.); Winterhalter (originals of the famous "Napoleon III" and "Eugénie"); Cabanel ("Birth of Venus," "Nymph and Fawn," &c.); Gérôme ("The Gladiators," "Duel after the Masquerade," "Phryne before the Tribunal," "Death of Cæsar," &c.); Rousseau ("Pass of Apremont," "Autumn," "Evening after the Rain," &c.); Bougereau; Corot ("Witches in Macbeth," "Ruins of Pierrefonds," &c.); Lambinet ("Banks of the Ivette"); D'Aubigny ("Valley" and "Village of Opteroz," "Banks of the Oise," &c.); Huet ("Equinoctial Tide at Honfleur," "Groves of Normandy," "Wood of La Haye," &c.); Merle; Courbet; Comte-Calix ("The Old Friend"); Yvon ("Taking of the Malakoff"—Versailles Gallery, and "Convoy of Wounded"); Plassan; and August Bonheur ("Souvenirs" of "the Pyrenees" and "Auvergne"); by *German* Knaus ("Shoemaker's Wife," "Peasant Girl," "Boy Shoemakers," &c.); Baron Leys ("Lancelot von Ursel," "Archduke Charles," "Publication of Edict in Antwerp," "Conference in the Reformation," &c.—principally from his great frescoes at Antwerp); Andreas and Oswald Achenbach ("Amsterdam" and "Port of Ostend" and "Rocca de Papa"); Kaulbach (colossal picture of the "Reformation," and Portraits); Piloty ("Death of Cæsar," "Before Weissenberg," "Godfrey de Bouillon," &c.); Sigismund L'Allemand; Matejiko ("Diet of Warsaw"); Bauquier; Tschaggeny; Stevens and Willems

("Visit of Marie de Medicis to Rubens," "The Armourer," "The Adieux," &c.): by *Italian* Induno ("Letter from the Camp"); Hayez ("Massacre of St. Bartholomew"); Gastaldi ("Defense of Tortona"); the Gambas ("Victor Amadeus succoring Carmagnola," and "Beach at Cheveningen"): by *Dutch* Von Schendel ("Christmas Night," "Holy Family," "Dutch Market at Night," "Angel Gabriel and Virgin," &c.); Meyer ("Coast of France," "Coast of England," &c.); and Haas ("Plains in Holland," "Before the Storm," &c.): by *Spanish* Alvarez ("Indulgences"); Gisbert ("Landing of the Pilgrims"—American, "Meeting of Francis I. and Eleanor of Austria," Portraits, &c.); and Ruiperez (*genre* pieces): by *Swedish* Hoeckert ("Fire in the Palace of Stockholm"); and Jernberg ("Bear at the Fair," "Westphalian Costumes," &c.): by *Russian* Bogoliouboff ("Naval Combat," "Bombardment of Petropaulowsky," &c.); Clodt (Landscapes); and Peroff ("Village Funeral" and "First Uniform"): and by *English* Faed ("His Only Pair"); Frith ("Claude Duval"—not equal to either his "Derby Day" or "Railway Station"); Landseer ("Shrew Tamed"); Calderon ("Her Most Noble, High and Puissant Grace"); Hunt ("Afterglow in Egypt"); Ansdell ("Treading out the Corn"); Millais ("Eve of St. Agnes," and "Romans Leaving Britain"); Davis ("Spring-Time in the Pas de Calais"); O'Neill ("Eastward Ho!"); and Sant ("The First Sense of Sorrow").

It has been no slight privilege, I repeat, to look up to walls covered with these and other works by such painters as those who have been thus hurriedly selected from the great artistic crowd—most of them living, active, working artists, not yet past their usefulness or entirely sacrificed on the altar of "dead names." Though the bulk of a feast does not always add to the enjoyment of it, it may be well to know, additionally, that of paintings and draw-

ings the French array numbers 625 ; that of Holland 169 ; that of Belgium 180 ; that of Prussia 118 ; that of Bavaria 254 ; that of Austria 140 ; that of Switzerland 167 ; that of Spain 42 ; that of Sweden and Norway 104 ; that of Russia 74 ; that of Italy 93 ; that of Egypt 26 ; that of the United States (hereafter to be noticed) 80 ; and that of Great Britain 213 ; besides those of minor states and the Orient—the whole number of pictures, exclusive of working-drawings, plans and photography, reaching the overwhelming figure of nearly twenty-five hundred—probably three-fourths in oil, and the representation of contemporary art equally extensive and satisfactory, in spite of all regretted absences and deficiencies.

With this paper, general notice of the Great Exposition finds its conclusion—a conclusion, it is to be feared, more regretted by the writer than his readers. Not even the brilliant *Distribution des Récompenses*, at the Palais d'Industrie on the first of July, can find place in the hastiest description, owing to a default for which the present writer is certainly not responsible. "Tommy" was to furnish me an account of that event, too : I do not know that I can inflict a severer punishment on the young man, if he has any feeling whatever, than by publishing to the eyes of the thousands who know or suspect his identity, precisely what he forwarded, under date 2d July, in the place of the expected "account." Here follows the curiosity, *verbatim et literatim* :—

"How are you, Gov.! Wasn't I to send you a thingam about Nappy and the other nobs distributing the prizes at the Palace of Industry where nobody never works, oh no, never no more? Don't answer, for I know that I was, now that I think of it. Sorry, old boy, but can't do it, you know—nohow! Distribution took place yesterday, but Count Bob and I had a little *affaire* last night—finished up (no, not finished up, but began to finish up) at the

Moulin Rouge ; and consequence is—things are thick this morning, about ‘this distracted globe’—you bet ! Haven’t the slightest idea what happened, except that the house was jammed fuller of people than it always is of pictures and other fineries—that everybody was there (except you and—I won’t mention the other name, for it is ‘calico’)—that old Nappy handed around crosses and medals (not himself, though—bless your innocence, no !) until I thought that they were business-cards and he was just going to set up in haberdashery—that all the people who got crosses and medals, and all their women, looked jolly, and all the others glummer than Butter Hill in a thunder-storm—that there was any quantity of show, fuss-and-feathers, brass band and noise. *I* didn’t get any Cross of the Legion, neither did *you*, though I don’t know why. No use of being *cross* about it, though ; so let’s don’t ! As for medals—you know that I *never* meddle about anything, so how could I have one of them ? High old times, though—thing of enlarged dimensions, altogether—hope that His Imperial Majesty felt better when he had got all those things off his mind and out of his pockets ! There—that is all that you are likely to get, and I hope you like it. Don’t believe that it is much of a ‘description,’ but who cares for description ? Hang descriptions ! ‘Hang’ was not the word that I wrote first, but you will see that I have crossed out the other, because the respectability of this establishment must be preserved ! *Vive la bagatelle !*—and the old gentleman with the hoofs, horns and tail catch the hindmost ! If you want anything more about the Distribution—here, I throw you in one of Count Bob’s extra cards of admission, that I hooked out of his pocket last night : publish *that* !”

A copy of the card so impudently forwarded, is sub-joined, as one more of those “bricks from the Tower of

Babel," calculated to show the size and style of the structure:—

Emperor's Eagle,
quartered on ermine;
supported by crossed
scepters and crowned.

• Exposition • Universelle • de 1867 • à • Paris •

• Commission • Impériale •

Cérémonie
de la

DISTRIBUTION • des • RÉCOMPENSES

Au Palais de l'Industrie.

Mons. le Comte Robert de —————

Stalle No. 286, Tribune H. R.

Entrée par le Grand Portail, Porte III.

En uniforme ou en frac et cravate blanche.

*Cette carte est personnelle, elle doit être conservée pour
justifier du droit à la place occupée.*

*Les Portes seront ouvertes à midi et rigoureusement
fermées à 1 heure $\frac{1}{2}$.*

It only remains to fulfill a national duty, in alluding briefly to the articles winning or failing of honor in the United States department—and then to pass to the promised “side-shows of Paris,” and to a few of the “excursions” connected with the Exposition summer.

XVIII.

AMERICA'S SHARE IN THE DIVIDED HONORS

THE fact that America (the United States absolutely claiming and filling the name) has won more solid honors per cent. in the Great Exposition, than any other country on the globe—this fact is almost too well known to need assertion. What it might have won, meanwhile, had not certain adverse influences prevented any adequate display of the resources of a country covering so wide an extent of both latitude and longitude, and notoriously taking part in nearly every species of labor, erection and manufacture known to the civilized world—this would be an idle speculation, even if an interesting one.

Several causes combined to make the American display limited in extent, late in arrival, and second-rate in opportunity. The first of these was to be found in the tardiness and niggardliness of Congress, which omitted to consider the question of appropriation for goods-transit to and personal attendance at the Exposition, when it should have been considered, haggled over names and details in such a manner as to deprive the application of all dignity and create the impression that some enormous favor was to be accorded instead of a great advertising opportunity embraced—and finally, at the thirteenth hour (not having yet fully “reconstructed” the divided nation), devoted to this great service a sum which would have been disgracefully mean for an exploring expedition to the head-waters

of Seconnet River, besides so managing as to secure the appointment to the (nominally) paid Commissionerships, of men of wealth to whom the bagatelle was no object, leaving in the unpaid ones younger, more active and generally more impecunious men, to whom even the trifle would have been somewhat welcome in *dividing the burthen*.

Such was, too notoriously, the action of a national body which used at least to make some pretence of encouraging national industry, and which can yet do so when some sectional interest is to be fostered by a tariff little else than prohibitory. The President, agreeing with the representative bodies in nothing else, agreed with it in shilly-shallying, delays, and failing to rise to the level of the occasion, and ended by vigorously selecting the wrong persons for most of the positions, and only hitting upon the fit and proper appointees (as he did in some well-known instances) through unfortunate accident.

The country, too, was singularly ill-prepared, at the decisive moment, for considering the great question of advertising itself abroad, or for acting upon that consideration when it had been held. Just emerging from the most terrible war in all history, one-third of its territory lay more or less in ruin and desolation, while unpaid accounts crippled the ability of thousands usually abundant in means and liberal in policy; at the same moment that the before-named and other incidental causes prevented there being on hand many of those tastefully-prepared articles peculiarly appropriate for sending abroad, or the rapid manufacture of them when the necessity was recognized. Add to all this, the gold premium and rate of exchange bringing every dollar spent by America or Americans in Europe, to nearly one-and-a-half dollars in cost at home—the distance and cost of transportation, under the most favorable circumstances—the still-lingering

ill-feeling against the exhibitionary nation, well understood to have been among the most anxious for our dismemberment—the fears for the peace of Europe, rendering a shade doubtful the early return of what might be sent over at so much cost and trouble,—and some intelligent idea may be formed of the obstacles lying in the way of a representation of American products at Paris, worthy of the land and people.

That signal failure has not been the result, may be set down principally to the credit of most American inventions being of that practical order which compels recognition under every disadvantage—to the energy of a few moved by public spirit, and a few more by that rational commercial spirit which recognizes great opportunities—and to a combination of the sacred and profane adages: “The last shall be first,” and “A fool for luck!” America has contributed enough to the great gathering, to make Americans proud of her, and yet only enough to induce continual regrets, such as one feels at an assembly where Jane, Susan and Maria are splendidly companionable, but the thought *will* come up: “Oh, if Matilda were only here!” To be pleased, and say: “What has America not done!” has only sharpened the thought: “What *might* America not have done!”—to see what American inventors and manufacturers have exhibited, has been followed by continual reminders of absence, and the half-muttered exclamation: “Why the deuce did not —, and —, and—, who might each have made such displays in their line, and who had time enough and wealth enough to devote to aiding the national reputation and advertising themselves, come here and double or triple all this, like-good fellows!” Something more of this in due time, when the articles actually on exhibition shall have been noticed and “honors counted.”

It may be well to record, as a matter of historical recol-

lection, the names of the originally-appointed United States Commissioners (paid and unpaid), the General Agent, the State Commissioners (rather fifth-wheel-to-a-coach-y, as they were most of them equally unnecessary and unrecognized), and a few prominent citizens, most of them not abroad at all, who acted on the Advisory Committees with reference to admissions of articles.

Commissioner General.—N. M. Beckwith, Paris.

General American Agent.—J. C. Derby, United States Dispatch Agent, New York.

Ten Paid Commissioners.—Samuel B. Ruggles, New York; James H. Bowen, Chicago, Illinois; H. F. Q. D'Aligny, Houghton, Michigan; William Slade, Ohio; John P. Kennedy, Baltimore, Maryland; J. Lawrence Smith, Louisville, Ky.; Prof. J. P. Lesley, Philadelphia; F. A. P. Barnard (President Columbia College), New York; Abram S. Hewitt, New York; Paran Stevens, New York.

Unpaid Commissioners.—Alexander T. Stewart, New York; Jacob R. Freese, Trenton, New Jersey; Charles B. Norton, New York; William J. Valentine, London; Thomas W. Evans, M. D., Paris; William A. Adams, Cincinnati, Ohio; Frank Leslie, New York; James Archer, St. Louis, Mo.; Enoch R. Mudge, Boston; William A. Budd, New York; Charles B. Seymour, New York; Francis McIlvaine, Philadelphia; O. F. Winchester, New Haven, Conn.; Charles R. Goodwin, Paris; D. M. Leatherman, Tennessee; Cornelius K. Garrison, New York; Robert Birney, New York; Lorenzo D. McSweat, Portland, Maine; J. Le Conte, Philadelphia.

State Commissioners.—Maine, C. A. Shaw; Connecticut, P. T. Barnum; New York, A. Barbey; Pennsylvania, T. O'Connor; Illinois, J. P. Reynolds; Indiana, J. A. Wilstach; Iowa, J. M. Shaffer; Missouri, J. L. Butler; Louisiana, Edwin Gottheil; West Virginia, J. H. Diss De-

bar; Alabama, Henry Haines; Massachusetts, J. M. Usher; California, W. P. Blake; Georgia, Charlton Way.

Advisory Committeemen (on different groups, and with others).—William J. Hoppin, Prof. John W. Draper, S. B. Mills, Robert L. Stuart, Shepherd Gandy, J. F. Kensett, John Taylor Johnson, Marshall O. Roberts, R. M. Olyphant, Charles P. Daly, Jonathan Sturges, R. M. Knoedler, W. B. Duncan, Marcus Spring, Henry W. Derby, Genl. John A. Dix, Cyrus Butler, R. M. Hoe, R. P. Parrott, W. T. Blodgett, A. M. Cozzens.

It need scarcely be said that there were too many Commissioners in proportion to the number of articles forwarded ("Tommy" said that when the goods and the Commissioners arrived they reminded him of the "Foreign Legion," recruiting at Staten Island at the commencement of the rebellion, which had twenty-seven officers and one private, until they killed the latter by attempting to form him into a "hollow square!") And there is not much more occasion of remarking that some of them, with the loudest names, were a combination of lay-figure and death's-head, doing no good whatever and acting rather as hindrances, while upon other and less pretentious shoulders devolved the work necessary to bring order out of chaos and make a great national collection out of a shamefully diminutive one. General Commissioner Beckwith was the best abused American living, at one time (always excepting James Buchanan and Andrew Johnson), and Agent Derby received his share of the anathemas; but it is just possible that opinions have materially changed in both regards. At all events it was found, when all had been arranged, that something rather creditable than the reverse had been blundered into if not exactly planned; and, so much discovered, it only remained that the proper amount of special visits should be paid by

Americans to the American department and its appendages—the prizes duly fought for, appropriated and *bragged over*. A miserable nation it would have been, indeed, that did less than the latter; for

“Lives there a man with soul so dead
He never to himself hath said,”

when imbibing at the American Bar,

“This [whisky] is [a part of] my own, my native land!”

And what was the use of sending over our pianos, if they did not bang and pound some additional respect for us into the ears and consciences of Europe?—what of our soda-fountains, if their contents did not go “to the head,” to our advantage, with all participants?—what of our mowing-machines, if they did not sweep away all opponents as a Hussey or a McCormick levels standing grain?—or of our locomotives if they did not become Cars of Juggernaut to crush the requisite quantity of victims in their onward progress?

Perhaps the *American Fourth of July in Paris* (as that of 1867 is very likely to be remembered) could more properly have been spoken of in connection with the “eagle’s brood” than thus late; but it has something to do with our “honors,” so let the brief word fall into its accidental place.

Who, of non-resident Americans present in Paris on that Independence Day, I wonder, will forget how they listened at early morning, to hear the sunrise cannon, the bells and the detonation of juvenile powder—and missing them, how they strained their mental ears to think that they could catch some echo from the jubilant cannon and bells and boyish squibs of home? Who will not remember the taking off of hats, that day, to the Old Flag that floated over the American *annexe*—the gathering around the home-made engines and reapers and sewing-machines and

street-cars, and especially by that old ambulance grimy and broken with the long campaigns of McClellan and Grant and Sherman and bearing the names of so many sadly glorious fields,—the hands that clasped, the eyes that moistened, the tendernesses of home and the dear home-land that seemed that day to breathe in every breath and spring up beneath every footstep? Who will not remember the sorrow which overspread all at the announcement, that day, of the death of Maximilian, which threw the French court into mourning, made fêtes taboo and prevented the attendance of General Dix and the other officials of our legation, at the Grand Hotel Dinner,—but how Fetridge of the guide-books, and Fletcher Harper of books of all kinds, and Ruggles of the Financial Congress, and Dan Mason, and a dozen or two of others equally patriotic, toiled sturdily to make the occasion still a memorable one, in spite of the F——'s who would not join such a gathering because it failed to be copperhead enough, not to say rebel enough,—and the G——'s who wouldn't be caught—not they!—in going to a public dinner in other array than a dress coat! Who (of the lucky three or four hundred) will not remember how pleasant it was, that night, to see home-faces (and especially the fair women of home) around the tables in that regal Saloon of the Zodiac—to hear the dear old home-speech as a rule and not an exception, even if the waiters were stupidly non-English-speaking and we found the constant necessity of shifting suddenly from: “Oh yes, Walter is all right—I saw him on Broadway only the day before I left; but I say—isn't his sister Isabella a beauty!” to orders for “*petites caisses de foies gras Périgueux*” and “*côtelettes de pré-salé aux petits-pois*” and “*haricots verts à la Française*.” How like many of the humdrum things of home it was, to see well-meaning, mercantile old James Milliken presiding, half the time vigorously calling out the wrong people, and all the

time prefacing the call with some remark that put the rising speaker to the blush. How painful it was to see the length to which party could go in murdering nationality—guests, calling themselves Americans, refusing to *rise* or drink the toast to “The President of the United States!” because, forsooth, a man whom they personally disliked happened to fill the Presidential chair! How some of the severely respectable among the speakers managed to turn the festivity into solemnity, for the moment, with words of the very highest value *for some other time and place than a Fourth of July dinner at the Grand Hotel*; how Curtin thrilled us with patriotic recollections, and Forney made us look twice to see if that gray-headed and calm-spoken man could be the hot-brain of old, and Dan Dougherty “set the table in a roar,” with his account of the facilities enjoyed by Americans for buying hats in Paris. But how over all and through all, the old flag seemed to be waving and the eagle looking down with his smile of fierce approval, and the Saloon of the Zodiac, for the time, as much a part of America as ever had been Independence Hall or the old “Cradle of Liberty.”

This “national event” thus briefly referred to, let the more legitimate business of the present paper be pursued, in hastily noting the features in American art, invention and manufacture, conferring honor on the nation, whether or not they won the recognition of cross or medal. And something of a very negative character in the latter regard naturally comes first in order.

In hastily glancing at the picture-gallery of the Exposition, the American pictures were purposely left unmentioned, because they demanded the justice of mention at greater length than was there possible. Had a jury of the Exposition been writing, there is every probability that the later as well as the earlier mention would have been avoided; for certainly *so much of collective merit was*

never before met with such total want of appreciation by any pretendedly-judicial body on earth.

The American contribution of pictures has reflected the very highest credit upon the country whence it emanated, and not even the stupidity or unfairness of a jury can invalidate the fact in the public mind. Let us see what were the works by favorite artists forming leading features, and inquire what other nation could be entitled to sweep *all* the honors away from it. Something, of course, must be allowed for local feeling and local knowledge of subjects treated; but even making allowance for that prejudice, if we are not a nation of ignoramuses in all that pertains to art—worshippers of daubs because they chance to be our own—it cannot be possible that we have built entirely without foundation when we reared a structure of national pride, on—

Beard's "Dancing Bears," Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," Casilear's "Plains of Genesee," Church's "Niagara" and "Rainy Season in the Tropics," Durand's "In the Wood," Elliott's "Fletcher Harper," Gignoux's "Mount Washington," Henry Peters Gray's "Apple of Discord," Hubbard's "Adirondacks," Huntington's "Republican Court," Eastman Johnson's "Old Kentucky Home," "Violin Player," and "Sunday Morning;" Kensett's "Lake George in Autumn," "Opening in the White Mountains," and "Morning on the Coast of Massachusetts;" Leutze's "Mary Stuart Hearing Mass," Weir's "Gun Foundry," Edwin White's "Recollections of Siberia," MacEntee's "End of October" and "Autumn in the Woods of Asshokan," Mignot's "Sources of the Susquehanna," James M. Hart's "Connecticut River," Gifford's "Twilight on Mount Hunter," Healy's "General Sherman," Winslow Homer's "Confederate Prisoners," W. M. Hunt's "Italian Boys," Geo. Inness's "Sunset in America," Lambdin's "Last Sleep," May's "Lear and Cordelia," Moran's

"Autumn in Pennsylvania," W. F. Richards's "Foggy Day at Nantucket," Whittridge's "Coast of Rhode Island," and Geo. A. Baker's two "Portraits."

Thirty-six pictures are named in the foregoing selection from the seventy-five oil paintings exhibited; and to them may be added, under the head of "drawings," a spirited "Cavalry Charge at Fredericksburg," by Darley, and a characteristic "Wounded Drummer," by Eastman Johnson. Of the remaining works in oil, if few or none rise to the level of the pictures named, there is, at least, not one absolutely discreditable, and scarcely one that would not command warm admiration if removed into less dangerous neighborhood. And of that thirty-six—how many hearts have they filled with pleasure equally warm and intelligent—how have some of them become synonyms for excellence in their line, with sterner critics than compatriots may always choose to be. How has Beard's "Dancing Bears" joined with his "March of Silenus" and his "Grimalkin's Dream," to stamp him as the first delineator of humanity in animals, of any age? and Church's "Niagara" literally thrown all other renderings of the Great Fall out of memory, from its blended excellence of points of view, color and management? and Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains" absolutely opened a new world in art, fascinating beyond comparison, even if a little reckless and unreal? and Eastman Johnson's "Old Kentucky Home" become a household word as the very best type of the picturesque slave-decline, now finally passed away? and Weir's "Gun Foundry" taken rank with the very finest efforts of the Dusseldorf school in its wonderful management of varying lights, besides displaying intense realism and most accurate observation? and Gifford's "Twilight," with that star seeming to burn like living fire in the intense blue, been owned the very idealization of nightfall on the romantic Catskills? and Kensett's

"Lake George" won the palm as the purest of all delineations of oft-painted Horicon in its sweetest hour of Autumn repose? and Huntington's "Republican Court" been held a historical painting of marked value, as well as an artistic triumph under serious difficulties, in grouping and costume? and Durand in landscape and Elliott in portraiture long ago been admitted to that eclectic pantheon from which the worthily-welcomed "go no more out forever?"

It was not—(perish the tongue and pen that would make such an assertion)—national prejudice alone, or even principally, making the thousands of intelligent Americans who walked through the crowded galleries of the Exposition, well content with the works of their own artists—ay, proud of them, in the face of all Europe, and when they saw them brought into comparison with many of the best works of the age in all lands. It was cultured pride in the talent as well as the nationality of the painters which made the breath come a little thick, and the throat swell a trifle chokingly, so often, when these recalled the unpretending and comparatively nameless galleries of the New World. And let it be said, once for all, that whatever may be the fact in historical, figure and *genre* painting—branches of art to which too few of our native artists have yet been wise enough to turn their keen faculty of observation—nothing in the Exposition has invalidated the claim some time since made by the country, and more than half admitted by the world—that *in the field of contemporary landscape-painting, America is at the present moment pre-eminent among the nations, and with a fair prospect of soon becoming unapproachable.*

There have been seriously-regretted absences, of course, in the American art department, as in all others. Something of Sonntag's, showing his wonderful management of mist on river scenery, should have found place. So of Nast, some of whose battle-sketches and caricatures, at

least, should have shown the work of our very best designer, after Darley if not beside him. So of J. G. Brown, confessedly the very best of our pure *genre* painters. So of George L. Brown, some of whose coast-scenes would make him national, or even cosmopolitan, if he had not become exclusively wedded to Boston. So of Addison Richards, some of whose pieces of charming elaboration in foliage are worth the study even of Europe. So of Constant Mayer, whose "Love's Melancholy" should have gone over, at any sacrifice, to show Frenchmen how deftly their countrymen paint in a purer and better atmosphere, retaining, meanwhile, their best recollections of home. Yet of what use, indeed, would all this have been, in the face of the evident determination to prove that the pictorial art of all the world centred on the European continent—that "American savages" daubed instead of painting?

It is almost idle, in conclusion of this branch of national examination, to say a word of our exhibition of sculpture—a mere drop in the widest of oceans, in the midst of the overwhelming collections of the older nations, and not remarkably creditable even in comparison with its extent. Ward's forcible "Indian Hunter" has been the best as well as the largest work in the trifling array; while Rogers's groups of statuettes have been almost too local for cosmopolitan understanding; Miss Hosmer's "Fawns" have given little indication of the power really existing in the sculptor of "Zenobia;" Launt Thompson long ago promised better things than he has fulfilled in either his "Napoleon" or his "bust of Bryant"—both creditable and nothing more; and Volk, representative of the West, if he has faithfully moulded our late lamented Chief Magistrate has certainly not caught him in the happiest of moments. The best of our sculptors (and we are not rich, nationally, in the array) too much lack scope and purpose, are too busy and too much European at Rome or Florence, or too intent on finishing

fat-jobs of public-ground monuments, to make much of a figure in the midst of sculpture-gemmed and sculpture-growing Europe.

But enough of American art abroad—meritorious or the reverse—appreciated or unappreciated: a much more varied review of objects contributing to the “honors” we have won or deserved, must have place in a concluding paper.

XIX.

AMERICA'S SHARE IN THE DIVIDED HONORS.

SECOND PAPER.

IN speaking, with unavoidable brevity, of so many of the quarter-of-a-thousand prizes achieved by America at the Exposition as seem to bear most strongly on the national honor—some attempt at classification is necessary, and yet by no means that of the Commission in the official catalogue and report of awards. And it is only fair to premise that the list would have been much larger, but for hindrances which left many articles at Havre when they should have been safely housed in the Exposition Building and enrolled in the catalogue.

NATIONAL AND STATE COLLECTIONS.

Sanitary Commission of the United States, for collection of material, used in service during the war of 1861—grand prize.

Remarks.—An honor well deserved, as the collection reflected credit upon every American, and awoke much national pride, in spite of the fact that we had suffered something too much of the Sanitary Commission business before the close of the struggle. In connection with this, it should be remarked that there was also an interesting exhibition of ambulances, &c., by the Quartermaster's Department, but for some cause placed "*hors concours*," and not reckoned as in competition.

State of Illinois, for primary school-house, silver medal.

Remarks.—With reference to this building, in the park, enough has been already said in another connection.

Bureau of Agriculture, Washington, for collection of grains and seeds—bronze medal.

State of California, for collection of grains—silver medal.

State of Wisconsin, for do.—bronze medal.

State of Kansas, for do.—bronze medal.

State of Illinois, for do.—bronze medal.

State of Ohio, for do.—bronze medal.

State of Minnesota, for do.—honorable mention.

State of Iowa, for do.—honorable mention.

Remarks.—For the second, if not the first, grain-growing country in the world, America did not cover herself with honor in her cereals, in the face of the immense and most excellent collections of France, Russia, Belgium, Italy, &c. Our collections were neither large in extent nor arranged for favorable view. One exception, however, is to be made: the California wheat demanded attention for its size, plumpness, and fine color,—and received it.

State of Alabama, for short staple cotton—honorable mention.

State of Pennsylvania, for anthracite coal—bronze medal.

State of Wisconsin, for collection of minerals—bronze medal.

State of Illinois, for collection of minerals—silver medal.

Remarks.—In that detail which only a few years ago was believed powerful enough to rule the world,—*cotton*,—the feeble exhibition made this season was a melancholy mark of our decadence. A little from Alabama, under State patronage; less from Louisiana, through private enterprise; and that was all. "Cotton" may be "king" again, but not for *us*—the truth is painfully evident. Of coal, the Pennsylvania collection was about one-tenth what it should have been, and received no justice in the award. There were some fine leads in the Illinois collection, and some fine leads and coppers in that of Wisconsin. And no more appropriate place than this could be found to say that in minerals, generally, America martyred her wonderful chances—that the gold and silver specimens from California, Colorado, Idaho, &c., sent by private parties, though meritorious enough in quality, have rather damaged than benefited us in the minds of Europeans, by failing to convey any idea of our wonderful resources in minerals, or any suspicion what we could and should have done if making an earnest competition for a palm worth winning.

FINE ARTS.

Frederick E. Church, New York (second prize), for oil painting—silver medal.

Remarks.—The general injustice done to American artists has before been spoken of. The medal to Mr. Church, for "Niagara," which should have been a first instead of a second class, was no better deserved than corresponding recognition would have been by Bierstadt, for the "Rocky Mountains;" Elliot, for his portraits; Beard, for his "Dancing Bears;" Eastman Johnson, for his "Old Kentucky Home;" and others whose names will be recalled from the list previously given.

PROMOTION OF HUMAN GOOD.

Cyrus W. Field, New York, as promoter of the system of ocean telegraphy, and in connection with the Anglo-American companies—gold medal.

Dr. F. W. Evans, Paris, for articles connected with the American Sanitary Commission, and in conjunction with that commission—gold medal.

Prof. Hughes, Kentucky, for printing telegraph—gold medal.

Dr. Jackson, for discovery of emery in America—bronze medal.

Dr. J. K. Barnes, Surgeon-General, U. S. A., for material of the military hospitals of the United States—silver medal.

Remarks.—With reference to the propriety of the first two awards named there can be no question, Mr. Field having actually bridged the gulf between the impossible and the possible, by forcing forward an enterprise which might have lingered for a quarter of a century longer without him; and Dr. Evans being entitled to the highest credit for his Sanitary Commission labors, and the preparation of a collection reflecting pride upon every American. Opinions differ widely as to the actual advance in telegraphic knowledge and practicality, consequent upon the ideas of Prof. Hughes. If the "Dr. Jackson," as supposed, is Dr. Charles T. Jackson, the geologist, of Boston, the bronze medal is but a small addition to the Cross of the Legion already for many years worn by him. Dr. Barnes's surgical services to the army are too well known to make even a reminder of the propriety of his award necessary.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Steinway & Sons, New York, for grand, square, and upright pianos—first gold medal.

Remarks.—If America has failed to embrace some of her best opportunities, and been unjustly treated in others, she has certainly both won and deserved honor in a detail in which Europe might have been supposed to possess all the advantages of age and higher luxury. That American musical-instrument manufacturers should sweep away the first prizes for the construction of the most difficult of instruments, with all Europe in competition, may well have astonished that large section of the world known as "outsiders;" but it can scarcely have produced a similar effect either upon those who haunted the Great Exposition Building very closely during the summer, or those who have been familiar with the course of piano-manufacture in this country. For many years, as is well known, the lucky winners of this first prize have been adding invention after invention to the previous knowledge of the craft, the greatest of the great problems being, always, improvement of *materials* with reference to the trying American climate, and improvement of *application* for the production of round, resonant, and well-sustained sound. Probably it was quite as much owing to the former as the latter, that the Steinway grands, unimpaired by removal, sea-air, or change of climate, constantly rolled such volumes of melodious sound through the Exposition Building, that crowds pressed around them as if they had supplied an entirely new feature in musical construction—that Felicien David (who can forget the *maestro* David's playing his own "Desert" more than half through, one afternoon, to an enraptured crowd?) and Marmontel, and Mortier de Fontaine, and Alfred Jaell, and Wieniawski, and a hundred other musical lights went half-mad over them—and that they swept the jury off their feet as if their waves of sound had been literal waves of water. No prize, of all the distribution, was better deserved than that of the Messrs. Steinway; and none, probably, excites less jealousy, even if it should happen to be true that one of the two only medals of the same rank awarded to any European house, was awarded by special order of the Emperor, and *without the piano contributed by that house being either tried or even unlocked!*

Chickering & Sons, New York and Boston, for pianos—gold medal.

F. C. Chickering, Boston, Cross of the Legion of Honor, as distinguished foreign citizen and mechanician.

Mason & Hamlin, New York, for cabinet organs and harmoniums—silver medal.

Remarks.—Another honor most richly deserved, though the medal might have been gold without injury to the cause of justice. Mason & Hamlin, in whose favor, as receivers of first honors at home, all the other American manufacturers withdrew, sent over their ordinary instruments, without extra finish or preparation, and won one of the three grand prizes awarded to this class of instruments,—the two others being taken by Müstel, of Paris, and Trayser, of Stuttgart. It is a well-understood fact, in Paris, that the Alexandre prize was awarded to him as a pet of the Emperor's in the *Magasin Reunis*, and really without any reference to his organs. The Mason & Hamlin organs were a marked feature in the Exposition, winning European acknowledgment of the roundness and fullness of their tone, and the compact beauty and excellence of their model,—reflecting honor on the country, and well deserving their first-class recognition.

J. Gemunder, New York, for stringed instruments—bronze medal.

L. Schrieber, New York, for brass wind-instruments—bronze medal.

STEAM ENGINES AND MACHINERY.

Grant Locomotive Works, Paterson, New Jersey, for locomotive "America"—gold medal.

Remarks.—An award eminently satisfactory, especially to the thousands of Americans who gathered round the splendid engine, on the Fourth of July and so many other days, and marked its massive weight, matchless grace, perfect finish, and evidence of wonderful power. It ennobled the shabby American *annexe*, from the moment of entering; it completed the triumph of American rolling-stock over European; and the American people owe Grant another medal, if he is not satisfied with the present one, for giving them so fair an object of legitimate pride and boast. It would be pleasant to believe that the European engine-builders may have learned something from it, in the way of combining power and beauty; but that might be too much to hope!

Corliss Steam-Engine Company, Providence, for stationary engine—gold medal.

Remarks.—An elaborately finished engine, attracting much attention throughout all the exhibition, for the quiet force of its movement, which some one designated as "working as gently as an infant's breathing,

while it carried a power mighty enough to unsettle a pyramid;" and the award only indorses the previous standing of the engine-builders, literally at the head of that important branch of motor-construction.

J. B. Root, New York, for rotary (trunk) engine—bronze medal.

Remarks.—The story of this award is somewhat curious. Mr. Bacon, of the Boston cracker-bakery, carried over an ordinary Root Trunk Engine, of small size, to run his machinery, its entire want of ornamentation making it literally more ordinary-looking than those commonly in store. It was not thought of as in competition; but its obvious lightness, compactness, economy of space and fuel, and matchless fitness for manufacturing purposes, carried the visitors captive, and forced the jury into awarding a medal that had never been asked for! In some regards this testimonial to the Root Engine is the very highest of all the awards of the Exposition; but the hundreds of houses in New York and elsewhere, that employ this motor, will feel no surprise at the event.

There is a regret, however, connected with the presence of this engine. The Root Tubular Boiler should have been with it, and there is no question whatever that a gold medal would have been the result. For really a boiler that cannot explode; that can be made larger at will, using all the previous material; that can be taken apart and packed in hundred-pound pieces, to carry over a plain or up a mountain; that takes little space, and can be examined as to any place of defect in a moment—such an anomaly as this (and all this is the Root Boiler) might have astonished even Johnny Crapaud, who does not astonish easily.

Awards also in this department to W. B. Douglas, Conn., for pumps; to L. H. Olmsted, Conn., for pulleys; to Pickering & Davis, New York, for spring steam-engine governor; to Howe Scale Co., Vt., for scales; to Andrews & Bros., New York, for oscillating engine; to H. C. Dart, for rotary engine; to Clark Fire-Damper Company, and American Steam-Gauge Company, for steam-registers; to J. Dwight & Co., for steam-pump; to Hicks Engine Company, New York, for engine; to F. S. Pease, Buffalo, for petroleum-pump; to J. A. Robinson, New York, for Ericsson hot-air engine; to Sellers & Co., Phila., for tool-

machine; to Brown & Sharpe, Providence, for spinning-machine; to Wickersham & Co., for nail-machine; to I. Gregg, Philadelphia, for brick-machine; to Harris & Co., Springfield, for lathes, &c., &c.; and to

Fairbanks & Co., New York, and St. Johnsbury, Vt., for scales and railway scales—silver medal and bronze medal.

Remarks.—Apart from the standard character of the Fairbanks scales, and the attention which they attracted in the American *annexe*, this award would have been well made, if only to mark appreciation of a firm who have raised the business of scale-manufacture from comparative nothing to one of the largest in the Union or elsewhere—at the same time that they have contributed so largely to that great desideratum for the whole mercantile world: *Reliable weights and measures*.

C. H. McCormick, Chicago, for reaping and mowing machines—gold medal.

Walter A. Wood, Hoosic Falls, New York, for mowing and reaping machines—gold medal.

J. G. Perry, Kingston, for Mowing-Machines—bronze medal.

SEWING AND BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES.

Howe Machine Company, New York, for sewing-machines—gold medal. To Elias Howe, Jr., as promoter of manufacture of sewing-machines—Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Remarks.—This double-first honor to the Howe machine and its proprietor, not only tallied with the universal indorsement at the Exposition, for its perfection of work and action, but came with a peculiar appropriateness to the last days of Mr. Howe, who, since that award, has already laid aside the red ribbon and gone to his rest, after nearly a quarter of a century of later life devoted to the invention and perfection of the machine bearing his name, and thus leading the list of American sewing-machines, at home and abroad.

Florence Sewing-Machine Company, New York, for family sewing-machines—silver medal.

Remarks.—Another award eminently well deserved, all observation at the Exposition and elsewhere demonstrating that, as a reliable, effective family sewing-machine, the Florence is destined to take continually higher rank, and fill a place otherwise left vacant.

Weed Sewing-Machine Company, New York, for sewing-machines—silver medal.

Empire Sewing-Machine Company, New York, for sewing-machines—honorable mention.

A. B. Howe, New York, for sewing-machines—bronze medal.

Wheeler & Wilson, New York, for button-hole machines—gold medal.

A. J. House, New York (house of Wheeler & Wilson), as co-operator in button-hole machine invention—bronze medal.

A. H. House, New York (house of Wheeler & Wilson), as do., do.

Remarks.—Very high appreciation of the Wheeler & Wilson button-hole machine (which is understood to owe much of its success to one of the working-proprietors, Mr. A. G. Seaman, formerly connected with the Superintendency of Public Printing, at Washington) was shown by the jury in conferring upon both the Brothers House, the sole inventors, medals of honor as co-operators. The truth is, that if aristocratic Europe is "above buttons," it is not above *button-holes*; and that this little American invention, which does so well what most persons so much dislike to do by hand, and what so large a proportion do so badly, still retains its charm of novelty to the mechanicians of the Old World, who have not yet found time to "appropriate" it in so-called "inventions" of their own, as they have unscrupulously done with every form and pattern of the American sewing-machine—with the most ludicrous of artistic effects, however.

American Button-Hole Company, Philadelphia, for button-hole machines—silver medal.

Union Button-Hole and Embroidery Company, Boston, for button-hole machines—bronze medal.

Bartram & Fenton Company, Danbury, for button-hole machines—bronze medal.

Hinkley Knitting-Machine Company, Bath, Maine, for knitting-machines—bronze medal.

Remarks.—A very ingenious little machine, with a single needle, great

simplicity and rapidity, and a prospect that it will at no distant day drive the old grandmother from her needles, and revolutionize the whole system of "knitting sale-socks."

MISCELLANEOUS.

John Stephenson, New York, for street-railway carriage (car)—honorable mention.

Remarks.—There is a brief story attached to the Stephenson car, too. One of the handsomest things of its class ever built, even by this manufacturer, who supplies America, Europe, Asia and the islands of the sea, —designed for the Calcutta Railway and stranded in the wreck of the Calcutta Bank,—it attracted wonderful attention in the American *annexe*, and reminded more people of the missing loves and delights of home than almost any thing else in the exhibition. It would have taken a gold medal, beyond a doubt, in recognition of its own perfection, and the claims of by far the best builder of street-cars and omnibuses on either continent—but for the little difficulty that *half the people of Europe, from whom the juries came, know nothing of what a street car is, and the other half hate and fear the whole idea of laying rails in city streets.*

Wood Brothers, New York, for phaeton—silver medal.

Hall & Sons, Boston, for carriages—silver medal.

Remarks.—More scope for fault-finding. Two or three carriages, well-enough in their way, but such an apology for a "display" as seemed little less than a farce. We *have* a carriage-maker in America, whose splendid vehicles whirl almost as continuously through the parks of London, Paris, and Vienna, as through our own at home. The question is for Brewster of Broome Street (now just occupying his magnificent new repository at Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street)—Why were not a cloud of those light, elegant and perfectly-appointed carriages, the very ideal of combined strength, taste, and finish, sent over to add to the national prestige, and show Europeans that we know how to ride as well as walk? Mr. Brewster, son and scion of *the* Brewster, and admittedly first of American carriage-builders, must do better next time, or explain the reason why he does not!

Farrell & Sherring, New York, for safes ("*coffres forts*")—bronze medal.

Remarks.—Even anxious inquiry has failed to discover the locality of the above bronze-medalists, named in the official report; but the truth is that, as Mr. Toots might say, it is of no consequence. The American

display of safes, which might so easily have been a fine one (for we *have* first-class safe-makers), really amounted to nothing in the face of the splendid English, Austrian, Prussian, Belgian, &c. Better luck, following more creditable things, next time.

L. M. Rutherford, New York, for astronomical photographs—silver medal. Watkins, San Francisco, landscapes, bronze do. S. Beer, New York, stereoscopic proofs, do. Willard & Co., New York, objectives, do.

Remarks.—Such is the beggarly account of photographic prizes taken, and nothing better deserved, by a nation which really furnishes the best photography yet achieved; and there should be some means of severely punishing the defaulters. To-day, in all the higher walks of portraiture, both Gurney and Brady, of New York, are the superiors of Nadar and Thibault, of Paris; the cards and imperials of celebrities and “the people,” coming from the studio of the former, and the similar work and national collection of the latter, are artistic features in the city and the land, as well as the clearest and purest untouched-work known to the art; and during this very Exposition, some of the cards issued by Jordan from his unpretending *atelier*, in Greenwich Street, have posed more than one of the Parisian photographers to find their equal. *American portrait photography to-day leads the world*: what a shame that its high-priests should have allowed the honors to fail from the lack of respectable contestants! The blame lies principally with Gurney and Brady, the former of whom was probably too busy joining Fabronius in chromo-lithing, and the latter in catching and fixing all the generals and statesmen, to have time for the obvious duty laid upon them by the Exposition.

C. G. Gunther & Sons, New York, for display of furs—silver medal.

Remarks.—A well-deserved premium, for one of the most creditable, varied, and pleasing displays in the Exposition, emanating, too, from a firm who have been for nearly half a century elevating American furriery to its present height, and who are to-day (what not all who know them suspect) the very largest fur-dealers and furriers in the world, as well as the purveyors of fashion, nobility, and even *royalty*. There seemed half a menagerie of stuffed bears, wolves, and foxes, in their corner; and the rich robes and ladies' furs—how some of us will remember that warm collection when the winter wind nips a little more closely!

Tiffany & Co., New York, for silver ware—bronze medal.

Remarks.—The very creditable display of this house was headed by a splendid model in solid silver, some two and a half feet high, of the Crawford Statue crowning the Capitol at Washington; accompanied by two exquisite models in silver, well remembered by New Yorkers, of the Sound-steamer "Commonwealth" and the steamship "Vanderbilt;" and supplemented by an excellent collection of rich table-ware, from the shelves and not made for the occasion. But even this display, so pleasing to American eyes, will no doubt be far surpassed at that early day when the diamonds, precious stones, and rich plate flash from the new building that is to supplant the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square.

"HORS CONCOURS."

Ingersoll's life-boat ship "Red, White, and Blue," and—every thing else!

Remarks.—Space fails; and not even the justice of respectable mention can be given to Dr. Howe's Books for the Blind; Duffield's Hams; Brown and Level's Boat-Hoisting apparatus; Daboll's Fog-Trumpet; Smith's Ales; Burt's Shoes; Bacon's Cracker Bakery; Day's India Rubber; Colt's, Smith & Wesson's, Remington's, Providence, Windsor, and other Fire-Arms; Gail Borden's Condensed Meats; Tieman's Surgical Instruments; the California and Ohio Wines; the Canned Fruits from New Orleans and New York; Chapin's Rotary Bridge; Gregg's Brick Machine; Goodell's Apple-Parers; the Agricultural Products of (New Jersey) Vineland; Appleton's and Houghton's Books; White's and Allen's Artificial Teeth; Selpho's Legs; Cummings' Hospital Wagon; Bond's Astronomical Clocks and Instruments; the Charts of the Hydrographic Bureau; Howell's Paper Hangings; Tucker's Iron Bronzes; Wright's Perfumery; Collins' Axes; the New York Mills Cotton Goods; the Webster and Mission Woolens; the Williams Silks; the Washington Shawls; the Tobaccos of New Orleans, Virginia, and New York; Pease's Petroleum Oils; the Belmont Parafines; Wells' Type-Dresser; Degener's Printing Presses; the American Soda Fountains—not to these, nor any other of the hundred remaining objects, all of which filled up some space for the jealous eye of the American abroad, and added to the roll of his national honors.

Then, what could we not have done—once more!—even in splendors once entirely European? We have reached that pitch of luxury in which we have "parlors," now, instead of vulgar "shops;" and in one

of them—that of Stevens, on Union Square—glitter through the plate-glass windows many of the choicest articles notable at the Exposition; while rich bronzes and porcelains seem melting under the eye, and such structures in diamonds and precious stones, and such elaborations in heavy plate, all made to order, in the very imitation of royalty, go out every day, as would equally become the boudoir and the *buffet* of a Duchess. And in yet another “parlor”—that of Burr, on Broadway, just now fairly opening in all its splendor—there are not only the appointments of a drawing-room of unequaled luxury, but such a sea of diamonds and other gems that one seems almost to drown in them—while one single necklace (not matched by many things even in monarchical Europe) displays sixty thousand dollars in a cluster! Manufactured, as well as exhibited, too; for Burr is the father of the diamond-trade in America, builds his own clusters of splendor, as if he might be weaving rainbows, and attracts the dames of Fifth Avenue and Murray Hill, as the occupants of few “parlors” could do, whatever their claims to wealth and fashion.

And in buildings and the occupation of them, what could we not show in an exhibition broad enough to reach us? As a building for its costly purpose, apart from the Aladdin's-palace of splendor-in-goods which it holds, Ball & Black's stands to-day, as it stood when the Prince of Wales replenished his jewelry-cases at it, a wonder of massive architecture, without, and a yet greater wonder, far beyond any thing of its class in Europe, in that interior where frescoed ceilings and crusted columns furnish sky and horizon for the gardens of gems. Of the gems themselves, the bronzes, plate, and articles of taste and *virtu*, what better wish could there be than that the whole of them, with the building, could have been dropped down on the Boulevards in June?

Why cannot the next Exposition come to *us*, instead of our going to it—so that we could show all these magnificences? and Walraven's, Brown & Spaulding's, Haughwout's, Gale's, Lord & Taylor's, Brewster's, &c.; and Stewart's new palace, with one corner missing; and one or two of the new Express buildings, with their wagons; and a Sound-steamer of the four-storied character; and “Norwood;” and one of our tax-lists; and a distillery; and an election; and no longer be obliged to mope over “America's share of the divided honors,” but quietly put all the honors in our own pockets, instead of *almost all*, leaving a small margin for “outside barbarians,” as France has done!

XX.

THE SIDE-SHOWS OF PARIS.

It is not always possible to say the most about the thing justifying the most extended comment; and the "side-shows of Paris"—theme upon which a thousand writers have descanted and a thousand more might descant without exhausting it—must be handled with the utmost brevity, from the double fact that to the Parisian habitue any laboréd resumé of them could not be otherwise than tantalizing from its incompleteness, while to the absentee no similar array of words could possibly convey less meaning. The invitation to "see Paris and die!" in which that capital disputes with Naples, has something of common-sense in its origin, no city on the globe more palpably needing to be "seen, to be appreciated." Of no city in the world, probably, is the atmospheric aroma more difficult to catch, bottle and carry away for distant distribution; while there is certainly none more easy to distinguish, though perhaps not always to analyze, while under its immediate influence.

The visitor to Paris, with any less-notable special object in view than the Great Exposition, during the summer of '67, would have been in serious danger of falling into that trouble which, they say, sometimes occurs with a dinner—the *hors d'œuvres*, or side-dishes, being so much more appetizing than the central ones, that the latter, subject of principal preparation and pride, fall into painful discredit. The Exposition itself has been overwhelmingly-attractive enough in the present instance to obviate any such peril,

though a corresponding fact remains—that to a very large part of those now visiting Paris for the first time, the strength and variety of outside attractions have tended somewhat to confuse the callow mind, with doubts whether a certain statue or picture was seen within the Exposition-grounds or at the Louvre or Versailles—whether it really was at Asnières that the *cancan* was so audaciously danced on a certain evening, or that the performance took place in some one of the departments of the “great show!” If older habitues of Paris have escaped similar confusion, it is well: if the Governor does not prove, before he concludes the present paper, that a state of *vin ordinaire* and grisette-worship has been his normal condition during late visits, better still.

How shall one proceed to indicate, even in the driest manner, the variety and brilliancy of the “side-shows” that have wooed the stranger temporarily turned Parisian? Where begin—where leave off? Ah, the answer comes, something as it comes to a poor wretch with a horribly ennuéyed evening before him and a serious question what to do with himself: “To the theatre!”

Perhaps, after all, the theatre, with the phrase including alike the opera and the *café-chantante*, is the first and most legitimate of Parisian amusements. Everybody goes to the theatre, residents and visitors—of the latter, classes who no more attend such performances, at home, than they frequent *bagnios*, and who do not intend to continue the habit a mile beyond the charmed (and charming) precincts. Of course, not all the theaters and more-or-less-eclectic opera-houses of Paris have been open during what might be called “the height of the Exhibition summer;” but at no time have there failed to be more houses open than any other city ever saw even in the midst of the winter amusement-season. And in those earlier days in which “Tommy” and the “Counsellor’s Lady” saw the Opening—ay, even on to

those in which the latter saw and described the great Imperial Balls—have not literally all of them wooed attendance and rounded the pleasant circle of Parisian dissipations?

Has not the Grand Opera (first or last) been blessed with Patti?—Patti, of whom the best *mot* of the season has lately gone the rounds of Paris, doubly capital to those familiar with the musical composition, “Rose and Rossignol;” that “Patti’s mouth, when she opens it, is not only ‘rose’ (pink red) but ‘rossignol’ (nightingale).” Has not the Theatre Lyrique shared in the glory, sharing, too, in alternations of silver-voiced Miolan-Carvalho and the Swedish second Jenny Lind, delicious Pauline Nilsson—as it is to be first, now, in presenting to France opinionated, overrated, but effective and popular Kellogg? Has not the Theatre Français, leading French school of dramatic art, and its wonderful company always designated as “the Emperor’s comedians,” presented tragedy and comedy in such rare perfection that the acting of colder Northerners has seemed little else than frozen, inane stupidity? Has not the Italiens had its grand opera, too, and its Patti, too, with weeks, during midsummer, in which Ned Sothern, funnier than ever, has driven the only half-understanding Parisians wild with the “exquisite fooling” of Lord Dundreary? Has not the Variétés given such ravishing renderings of Offenbach’s “Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein” (its rare comic and musical beauties since more than half caricatured in this country, though effective even so), that to hear bewitching Mlle. Schneider and make the acquaintance of the Grande Duchesse, Fritz, and Prince Paul, monarch after monarch has rushed there on the very first evening of arrival? Has not the Vaudeville been exhibiting excellence in acting, scarcely second to that of the Français, in the continuance of its marvelous success, “La Famille Benoiton” (played here at Wallack’s as “The Fast Family,” and at the New York Theatre Français in its original shape)?

Has not the spectacular Porte St. Martin, after a very brief alternation, still run on the very same "Biche au Bois," scenery magnificent, costume scanty, and legs predominant, which the Governor and St. Edward saw here so long ago as '65—and added to it the lion-taming marvels of Batty, until the lion tamed Batty by partially eating him up? Has not the Châtelet, spectacular rival of the Porte St. Martin, at last free from the profitable debris of "Le Deluge," restored the voluptuous half-naked splendors of "Cendrillon" (which New Yorkers, too, more or less enjoyed in the Hinkley production at the New York, last season)?"

Has not the Ambigu supplied a spectacle quite as sensational as either of the others in "Le Juif Errant" (dramatization of Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," with all the horrors, and eke all the immoralities of that remarkable work, carefully preserved)? Has not the Palais Royal given "Vie de Paris" so naturally that the visitors (some of them royal, too) have almost believed that they were really in the midst of actual delicious breaches of the various commandments, instead of merely present at a representation? Has not the Folies Dramatiques equalled either in the sensational effects and the rampant wickedness of "Les Canôtiers de la Seine?" Has not the Opera Comique supplied opera equal to that of the Grand Opera, with plenty of the mirth demanded by modern taste to season it? Has not the Odeon supplied drama of the most pronounced character; and the Gaieté allowed Menken to ride triumphant over the world, more *sans costume* than *en costume*, in her Mazeppa and "Pirates de la Savanné;" and the Fantaises Parisiennes given comic opera of a little more free-and-easy order than either of those already named (all tastes are to be suited, and *must* be suited, at Paris); and have not the Cirque Napoleon and its rival, the Théâtre du Prince Imperial, supplied horse-opera in

which the question which was the horse and which the rider ("vichever you please, my dear!—you pays your money and you takes your choice!") has sometimes seemed to be more than doubtful? But the list grows wearisome, even if instructive, and it must conclude with the inquiry whether the Gymnase has forgotten its old specialty of spectacle mounted to the verge of intense realism, and whether there has been no Bouffes Parisians, wedded to Offenbach among composers and inevitable in musical comedies and vaudevilles?

Close after the Theatres of Paris naturally come the *salons de concert champêtre* (to use a phrase of which the French have probably never thought)—the open-air concert-salons, literally—the *cafés chantante* in which and around which so much of Parisian "life" (in several senses) inevitably congregates. Their numbers are legion, in one shape and another, under cover and out of cover, and their degrees of irresistible vivacity and irreproachable indecency as varied as their localities. Singing is the declared feature of most of them—singing, principally by females; and the physical exhibitions which a French woman knows how to make as no other woman on earth, supply even a side-show to the side-show. In winter many of the best of them have winter-quarters on the Boulevards, as is the case with the Alcazar, on the Faubourg Poissonnière, whereat Thérèse has won her wonderful popularity by singing songs that just keep the hearer on that narrow line between amusement at the audacity and blasphemy at the degradation—and with Bat-a-clan, a yet more pronounced rival. The Alcazar, however (and it may be taken as the sufficient type of the better *cafés chantante*) is migratory and becomes the Alcazar d'Ete in summer—a handsome Moorish building, bordered with flaming lights and garden-surrounded, a little below the Rond Point of the Champs Elysees, where in the auditorium

a thousand persons may sit at open-air tables and pay for their admission by ordering ices, wines or flummery at round prices, while on a semi-circular covered stage an array of French beauty, reasonably décolleté, lines the walls as a background to the alternate one-and-another of their number who advances to the front, sings and acts, and occasionally dances, so vivaciously, so rollickingly, so suggestively, so injuriously (to all the finer moral senses), but, alas! so very, very enjoyably!

Ah, that atmosphere of native French singing and dancing, at Paris and in the less-eclectic scenes where it is under least restraint—let a word of humiliating truth be told about it. The dangerous verge of wickedness is pleasant, even to those most sure to recoil at the consummated evil; there are plenty of others, not yet declared, like the corrupted lady who said, taking up a goblet of pure, sparkling water (the most appetizing of all beverages, after all, and in spite of excise blunders) and apostrophizing it before touching it to the lip: “Ah, if it was only wrong to drink that, now, how delicious it would be!” The pleasant, hazy, intoxicating atmosphere of *the verge of lorette-dom*, the more dangerous because only half understood, is that in which Paris wraps limbs, fans cheeks and captivates senses; and—*we like it*: like it, whether we rush deeper into it, or not; like it, whether we understand, or not, precisely what it means. Thousands of untraveled New Yorkers have thrilled not a little while they laughed, at some of Tostée’s singing, in the “Grand Duchesse,” and a few of her motions, even at other times than when she was breaking into that bit of *cancan*—without being at all aware what was the precise thing that captivated their senses. Let me tell them what it has been—the insensible aroma and atmosphere of the Parisian *cafés chantante*, the close approach to the Parisian *lorette*, the bringing over to New York Fourteenth Street of some-

thing not far removed from the Parisian Quartier Breda. *Prenez garde, messieurs et mesdames!*—as the writer has not the slightest intention of doing, any more than he has a hope that his explanation will be taken as anything else than arrant folly.

The great gardens of Paris, meanwhile, overtop even the *cafés chantants* as “side-shows.” Asnières, a few miles from Paris, on the Versailles and St. Cloud railway, is the most popular of the suburban gardens; and there is no special description of it necessary, for when trees, flowers, lights, music, crowds and unrestrained dancing are mentioned, and the additional suggestion is made that they are all in perfection, the whole fact suggests itself to those who have any “experience.” This of the night: by day Asnières has its boat-races on the Seine, and Hoboken on regatta-day will give some faint idea of them. But at nearer Paris than Asnières lie the leading attractions in this detail, and one or two will suffice for all illustration. The Moulin Rouge is somewhat sacred to scandalous suppers of both sexes, and the orgies accompanying; most respectable foreigners know nothing of it, and the veil may as well be allowed to lie as close as it will. Let us look for a moment, a little more nearly than is quite ordinary, at the Jardin Mabille, which may be taken as the type and crown of the public gardens of Paris, having much of their best and certainly much of their worst.

Mabille, as readers as well as visitors know, lies in the farther-left or southwestern corner of the Champs Elysees, only a stone’s-throw from the Avenue at the Rond Point, and on the crossing Avenue Montaigne. It has a showily-lighted entrance, and costs a pretty penny (for a mere garden) on entering. Within, description fails as to the wealth of trees and shrubbery—the embowered arbors that surround the great central space in the midst of which stands the great pavilion for the orchestra—the narrow,

winding, sequestered walks in which being lost (intentionally or otherwise) is the easiest thing in the world, two in company being no obstacle—the grottoes of rock arranged with colored lights, representing everything imaginary, from paradise to purgatory—the great circles and arches of lights surrounding all the principal entrances and exits, as if the whole was a building, columned and arched in flame—the multitude of flowers in colored glass, with the fire-jets within making something magnificently new and almost fearful in floriculture—the seats for repose and cafés for refreshment—everything that can possibly minister to eye and taste and conduce to the temporary shutting away at once and completely of the outer world.

But this, shadow as it is, is only Mabilles as a bit of “still-life:” it is everything else than still-life, commonly, and especially as it was on that evening of the great summer fête when the Captain, Anna Maria and the Governor, overcame their scruples (the last named most particularly) and went to “do” it at leisure. Half Paris was there—Paris in the *demi-monde*, Paris in the *beau-monde*, Paris in the *grande monde*, not much of Paris in the *monde commune* (for your Parisian *ouvrier* goes seldom into haunts of dissipation, cheap or costly). Students and their companion *grisettes*, in large number; the former looking arrogant and careless, and the latter, seldom handsome, but neat, modest and wifely, in spite—poor souls!—of the well-known and inevitable future. Lorettes, of classes far below Anonyma and Olympia, (who seldom move without the carriage and state of princesses)—lorettes, lavish in the display of arm and bosom, but neat and rarely tawdry in dress, and with that indescribable something of grace in figure and carriage which goes no little way to redeem what would else be all abhorrent. “Fast men of Paris”—types of a class from which other cities are not quite free, and for whom a new word should

be coined in the dictionary of reprobation—faultlessly-moustached, faultlessly-clothed, *bien gantée*, only a trifle too much bejeweled, roué-eyed, searching, insolent—the very serpents of the human kingdom, at once the most useless and the most injurious of God's creation. The more worn and harmless debauchees, with late hours, vinous indulgence, gambling and the other immoralities beginning to “tell” in crows-feet and stiffened lumbar. Young men—mere boys, in any well-regulated society, capped, switched (not as they should have been, but in hand) and jaunty, taking one more lesson in the great school of attractive vice. Clergymen, their white cravats hidden under very unclerical garments (the Rev. ——, of New York, who took so much pains to avoid me that night, need not flatter himself that his borrowed pal-etôt deceived anybody, or that I shall forget the little rencontre, the next time that I hear him preach against “the demoralizing theater,” and the other “pomps and vanities of this sinful world.”) Ladies of character and condition—some of the best wives, daughters and mothers in France or elsewhere, leaning on the arm of husband or fiancé (no well-posted woman of character goes to Mabilles without being unimpeachable in protection), and looking unharmed, as it would appear, on scenes that elsewhere would have covered them with most painful confusion. These, and yet lower types of both manhood and womanhood, for some of whom it is even difficult to find a designating name. A vast, moving, restless, vivacious, incongruous crowd, such as could not very well be found elsewhere than in Paris, and scarcely even there except at Mabilles on the night of some one of the great fêtes. A study, full of amusement, and yet by no means unmixed with melancholy, and with reprobation of self and all concerned!

“I tell you what, Governor!” remarked the Captain, at

one period, when the "demonstrations" as well as the people were "thickening" and the whirl of the maelstrom becoming more evident as to the vortex towards which it was tending—"I tell you what, Governor!—are you quite sure that this place is respectable, for decent people and especially for ladies?" (alluding to frightened Anna Maria, just then on his arm.) "Respectable!" echoed the Governor, "respectable!—what a word to be used in Paris! Sit down on this seat for fifteen minutes, and if I do not show you ten unimpeachable celebrities, five French or English men of rank, and at least two Americans beyond doubt as to standing—*half of them with their wives or other ladies in the true sense of the word accompanying*—then we will vote that the place is *not* respectable, and leave at once!"

The Captain and Anna Maria took their seats, and within the time specified they were shown all they had been promised, with the addition that the male Americans were five, four of them accompanied by ladies, and two of them clergymen! Even strict Anna Maria voted the affair respectable, then (at least for the time) and we stayed. Directly came into view Lawless, of the Pennsylvania coal regions and our run-over on the "City of Paris;" and Lawless, in our very sight, fell under persecution and extricated himself from it with an energy worthy of Pittston. Mlle. Fifine, of the Quartier Breda, attracted by Lawless's dashing appearance, laid her *bien gantée* little hand on the sleeve of his coat, and reaching up whispered a few words of delicious French into his ear, that could not have been anything less tender than an invitation to a *petite souper* at the Moulin Rouge or elsewhere. Many men, especially Americans, have fallen, under less temptation—surrendered to Delilah and been Sampson no longer. Lawless was equal to the occasion (perish the thought that it was because he saw acquaintances so near!): he, who spoke six

languages indifferently well, and understood a dozen, straightened himself with overwhelming dignity, and hurled at her, with a face as blank as a stone wall: "Nein sprachen sie Deustcher!" Mlle. Fifine collapsed and recoiled. I think that she may well have done so when that pass had been reached that a native Parisian woman, talking her own original tongue, was understood to be speaking Dutch!

But the dancing. There was music sounding all the while from a full orchestra in the pavilion; and dancing was going on at brief intervals, on various circles of the trodden earth at different distances around it. But who shall describe that dancing, especially when Mlle. Fifine, thus rebuffed, joined three others, two male and one female, and the four commenced the bewitching *cancan* in a cleared circle of several yards, surrounded by an admiring and applauding crowd! Even to eyes instructed as mine had previously been, in all the mysteries of the terpsichorean art, from a Jersey break-down and an Irish jig, to the shuffle of the Southern darkey, the athletic leaps of the ballet-dancers and the fascinating contortions of Ellsler, Lamoureux and Cubas—even in those of the *cancan* itself as danced in less uproarious days than the present—even to *my* eyes the exhibition was somewhat novel, not to say startling. Words cannot portray the *cancan* in full flight, except to say that it is compounded of squat, wriggle, fling and squirm—and that when the artiste holds *all* her long hooped-skirts forward, tight *en arrière*, giving full play to the limbs in a forward direction, and then throws both feet full in the face of the nearest spectator, kicking the cigar out of his mouth if he chances to be smoking, and suggesting that she is trying to jump out of her clothes, feet-foremost, the effect is at least refreshing.

Anna Maria gave one glance at the crowning performance, then whitened with fright, looked round inquiringly

at her companions, and finally narrowly escaped fainting. She had not been used to such exhibitions, poor thing! she had not yet been "educated." It is only justice to say, however, that she recovered, and "improved under tuition." So did another little American lady of our "City of Paris" company, who saw Mabilie a few days later, and afterward had occasion to comment upon the performance, in one of the rooms of the Grand Hotel. Some American friends had just arrived, and one of the ladies remarked that they were "going to Mabilie" that night. "I tell you—don't you go!" sagely suggested the acclimated young lady, who might have been seventeen and in Paris for two weeks. "Why shouldn't I go? you have been, and what is there that *you* can see and *I* cannot?" demanded the other. To which the only reply was a more emphatic repetition of the previous warning: "*I tell you—don't you go!*" "Now, *I will* know what you mean by that!" said the other, half indignantly. "Why shouldn't I go, I should like to know, Miss Experience and Morality?" "I TELL YOU—DON'T YOU GO!" replied the other, yet more emphatically—" 'CAUSE, IF YOU DO GO, YOU WILL WANT TO GO AGAIN!"

But the more pronounced of the gayeties of Paris "side-shows" must have the go-by. There have been others of partially the same character, only less appetizing. Evening and café life in the Champs Elysées, under the trees, amid music and flowers, and in the midst of half a gathered world; promenade and café life on the Boulevards, the peculiarities of which I need not here repeat, but in which even mere distant readers know that the whole sense of brilliant variety is exhausted; lounging and café life in the Bois de Boulogne, in which even Timon of Athens, if he remained hermit, would have ceased to be cynical; book-worm and observer life around the Passage de l'Opéra and the other old "Passages" that

stud the Boulevards—and amid the innumerable shops grouped about the Palais Royal. Restaurant life, testing the qualities of foods and wines, and the probabilities of indigestion, from Very's and the Trois Frères, in the Palais Royal to Brébant, Tortoni's, and the Maison Dorée on the Boulevards; Voisin's, on the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, and Philippe's on the Rue Montorgeuil—paying roundly at each, but learning all the while something more of the mysteries of French cookery and French society; varying all this, too, with lounges in those exchanges of Americanism, the *cours d'honneur* of the Grand Hôtel and the Grand Hôtel du Louvre; dropping round to Meurice and the Hôtel du Bath, or Windsor, to see the grand arrivals, and possibly pick up an acquaintance; or going over to England suddenly and cheaply, by just spending an hour with Outhwaite at *table d'hôte* at the old Byron's Tavern on the Rue Favart, or dropping in at that rival resort of everything English southward of the channel, Hill's, on the Boulevards.

There is another and deeper life in Paris, albeit one of mere sight-seeing and the reflections thereby awakened. I have before spoken freely of it in another connection, and need only recall it here in a glimpse. To visit the churches of Paris—to stand amid the architectural glories of the Madeleine, and Notre Dame, and the Pantheon, and the human and architectural glories shrouded under the great dome of the Invalides; to hear the human blackbirds cry at 'change-hour within that greatest of all exchanges, the Bourse; to see what Frenchmen sell and Frenchmen eat, in the Halles Centrales and the other odd, queer, but interesting old markets of Paris; to stand within the Morgue and freeze over an interesting collection of suicides and other unfortunates; to muse beside the Conciergerie, the spot where stood the guillotine in the Place de

la Concorde, and that other and better-fed monster in the Place de Grève; to wander through the wonderful art-collections of the Louvre, and the equally wonderful art and curiosity collections of the Luxembourg Palace and the Hotel Cluny; to pace beside the Seine, remember its world-long history, and smile at its insignificance; to venture into the Faubourg St. Antoine, drink in its wine-shops, make acquaintance with its bloused and bare-armed men and women, and stand beside the doubly-instructive Column of July in the Place de la Bastille; to hear the choral service in Notre Dame, remembering Napoleon's crowning the while, and that still finer in St. Roch, with half a fancy that the thunders of the Revolution are yet bursting overhead—these have been some of the “side-shows” of Paris, during the summer of '67, not much easier forgotten than the central event which attracted visitors in such numbers.

And have these been all? No, nor the half. Versailles, with its palace, pictures and park; St. Germain, with its memories of a discrowned English king and its shut-up palace that is to be another imperial museum; St. Cloud, with its glorious situation on the Seine, and its yet-more-glorious old forest; Vincennes, with its old tower, forest, rifle-firing, and historical recollections of Harry of Monmouth (emphatically *not* the Governor); St. Denis, with its tombs of the kings and memories how troubled is sometimes the sleep of kings, even in death; Pere la Chaise, with its ugliness, hundreds of great dead, and Abelard and Hèloise—all these have been “side-shows,” too—oh, how glorious, instructive and long to be remembered, to those who broke away long enough from the inner gayeties of the great capital, and took time, trouble and thought to see them properly!

One more word, and the last—a word of a “side-show,” of which not too many Americans are advised, and one

that perhaps would not have been discovered by any one without a remaining "mercantile recollection."

I found myself one day in the Rue de Bac, a commercial street of importance lying on the south side of the Seine, and not very far below the Exposition. I stopped a gentleman with a request for a light for my cigar, in bad French, and he answered me in English. I looked at him a second time, and recognized him, as he had before recognized me,—M——, a well-known Franco-American who used to supply one of the most fashionable *clientelles* of supper-eaters and fancy-articles-buyers, on our own Broadway. "What are you doing here?—visiting the Exposition?" "Yes—and you?" "Oh, I am in business here—see!" I saw a large old house that had been made marvelously larger by filling and managment; and I saw that it was called, or rather dedicated: "Au Bon Marché" (literally "to good bargains"), that its double fronts were on the Rue de Bac and the Rue de Sèvres; and there was something about it which immediately suggested, *first*, that the "Beehive" would have been a good name for it, and *second*, that it must fill something of the same place, to Parisians and many Americans, supplied here by the indispensable Lord and Taylor's, without which particular triple-barreled magazine of everything that everybody wants, I doubt whether New York would amount to much, after all! Whereupon, and before proceeding further, I astonished M—— a little and hindered him a trifle, by falling into a brown study over the magnificent wilderness of articles kept in such places as that same New York Lord and Taylor's—thinking what executive ability it must need to keep from going insane in the attempt to manage one of them—and wondering whether people always realize the convenience of *first-class houses that sell everything one wants and everything reliably*.

I accompanied M—— into the "Bon Marché," was

shown through it, so far as could be with five hundred clerks and two thousand buyers in my way. Oddly enough, I found many of the buyers Americans, and that everybody else knew more of the place than I. What did I find there?—ask me rather what I did not find there—I, and practical (because moneyed) Anna Maria, who followed me thither. There is a wide scope in the words “dry-goods” and “fancy-goods”—fill them up all the way, from silken cobwebs to burlaps, from shawls to sandal-wood fans, and some faint idea may be formed of the fullest, busiest, best regulated mercantile establishment that I ever saw—the odder, because I have since heard that it is the only really-well-regulated establishment in all Paris. But if I had been astonished in that magazine of approachable fineries, what was I in the stables! There is an old rhyme about

“Forty horses in the stable,” &c.

and there I saw them, all groomed as so many race-horses might have been, with carriages and harness spotless as ever Victoria’s went out from Windsor for a drive towards Frogmore, and all devoted to the conveyance of goods from the Bon Marché. Really a wonder, all this, in the way of mercantile enterprise, neatness, and general arrangement, with the evidences of a popularity quite as great as either. So I said that day, and so I repeat—that the Bon Marché, if among the last, is not among the least, of the “side-shows of Paris,” and not among the least-profitably-interesting to Americans.

Here, bidding at last a regretful farewell to Paris as well as the Exposition, we pass to the few and brief excursions made possible by the visit—some preceding and others following the sojourns in the gay capital.

XXI.

ENGLISH LAKE GLIMPSES.

PRACTICAL suggestions generally come from practical men ; but they do not always ignore the beautiful or the sentimental. Such, at least, I found to be the case with Mr. George H. W——, head of one of the largest commercial and banking houses in Liverpool, or indeed in England, who had been running through the Southern portion of the United States, “taking stock,” as I believe, of all the cotton likely to go upon the market, and who added no small amount to the pleasure of our June voyage eastward on the “City of Paris.” Running across the Irish channel towards Holyhead, on that last evening of our voyage, and speaking of bending directly from Liverpool to London and Paris, it was a very happy suggestion that he made. “Why do you not go to the Cumberland Lakes, if you have never been there—now while you are so conveniently near them, at Liverpool?” Why not?—there was no “why not :” the only thing was that without the suggestion that pilgrimage might again have been “deferred,” like many another thing laid over until unattainable.

Mr. W——’s hint bore speedier fruit than such things often bear. At Liverpool in the gray of the morning, and landed at nine—on the afternoon of the same day we were speeding away—the Captain, Anna Maria, and the Governor—by the upper branch of the London and Northwestern, for the very few hours that could be spared at Win-

dermere and its pendant lakes. Once more through and among the hedged fields and "green lanes of Merrie England," in the glory of leafy and flowery June, with the Captain (an American agriculturist of no mean experience) radiant with pleasure at his first glimpses of English rural scenery and English farming thrift; and with Anna Maria, not much instructed in the products of the earth, beyond those displayed at Central Park and in the markets, clapping hands like a school-girl at sudden glimpses of hedged road and cozy valley and coy little river, and sometimes audibly wishing that Simpson, evidently the object of an absorbing affection, could only be there to enjoy the ride with her. (Not very flattering, this latter, to either the Captain or the Governor, both of whom had an idea that *they* were not to be undervalued as fellow-travelers; but I may as well say, here, that later in their progress they learned to bear the frequent recall of Simpson's name with equanimity, and to be as little jealous as was consistent with the habitual ignoring of two present men for one absent.)

Geographically, some of the readers of this chronicle may need to be told that Windermere is about one hundred miles north and a little west of Liverpool, over South and North Lancashire and a part of Cumberland, on the borders of Westmoreland; and, practically, that it is reached by the London and Northwestern Railway from Liverpool, to Oxenholme on the Carlisle branch of that road, and then by the Kendal and Windermere spur to Windermere, much of the transit being made through some of the loveliest rural scenery of the West of England, with varying glimpses of the thousand furnace-chimneys, smoke and grime, of Preston, Wigan, Lancaster, and other towns where they weave coarse cloths, "dépôt" coal, and smelt iron. Amid all this smoke and grime of the towns, meanwhile, there is much of beauty; and I have yet to see

a lovelier little bit of pleasure-ground of its size than that which girds the little river by Preston, in Lancashire,—a fact which may or may not prove that the weavers of that bustling old town weave fancies as well as linens.

A delicious ride, and yet a wearily long one, simply because we had been led to suppose it so much shorter. The country roughened, from the Genesee Valley Midland-England semblance, to the likeness of New England, with a dash of Western New York, as we rolled on northward—still no prospect of our goal; and we certainly should have made a night-ride of what had promised to be only an afternoon and early-evening excursion—but for a little habit which the sun seems to have contracted in that latitude, of *never setting*! Perhaps I may be hasty in saying “never”—“almost never” would possibly be a better phrase; all that I know positively, on the subject, is that after various dodgings about among and pretending to set behind sundry hills rising and disappearing in the West, we finally lost sight of the old fellow, in good condition and not a whit sleepy-looking, in the warm mists of the Cumberland hills, at precisely 9.30 P. M.!—a pretty time for sunset, to an eye educated anywhere south of Labrador! That it probably did not set at all, but merely hung in wait, up in the air, for next day, seems evidenced by the fact that we read ordinary print, that night, if night it was, in front of the Windermere Hotel, at 11.30; that the Captain found daylight-at-night so abnormal that he fell into the habit of sleeping in the day-time instead, as the duskier of the two periods; and that Anna Maria had light enough for a surreptitious peep into the looking-glass in her chamber, at two o'clock in the morning!

Once, before the ride was completed, the vivacious little lady astonished geography and the Governor by discovering Windermere under unexpected circumstances. The upper end of the road bears very near the Irish Channel at

certain points ; and when Duddon Sands came into view, with their twenty or thirty miles of shoal water, a dozen in breadth, dotted with sail-vessels creeping lazily away toward Duddon Mouth and the Channel—then there was the blended feeling of a tired woman in the exclamation : “There is your Windermere, now, and glad enough I am to see it ; but, good gracious !—where are the mountains they talked about ?—and who thought that it had schooners on it and emptied into the ocean ?”

Shall I not tell, too, of a lesson in orthography which was at nearly the same time set by the same authority for the youth of all England. I have already said that the Kendal and Windermere spur of the L. & N. W. takes the Lake passengers at Oxenholme on the Carlisle branch ; but it is painfully doubtful whether even the scholars at the junction know how to spell the name of their town. They shall know hereafter, thanks to the educational institutions of New York. “What place is this ?” asked the Captain, as the train stopped to make the transfer. “Oxenholme,” replied Anna Maria, who chanced to be looking out of the window, and saw the station-sign. “Oxen-what ? how do they spell it ?” again asked the Captain. “Why, easily enough—with a ‘ho,’ and a ‘hex,’ and a ‘he,’ and a ‘hen,’ and a ‘haitch,’ and another ‘ho,’ and a ‘hel,’ and a ‘hem,’ and a ‘he,’” was the satisfactory rejoinder of the lady, who certainly deserved to “go up head” in her class.

At last, in spite of the atrocities of both sun and *daughter*, the mountains of Cumberland consented to lift themselves in the West, a shapely range of blue hills, with height and distant outlines something like those of the lower Catskills ; anon a gleam of silver lay among them, clear, calm, and beautiful, under the last western glow, and this was Windermere indeed. Half an hour later we had disembarked at the little station which seems

so out of place amid such peaceful antique rurality, and were quietly eating our supper of lake-trout and berries in a charming little dining-room of the Windermere Hotel, with the finest of out-looks over that loveliest of little band-box lakes lying liquid silver under that wonderful boreal evening-light, and the bold rugged mountains westward toward Helvellyn and Skiddaw forming a magnificent background to the vision. And then I realized that the beauty of even a favorite tourist-resort may be underrated as well as the opposite—that Windermere is really one of the very gems on the fair bosom of nature.

To no spot of the world's surface, perhaps, has human genius paid more abiding tribute, in residence and remark, than the region about the lakes of Cumberland. Kit North, Dr. Arnold, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Mrs. Hemans, Martineau—how their names come up at the mention of Windermere, Rydal, Ambleside, and Grasmere! And how we realized something of the sadness of genius departed, as well as the glory of its presence, wandering through the melancholy shades of the plantation, immediately in the rear of our hotel, on the hill rising behind it—where stands the plain stone dwelling in which Professor Wilson spent many of the latter years of his life; quiet and beautiful yet, but missing his broad, genial face, and in the hands of strangers!

But the next day—all that our haste could afford to the whole pilgrimage—that next day, the night of which must see us again within sight of St. George's Hall at Liverpool—how much of beauty and sensation had that next day hidden away among its few hours? For had we not one of Rigg's *berquinets*, with a genial, broad-spoken Cumberland driver, to make the usual round of hasty travelers, of that heart-of-England's loveliness, sanctified by the presence of so much of her talent? And were we not a little dizzied, as a result, with so much of natural

beauty and not a little man-worship, all compressed into so brief a space, till the whole thing seemed like a pleasant dream from which it was the shame of shames to be awakened?

Oh, how lovely was that drive up the east side of Windermere, on its very banks! with the weather perfection; the atmosphere a blending of sunshine and soft golden mist; the calm water dotted here and there with row-boats and sail-boats, filled with pleasure-seekers; coaches for and from Keswick, and light open carriages bearing more exigent tourists, darting along the dustless, scarless pikes of concrete, through the winding, stone-walled and hedged lanes; with old, ivy-grown, white-walled stone cottages, lattice-windowed, shade-hidden and flower-enameled, peeping everywhere; with Wray Castle lifting its turreted pinnacles on the opposite shore; with the Head of Coniston bounding the view westward, and the craggy peaks of Wandsfell and Lanfell Pikes barring the prospect far ahead; and all the peculiarities of the most beautiful of days in the most charming of lake-countries.

Then came Lowood Hotel, to the right, on the very shore of the lake; and, just beyond it, across a field, and bowered in trees, peeped out Dove's Nest, a quiet gabled house, where Felicia Hemans wrote many of her last poems and went to the reward of a blameless life. Then, a little beyond, came Wandsfell House, with its manorial bearing and many Elizabethan gables; and directly broke out Ambleside Water-Head, again on the shore of the lake, its beach crowded with dainty row-boats, its cottages antique, shaded and comfortable-looking; the round, extinguisher-shaped, pointed tower of its church showing over the village proper, farther to the right. The very name seemed to breathe of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and rhyme stirring only the

quieter emotions. Yet a moment later, and, still to the right, the Vale of Rydal opened, with its still stronger reminder of the former poet, Fairfield Peak bounding the view ahead, and half way up the hill which swelled eastward from the little singing burn (river) Wrothoy, a somewhat pretentious, starched-looking mansion, bearing the name of the Knowe, and now and for many years the residence of Miss Harriet Martineau, the smart old spinster, who, after becoming world-celebrated, has finally settled down to be the guide-book-maker of the Lake District.

We were rapidly ascending, then, toward the top of Red Bank, over Grasmère, with Brathow Water and the little church of the same name, both quiet and beautiful, away in the valley to the left; with Loth Peak lifting its rugged brow to the right; with Skelworth hamlet sleeping like a flock of sheep at the foot of the hills still beyond; a rustic gate, with a wood-and-iron-shod little girl to open it; an old woman going by in a basket-phæton, drawn by a pony not much larger than an ordinary Newfoundland dog; a Keswick coach dashing by, with its "V. R." and crown, horses three abreast, and all the passengers outside; and—

Stop! for that was what we did, precisely. There were such splendid climbing roses all over the doorway of the white-walled Westmoreland cottage we were just passing, and Anna Maria (who ought never to be allowed to plead for anything—ask Simpson!) Anna Maria wanted a rose. So the Governor overcame his natural modesty, invaded the sanctity of the cottage, unearthed the gray-haired and wooden-clogged old Westmorelandman, with his broad, west-country *patois*, and genuine heartiness,—robbed his rose-bushes, gave him a shilling (which probably belonged to some one else), shook hands with him, blarneyed him, and generally conducted himself with such impropriety

that Westmoreland will surely be ashamed of the recollection, indefinitely. But we had the roses, and some of them may have been in America before they had withered entirely—who knows. And Anna Maria was delighted; and the Captain was thinking, though he was too modest to say so, of his own lawn and gardens at home; and we bowled along up Red Bank—oh, so merrily!—aching though some of the hearts in the little *berquinet* may have been, for yet dearer eyes to look upon scenery so new and so excitingly unreal to a gazer from beyond the Atlantic.

A little further, and Loughrig Tarn lay bosomed between the hills to the right—a perfect little sheet of glassy water, on which the wind seemed never to have raised a ripple since the morning of creation; while above it, near the top of Red Bank, the mansion of High Close, many-gabled and one of the most commanding in the section, spoke of costly luxury in the midst of rural simplicity. Peaks seemed all around us, here, all more or less rugged, all bare of foliage, except at their bases, but all swathed in green verdure, except where the crags broke through and threw in a shade of relieving gray. Nowhere—scarcely even in those two twilight boxes, the Profile House plateau at the New Hampshire Franconia, and the Kittatinny at the Delaware Water-Gap—is there a spot apparently so shut in from the world. And then a little additional rise, and there came the first peep up the Vale of Langdale, beyond comparison, thus far, the finest grouping of rugged mountain-peaks behind and among each other, that had ever fallen under my mountain-loving eye; while the golden-misted morning light seemed to fill every depression with radiance, and to bring the softest possible relief to each summit duskily supporting and foiling the other. “One of the very finest mountain glimpses in all memory, in any land!” I said, as we reined for a moment at the precise spot for fixing the view in memory; and yet

within five minutes I had forgotten nearly every feature of the Vale of Langdale, for that five minutes brought us to the top and the steep eastern descent of Red Bank, and opened to us the view over Grasmère.

Perhaps I have already demonstrated my right to be called a silly enthusiast in scenery; and, after exhausting nearly all the adjectives in the language, it is not very easy to find new ones for every new delight. But certainly I must take the risk of saying that Grasmère, that morning, was the loveliest rural vale I ever saw—no feature wanting, and every detail perfect for the creation of an earthly paradise, not even genius lacking to complete the wondrous combination. At our feet, eastward, slept the little lake, Grasmère itself, perhaps a mile or two in length and half a mile in width, only a shade less quiet and unrippled than Loughrig Tarn—in its centre a little island of one or two hundred feet in circumference, with a group of tall, straight-boled trees at the nearer end, the very ideal for a goal for lovers' rowing on moonlight nights (and where the driver took pride in informing us that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales once performed the sportsmanlike feat of chasing a *black sheep* to cover!) Beyond the lake, almost at the shore, the sweet little hamlet of Grasmère, its white-walled and ivy-wreathed cottages lovingly kissed by the warming sunlight, and, in the midst, little old Grasmère church, thrusting up its square tower, and giving a sad reminder that in it Wordsworth had worshiped, and that its shadows then fell upon his grave. Yet beyond the great hills rose, looming darkly, as if frowning away intruders from so sweet a scene, farthest of all the broad shoulders and curved brow of Helvellyn, third of the English mountain giants, shutting away Skiddaw and Scawfell, and making them yet a reserve for a second pilgrimage; while round to the east and southeast swept away the thin silver line of Rydal Water, by which we were so soon to

pass near the old home of Wordsworth; and on our backward ride to Windermere.

A quiet, lovely, irreproachable rural and sylvan scene, which may well have made the Bard of Rydal even more low-toned and contemplative than he would otherwise have been—which will linger in memory as a culmination of all that is finishedly-beautiful in nature, with no feature wanting and none obtruded—but one of which, of course, I have failed to give any idea, simply because I have been so anxious to enable some of my dear absentee friends to view it through my temporarily-luckier eyes.

But it may be believed that the feeling of sacred beauty did not wear away when, half an hour later, descending the vale, we stood beside the old church of Grasmère, a few hundreds of feet from the lake and in the very centre of the quiet picture—beside the old church and the grave of the man who has done more than all others to make the Lake Country a pilgrimage. I say “old,” of the church, advisedly; for though modern hands have repaired it, the queer, double arch of whitewashed rough stones, running up in the centre and supporting the peak, is undeniably of days before the Conquest, and tells of the uncouth chisel of the Saxon. Around the rough, bare walls and on the lower section of the central arch hang the painted escutcheons of some of the gentry families of the neighborhood; but the attention of the visitor is mainly concentrated upon two or three objects that have nothing to do with any other distinction than that of the brain and the soul. The first of these is a very old stone font, near the upper or western end of the church, now crumbling with age, and from which all the members of the Wordsworth family are said to have been baptised; and the next, and yet more important, is one of the square, high-backed pews, near the chancel, and yet conveniently within sound of the voice in the pepper-box pulpit—the pew bearing the

inscription on the door-plate: "Rydal Mount, 13," and that in which William Wordsworth sat in the corner and listened for so many years to the Word of Life. I do not know that I am any the better or richer for the act, but I certainly followed the example of Anna Maria and the Captain, and sat down in the old man's seat and thought how necessary it was to be *good* as well as *notable*, if one would leave behind an aroma pleasant to the senses of future generations. I stood for a moment in the old pulpit, too, and read aloud a few words to which the heavy Bible opened with singular appropriateness: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; * * for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them;" but I seemed to hear a reproachful voice from the empty pew, that unhallowed lips were speaking in a sacred place, and so desisted with but the single sentence.

There is a bust of the poet in bas-relief, inside the church and near the door, showing a placid and rather weak-looking bald head and long face, in advanced age; but his grave is without, in the rear of the church and near the southeastern corner of the church-yard, shaded by one of the delicate-leaved tropical trees (I do not know the name) in which he so delighted; while over the grave runs a beautiful little flowering vine, in the bringing away of a sprig of which I hope that I did not commit any desecration. The poet does not sleep alone; for on the same modest, low, sharp-pointed dark head-stone on which stands the record: "William Wordsworth, died 1850," is also inscribed the name of his wife and the date of her decease, nine years later: "Mary Wordsworth, died 1859." Near them, in equally modest graves, sleep Catharine, Thomas, and William, children of the pair so happily joined in death as in life; and within six feet of Wordsworth's grave, at its head and toward the church, a much more pretentious stone, with an open cross within a circle, and

church-text inscription, shows the resting-place of poor Hartley Coleridge, at one time so promising a rival of his distinguished father, in the world of letters. Others than myself, I fancy, share in an error which only that day corrected for me—that Samuel Taylor Coleridge himself sleeps at Grasmère, when in fact he is buried many miles away, though still in the Lake Country—at Keswick, in Cumberland.

Our way back to Windermere, on that memorable day, after a halt at the pretty little Prince of Wales Lake House, on the very edge of the mere and charmingly gardened—lay beside Rydal Water, a grassy mere much more diminutive than Grasmère, but almost as beautiful; under the shadow of Nabscaur (eastward) a craggy peak of rare wild beauty, sheltering ivy-grown old Nab Cottage, bearing its quaint date of “1702,” and sacred as the place where Hartley Coleridge spent his last days and died. Here, in the midst of some of the loveliest shaded grounds that even Western England can boast, there was a view at a little distance to the left and on somewhat higher ground (no nearer access was attainable without trouble and much delay), of the gray ivied front and respectable plain gable of Rydal Mount, from which Wordsworth had sent out so many words shaped into forms of quiet grace—scarcely to stir the world, but certainly to make it better, more patient and more loving.

We were then upon the skirts of Ambleside village proper, lying on the edge of Windermere—very old and quaintly beautiful as well as evidently thriving; with its narrow, winding, shaded streets, kept as cleanly as if each had been part of a gentleman’s pleasance—its antique, ivy-grown cottages, pretty shops that seemed to be needed and patronized, and clustering hotels thronged with pleasure-seekers at the doors and halted coaches without. Going toward Grasmère we had passed the lake side of

this gem of villages, and now we were on the other or inland border, and the two views joined in a fascination not easy to convey in words but the most natural of sensations to experience amid such scenery. I have been selecting some dozen of places, here and there, in some one of which to locate my "Sabine farm" in that golden day when endless toil amid the crowd shall no longer be needed to win daily bread. Each is for some special mood that may then be my prevailing condition; and let it be recorded, here, that if I shall then have chanced to reach the point of desiring to be quietly, lazily, dreamily, world-forgettingly happy, with not a rough sensation to stir my late-found Quaker placidity—then, and only then, I shall certainly choose Ambleside, the very loveliest little English country-village of them all—the incarnation of that sweet rural quiet which England possesses in larger measure than any other country on the globe: which America can admire but will be neither able nor willing to imitate within the next five hundred years.

We drove away from the wooing shades of Ambleside regretfully, pausing a moment more to catch a nearer view of Miss Martineau's prim residence, and to hear the chiming of the bells, just striking the hour, in the little village church thrusting up its taper spire so near. And just then, when we were looking back upon the shady lanes of one side of the village and the lovely shore and gliding boats of Ambleside Water-Head girding the other—just then there came a glimpse which seemed to have been sent to complete what would otherwise have been only *nearly* perfect. Up from Bowness, at the head of the lake, for Ambleside at its foot, came a little steamer, not much larger than a toy, but large enough for the waves it was likely to encounter—gay with tourists and pleasure-seekers who waved handkerchiefs and behaved like school-children, while the atom of boat mimicked its sea-going sisters in the

noisy pomp of marine progress, as if it knew that it was filling a picture.

So it was that we rode back by the shore of Windermere to the Windermere Hotel, catching mid-day light on all that we had before seen under the cooler shadows of morning ; eye, ear, soul, sense, all full of the wondrous indescribable beauty of the sweetest of June days among the most charming of shaded, rose-bordered scenery ; well aware that we had caught only "glimpses," and those too few, of the Lake Country, but richer by a happy memory if we should never again set foot within it, and by a pleasant introduction in the event of some possible future pilgrimage.

XXII.

"SENT TO COVENTRY;" WITH PEEPS AT KENILWORTH AND WARWICK.

I WAS "sent to Coventry," literally, as I suppose that I have long ago been consigned to that nice old place in other aspects. "When you go to Stratford and the other Shakespeare neighborhoods, don't miss Coventry, which you will find to be an old town beating your Chester hollow; and you will discover that they all come in, in a circle"—so said an old traveler to me, before leaving America; and he it was who, after doing as much as any other living man to keep me "*out of Coventry*," finally dispatched me thither!

No matter how or when we came to Birmingham; or through what wildernesses of smoking foundry-chimneys, with red furnaces glowing beneath them, and the whole surrounding country seeming one chaos of refuse ore, upturned earth and desolation, with Dudley Castle frowning ruinously from its embowered height in the very midst, like a grim old broken-down aristocrat too closely pressed upon by a set of unpleasant and dirty through thrifty *canaille*, and supplying, they say, a wonderful view over the fire-vomiting iron-country at night,—no matter through what of all these we came by Wolverhampton and approached the great dépôt of the bogus and Brummagem in manufacture; or whether the waiter at the Queen's did or

did not finally allow himself to bring me my under-done steak after an hour of waiting for something decently cooked; or whether my traveling-companions and myself consented or refused to adopt the peculiar Birmingham fashion of walking in the middle of the street and ignoring the sidewalk altogether; or whether we took pencil sketches of the Corn Market and the Town Hall—really the only two handsome buildings in Birmingham, the former modern French and very tasteful, and the latter a rough Parisian Madeleine disfigured by being placed on a heavy Norman stone lower-story; or whether we did or did not make extensive contracts among the doubtful wares, from iron to the very finest brass, with which Birmingham seems to be overlaid as pinchbeck watches are sometimes plated with silver—the shop-windows glittering with everything cheaply tempting and purchasable, from buttons and breastpins to blacksmiths’ bellows; or whether there was enough, or only partially enough, of penny-whistle locomotives rolling in and out that long station immediately under the Queen’s, to make sleep easy and comfortable, on the night when we tabernacled there;—no matter for all or any of these things, I say: one morning we found ourselves going from Birmingham to Coventry, and eventually, after being carried off to Leamington through a locked railway-carriage door and a few stupid porters, set down at the station of old Coventry itself.

One immortality is generally sufficient for a single town, but Coventry has two, being made sacred by two flashes of genius, ages apart—the one, that Shakspeare’s Falstaff (in “King Henry the Fourth”) “would not march through Coventry with ’em!” when mustering his terrible recruits that were never matched until Colonel Billy Wilson enlisted his Zouaves; the other that Tennyson (whose poetry I have a bad habit of not admiring, but who certainly covered himself with glory in “Godiva,”)

“Watted for the train at Coventry,
And hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there * shaped
The city's ancient legend —.”

The “bridge” is an arched one of stone, crossing a little gulley in the immediate vicinity of the railway station by which we approached the town,—a place where “grooms” and “porters” and expectant passengers would naturally “hang” while waiting for habitually-delayed trains; and going on it to observe the fact, I found that the “three tall spires,” round, high, pointed and almost identical in form as seen from that distance, had nearly an appearance of being equi-distant and were singularly effective from that point and cause.

Thenceforth I think that I was better prepared for the Coventry that I found, than I could otherwise have been by any other preparation than such an approach; for the mediæval came to me with the bridge and its associations, and certainly nowhere upon earth is a full appreciation of the moyen age more necessary than in that picturesque old town which forms the heart of Warwickshire.

A glorious old town of narrow winding streets and peaked gables—some of the houses overlapping each other more and more at every higher story, until the two opposite neighbors cannot be separated more than three or four feet at top; and the strange slat-and-plaster architecture (timber posts, beams, sills and diagonal braces, and rough-cast brick filling) of all the centuries from the thirteenth to the seventeenth, represented more plentifully and even more beautifully than in my favorite Chester, with one or two exceptions in the old Derby Palace and God's-Providence House of the latter. It cannot be expected that I should be able to designate localities, after but a single day's visit; but all such old towns have an ancient centre—on the Continent generally a fountain, in England

commonly a cross, past or present—around which the oldest buildings and associations cluster; and the heart of old Coventry lies at and around what was once the market-cross, now simply a broad but irregular open space terminating what I think they call the High street, with the grouped churches in the immediate neighborhood and the “shopping” centre of the town in corresponding proximity. Standing there and looking in any direction, and walking only a few yards to gaze up some of the narrow, winding, upper-story-darkened alleys, with the shops apparently yet older than the houses and the people somehow carrying a greater air of antiquity than either—one gets such a peep at Midland England of the olden time as dwellers on the newer side of the Atlantic can scarcely realize from any description. And one wants to have the power of taking up a few of these old houses, intact and with all the care and reverence due to advanced age, transporting them beyond the ocean, and seasoning with them the somewhat staring modernism of the *very* New World. I think that one or two of the oldest and most picturesque of the Coventry houses, or some yet older and finer that I saw a little later at continental Strasbourg, set down and glass-cased as shows in the Central Park, Boston Common, or Independence Square, might do at least something to prevent the tearing down of every American house before it has seen fifty years, under the idea that it must be a worthless shell by that time. I am not too sanguine, however; for I remember the New York Walton House a beer-shop, the Burns Coffee House torn down to make room for piled lumber and dry-goods-boxes, and the Hancock House swept away from the fashionable thoroughfare of a city (Boston) that really did pretend to honor the antique; and after these instances, who shall say that one of these glorious old relics of Middle-age England, transported to America, would not be an oven-shed within the

first twelvemonth, and fire-wood and dock-filling within the next?

It is only a little distance down one of the lateral streets branching at the market-cross, that old St. Michael's (one of the "three tall spires") shoots up high and clear into the summer sky, its elaborate architecture crumbling with the wash and wear of six or seven hundred years, statues fallen, points gone and edges rounded by the slow decay—while within mediæval gloom and sombre beauty seem fighting for predominance, with none of the kneeling worshippers of the continental Catholic churches to complete the picture. Near it, St. Mary's Hall reveals some wondrously fine old sculptures in both wood and stone, and shows how both the materials may mellow as well as crumble beneath the fingers of time. But I caught myself turning away from both, and even from the strawberries with which Anna Maria was continually tempting both her abstemious companions (and they were certainly some of the largest, finest and most luscious that I have ever seen in any land)—turning away even from these, I say, to bathe my eyes and soul in that wealth of old houses—very old houses—time-worn, weather-beaten, crumbling, picturesque, lovely old houses!

N. B. I am not clear as to the comfort and convenience of *living* in any of those "very old houses," in Coventry or elsewhere: they may lack "modern conveniences," for all that I know to the contrary; they may have leaky roofs and be infested by rats, cockroaches and other vermin. What I insist upon is that they are very pretty adjuncts to scenery, very interesting reminders of the past, and that I want them, like sheep in a pasture or trees in a vista, to *look at and talk about*.

"Where is Peeping Tom?" I think that question was asked by one and another of us, twenty times before direction showed us what was all the while in plain sight; for

to go to Coventry and come away without seeing Peeping Tom, would be the most disgraceful of “Hamlets” without a Prince. We found him at last, however—a queer old image with leering eyes, cocked hat and a soldier’s armor, still sticking headforemost partially out of a third-story window on a corner of the main street, not far from the market-cross. I have an indistinct idea that some of the Coventry people said that the location was on Hertford street, at the corner of Smithford. At all events, the old fellow leered out, as they say that he has done, in solid oak, once and again repainted, for at least five or six hundred years; and I found the Coventry people as determined believers in him, in Lady Godiva herself, and all concerned in the legend, as are the Edinburghers in Jeanie Deans, or the Virginians in Pocahontas. And I found them holding religiously, too, to the fact of the tailor having been stricken stone-blind for his deed of meanness, and slow to receive the Governor’s little story, that Tom was advised of his fate beforehand, by a wizard companion, but declared his intention to “go one eye on the peep, anyway!” and did so, losing his one eye as the penalty.

There does really seem to be some reason for believing that Lady Godiva once existed, and even that she rode through Coventry naked, to relieve the people of some peculiar vassalage. There was certainly a Leofric Earl of Mercia, in the twelfth century, and a Countess Godiva, his wife; and the Earl certainly did great benevolences to his people, for love of and through the intercession of his lady. So much is history; and the legendary part seems to have been begun very long ago, even if it had no foundation. The great Summer Fairs of Coventry began so far back as 1217, under grant from Henry the Third; and it is well known that Henry the Sixth went there especially to attend one, in 1455; that Henry the Eighth, accompanied by Catharine of Braganza, did likewise in 1510, and

Mary in 1525 ; though there does not appear to be any positive proof that the Lady Godiva was ever carried in procession until 1678, in Charles the Second's time, when the spectacle of an apparently-naked woman riding through the streets may well have been considered a new boon to a dissolute age.

Immense splendors seem to have been attached, first and last, to the Godiva pageant, which brought at once pleasure and profit to the country shop-keepers. The civic bodies, trade and benevolent societies, vast bodies of citizens and strangers, with the elephant and castle (the city-arms), flags, banners, knights in armor, mock-bishops, jesters and all the concomitants of a popular procession, appear to have passed through Coventry, every few years, in honor of the beautiful myth or the more glorious reality of self-sacrificing womanhood. The last, thus far, was held on Monday, the 23d of June, 1862, with a stupendous display, the elephant loaned from Wombwell's menagerie; and Lady Godiva, resplendent in white cambric fleshings, half covered with a wig of false fair hair descending to her knees, her head crowned with the waving plumes of a princess, and riding a spotless white charger richly caparisoned, personated by a lady somewhat ambiguously designated as "Madame Letitia, from the Royal Academy, Trafalgar Square, London."

Ah, well, in spite of the immorality of all such things, I should have liked to see that portion of the Coventry Show Fair in which Godiva rode "in the flesh." So I think would Anna Maria; I am doubtful about the Captain, who has his own opinions. I saw the Coventry Fair, but not *the* Fair, the "Coventry and Midland Fair and Exhibition," in full glory, the odd old streets blocked with odder articles on exhibition and sale, from reaping and seeding machines and the fruits and flowers in which Warwickshire seemed just then to be pleasantly smothered, to the cheap bijou-

terie of Birmingham and the elegant trifles of the skilful Coventry silk-weavers; the narrow ways gay with wreathed arches and fluttering with flags, bannerols, and streamers; the streets full of a rural as well as a civic population, affording an endless study of wholesome faces with not a few pretty ones, quaint costumes, broad speech and general jollity. If we did not see the Godiva Fair it is certain that we saw and enjoyed the next best thing after it; and it will be long, I think, before either of us forgets the June sunshine, the June fruits and June roses, which seemed to blend with the waving flags and the smiling faces, to wreath an atmosphere of peculiar delight around memorable old Coventry!

Then what a glorious open-carriage ride we had, over the splendid pike and under and between the long lines of giant elms stretching away toward Kenilworth, through the interminable estates of Lord Leigh, whose people seem bowing to the New in the introduction of steam-ploughs and harrows (to see the working of some of which among the tenacious clayey loam, both the Captain and the Governor abandoned the carriage and made the acquaintance of ploughed ground, hunter-mounted overseer, and leg-ginged gamekeeper), while they cling to the Old in the preservation of so many foxes that the farmers complain of ruined crops and desolated poultry-yards. Then, there and everywhere, Warwickshire was charmingly-wooded, heavily-cropped, handsomely-kept, and lovely beyond description; but by-and-by came a little town of gabled stone cottages and uneven, winding streets, if possible older than Coventry, through which our smart fly dashed with much screaming of geese and scattering of children; and then beside us there was a massive ivy-grown ruined gateway, behind which a green lawn sloped up to pile after pile of castellated ruins that seemed like the wreck of not a mere single building, but half a city, and—

Kenilworth Castle !

Brave old name, hallowed alike by history and romance !

Some of us, then present, had had a jolly time, not many months before, seeing and hearing Lady Don play her capital Leicester in the burlesque "Kenilworth," and sing that song of vivacious mischief with the arch refrain to which her own shapely limbs gave such point :—

"Said, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,'
And wrote it on the garter !"

And all of us, perhaps, had thrilled beneath the terrible force of Ristori, playing her majestic Queen Elizabeth, and seeming to revive that screaming female eagle of the Tudors. Well, both those creations came back to us at that moment, in that first view of grand old Kenilworth—its fallen towers yet lordly in their extent and the rich fashioning of their sculptured windows, especially those of the banqueting-room, where the echoes of royal merriment seem even yet to be ringing ; sculptured entrance and crumbling stair showing where probably the Great Queen entered and stepped in her pride of state, when the magnificent noble received her with two thousand servants at his back and the revenue of a year spent in a single day ; the rich green of what was once the tilt-yard lying yet almost unbroken between the well-preserved gateway and the ruined main building, and showing a sod dense and compact enough for the best footing that ever knight's steed held in the perilous joust ; and over crumbling wall and fallen battlement great trees striding like conquerors, thrusting out their giant arms even up the broken stairways that Anna Maria's daring foot would tempt, forcing branches intrusively through shattered windows, flaunting the all-covering ivy as their banner, and seeming to make more lordly in decay even what they ruined.

I have said, already, what every one knows—that there

are few spots so doubly hallowed as Kenilworth, by both history and romance; and the singularity is, that since Scott touched it, no one can quite dis sever the one from the other. The arrogant Leicester and the queenly Tudor are not more real, to most intelligent persons, than Wayland Smith, and certainly not more so than Amy Robsart; and I have no doubt whatever that the born Englishman who that day, within the walls of Kenilworth, informed me of the discovery of a subterranean passage leading from a farm-house at some miles distance, to the grounds under the castle, believed his story and believed that Amy Robsart, in the flesh, had lived at that farm-house and been visited secretly by Leicester through that subterranean passage! Oh, romancers! romancers!—how much you have to answer for, whether you romance between covers or in the prompter’s-copy for the stage! How you make Leicester a bad demi-god, and Elizabeth a royal tartar, and Richard a crook-backed tyrant, and Richmond a high-toned monarch, and Richelieu the most conscientious of men and statesmen, and Rienzi a knightly hero, and Masaniello a fisherman for greatness instead of porgies and sardines; and how you will, some day, I suppose, prove that Jeff Davis never did an ambitious thing in his life; and transform the rough, honest, indelicate, jovial, useful Lincoln into an accomplished Paladin, and straighten Ben Butler’s visuals as well as his pecuniary character!

But all this by the way: it is some distance from Kenilworth to Paris and Rome and Washington, as the old Scotchmen of the west used to say that it was “a far cry to Lochow!” The ivy clambering over the ruined walls has already been spoken of; but there was something else, that June day, less enduring but far more beautiful: roses and trumpet-creepers and other climbing flowers filled the venerable gardens and sprung into the embrasure of every broken window, while they made the air heavy with per-

fume that took away the damp, moldy smell from decay; and I hope and believe that my good friend (for all that I know to the contrary) the Earl of Clarendon, statesman and present proprietor of this finest of old romantic and historical ruins, is not the poorer for the slight inroads that my unscrupulous fingers and Anna Maria's specimen-book made on his floral treasures. Neither the porter nor the gardener was in fault—I aver it: let the inquiry be made, and see whether either of them spent an unwonted shilling, that day, at the tumble-down inn immediately across the way from the gate-house.

Away from Kenilworth, and half an hour's ride toward Warwick, and down a little shaded lane to the left from the road stood an old mill, with a broad, stone-bordered embankment before it, a willow-hung little river creeping and eddying below, and a castellated pile of much antiquity in appearance rising on the thither shore, just beyond the golden meadow. The old mill of heavy stone, and scrupulously clean and well kept, though seemingly dusted with the meal of centuries, beyond any hope of clearing it entirely away, was Guy's-Cliff Mill, said to be the oldest authentic mill in England, and undoubtedly some of the mighty rough stones of its walls and doorways standing before the time of the Conqueror; the little swirling, shaded river, was the Avon of song and story (called by all local residents, not "Ahvon," as pronounced by us, but "Aighvon"); and the castellated pile was Guy's Cliff, a fortress celebrated since long before the days when Richard Neville made kings and was prouder than any king, as "Earl of Warwick,"—ay, even back to those when it was just emerging from the chrysalis of monasteryhood, and affording shelter in its rock-hewn caves to that mirror of arrant and unfortunate knighthood, Guy of Warwick, the only "old English worthy," by the way, except Henry the Eighth, whose armor, preserved in the

Tower of London, would answer for the Governor's wear in the unlikely event of his ever determining to prance round the world in an iron coat.

Half an hour later, I was within Guy's Cliff (castle), and the grounds surrounding it, lubberly shown through the latter by a boy who showed his expectancy of a shilling a little *too* much for strict comfort, and courteously through the former by a housekeeper so genteel that I think I should have been less awed if the owner (Lord Charles Percy, brother to the Duke of Northumberland) had been himself present instead of in London. But candor compels the remark, that since Guy's Cliff came into possession of the “Percies of old name,” through marriage with a daughter of the Greathead family, to whom it came from Byron's Bertie Greathead, and originally from Peregrine Bertie, Duke of Ancaster and Kestevan,—that since that time it has begun to look a little tumble-down at the porches and within, as it has never been anything else than irregular without, a mixture of square and round towers, castle and mammoth mansion. Its pictures, somewhat ostentatiously shown, are also a little Greatheady, a scion of that family having shown a crazy power with the pencil, which culminates in one large panel-picture, opening out of and closing into the dining-room wall at will, on I forget what horrible Italian subject, and dismal enough to give half Western England the nightmare. Though much wealth was evident throughout, and though Guy's Cliff has what even Shakspeare would have designated as a “pleasant seat,” yet somehow I could not help fancying that the castle had a mistress and no master (such things have been, they say, when the wealth came on the wife's side), and that the money spent for repairs was always looked upon a shade grudgingly.

There was much more of interest without Guy's Cliff than within it; the dungeon cells in the solid (though

soft) rock, now forming a side of the court-yard, and once supplying rat-hole cells to the monks, when this was all an abbey of some starvation order, are marvels of labor, patience and self-denial; and even more may be said of the excavation under the bank, at the base of the castle, on the Avon-side, where hunted old Guy is reputed to have hidden himself like a wild beast in his lair, for years, and where the box he fashioned for his tomby bed, from a solid log, with his own hands, is still shown and revered. The well, also under the bank, on the Avon-side, from which he drank during his concealment, is cool enough and sweet enough to have kept life even in a hunted man; the tangled shades overhanging the Avon (at one point, at a really startling height above it) are rich with some of the very finest old trees of old England—oaks, and beeches, and elms of immemorial growth, and two or three cedars-of-Lebanon worthy to have sprung on the crest of Libanus and wide-branched enough to shelter a regiment each; and, taken altogether, Guy's Cliff is one of the relics of the past, least to be ignored in interesting Warwickshire. Long may it be, before the patrimony once of the Nevilles and then of the Berties, falls into worse hands than those of the Percy-Smithsons!

There was another and much more imposing and much better-known building, though scarcely so notable in the antiquarian sense—coming full on us that day as we rode on toward Stratford, and breaking into view as we surmounted the steep, stony streets of the old village of Warwick, where all the features of Midland England old white-walled and thatched-cottage architecture seemed to be intensified, and where the sign of the Bear and Ragged-staff seemed to bring up an almost painful recollection of the cognizance of the unfortunate King-Maker.

This was Warwick Castle, a noble round-towered castellated pile, hanging over the Avon at a point where the

five-or-six-centuries-old bridge which supplies the view, the swirling tide beneath and umbrageous shade clustering close around its foot, combine to give it the most beautiful and most romantic of settings—the whole picture familiar to scenery-lovers, for the last fifty years, in every line of pictorial art, from recognized landscape to window-shades and fire-boards. It is, in fact, a pet piece in English scenery, as indescribable as unnecessary of description. The old pile bears the “tooth of time” most nobly, as if from such a nest of beauty nothing should dislodge it; and though a few of the crenelles are crumbling away from the battlements, and some of the long-past-sieges have left marks that even the climbing ivy can scarcely conceal, yet the Earl of Warwick still makes it a favorite residence and it remains a thing of present use as well as antique show.

There is a celebrated “Warwick vase” within it, and no doubt many features of interest, historical as well as merely connected with the residence of a nobleman. Yet I confess to having left the interior unvisited, and to not even having indulged a desire to spend a crown or two in inspecting the bed-rooms and feeing the servants of George Guy Greville. The outside of noble and royal residences is generally the most satisfactory: let us fancy that it is so with Warwick Castle. Soft blow the winter winds around the gray donjon-keep, and tenderly shroud it the ivy, said to be so fatal in its love!—for the pile has a history of power and suffering, of attack and domination, running far back through the ages: and Midland-England has nothing more nobly and perfectly beautiful, even as a mere appeal to the eye and the ruder senses, than the Bear’s Hold over the Avon.

XXIII.

TWO DAYS AT STRATFORD AND CHARLECOTE.

A PLEASANT afternoon of June, that on which we caught the first glimpse of the square tower, with its pointed upper spire, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, and disembarked from the railway train at the quiet station of Stratford-on-Avon. A Friday afternoon, too—usually considered the most unlucky of days, but blessed above others in that it filled a hope and expectation of many years, by bringing the wandering feet to the home and tomb of Shakspeare; and yet more fortunate that it chanced to be market-day, so that riding down the main street to the Red Horse, and afterwards walking out with that restlessness inevitable while waiting dinner, we came among the stacked carts, temporary booths, fish, cherries, woollen stockings, willow baskets, and pick-nacks of the Warwickshire people; had opportunities to note their homely and healthy rusticity of dress, voice, and manner, and to thus fall back, as it seemed, at least two centuries nearer the time of the great dead who had brought us to the pilgrimage.

The foregoing is a long sentence, I am aware of the fact; but it was unavoidable. There are constitutions to which an occasional long sentence (not judicially delivered) is as necessary as an occasional scrimmage to Phelim O'Finnegan, from the county Kerry, or an occasional flirtation to Sophonisba Jane; besides, I really wanted to get in that "market," which materially edified and amused me, and I

do not see how it could have been managed otherwise. After I once arrived within the purely Shaksperian precincts, the "market" would certainly have received the go-by; for Hawthorne was thoroughly correct when he remarked, writing of this very Stratford and its shrined worthy, the unconscious arrogance of some of these great dead, who do not allow meaner men room to breathe around them—scarcely even space to sleep in tombs in their vicinity.

Feeble wit, too, was likely to receive its quietus in the Shakspeare neighborhood; and I think the desire of venting the last on hand of a bad article, may have moved Anna Maria to refuse entering the one-gray-horse omnibus waiting to convey us to the hostelry of the Red Horse, on the ground that "*she* did not see any red horse, nothing but a white one; and catch *her* going to a house where they advertised one thing and supplied another!" But the charioteer had evidently been caught in that silly verbal trap before, for he assured her ladyship with a grin, that "as that horse had carried a great many smart people, writers, and such like, and had been more than a little written about, it had been '*read* about' as well, and so he thought would answer the purpose." Whereupon Anna Maria shrunk within her number-five boots, wondering what the world was coming to, when Warwickshire coachmen picked up the very atrocities of bad punning, flung away by others like cigar stumps, and played upon them in that unexpected manner!

We reached the Red Horse, however, in spite of the *cheval blanc* that should have been a *cheval rouge*—a very old inn, wonderfully quiet, well kept, and comfortable, not far from the willow-fringed Avon and its bridges, reached by passage through a large proportion of the clean, antique-looking town, which seems to have more than all the years of Shakspeare's fame brooding softly and slumberously

over it. The hotel, over the door of which was the horse for which Anna Maria had been looking, was entered by an archway from the street, arriving visitors debarking into the very door on one side of the arch, much after a fashion now peculiar to old French towns; and the oldest of all old stable-yards in the rear, where lounged smock-frocked ostlers, and stood waiting the most antiquated and odd-looking assortment of gigs and open carriages that ever blessed the eyes of an antiquary. Wendell Holmes's "One-Horse Shay" was nothing to some of them in the way of early origin; but certainly any thing more modern would have been out of place and jarred all the proprieties in that quaint mediæval stable-yard, out of which Falstaff himself might have ordered his horse in the days when his girth had not grown too ponderous for mounting.

The Red Horse is in some sense (like many other places that one finds in Europe, on close examination) an *American inn*, making a specialty of accommodating the "eagle's brood," and heading its bills with a horse-crested oval within which we read "Red Horse Family and Commercial Hotel," while around the border runs the notification; "Known to Americans as Washington Irving's Hotel." And no claim could be less arrogant, better supported, or more welcome to the people for whose suffrages it is put forth; for apart from the thousands upon thousands of the great in every walk of life who have sojourned at the Red Horse (as the best of the Stratford inns) in making their pilgrimages to the birth-place of Shakspeare, and in addition to the special memory that Nathaniel Hawthorne (now already a classic and even then the first of American novelists) made his temporary abode there when tracing out ancestral haunts in Warwickshire,—certain it is that the cozy small parlor, looking out on the sunny street from which not all the market carts and booths had yet been

cleared away, was that to which Washington Irving referred (whether he sat in the office-exhibited chair, or not) when he wrote, in one of the best-known papers of the volume which literally "made him" as "Pickwick" made Dickens: "'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?' thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon."

If there is any one spot on earth which I emphatically do not intend either to describe or to grow eloquently maudlin over, that spot is Shakspeare's Birth-Place, on Henley street, in the heart of the quiet, handsome, odd old town. Both have been so often done before me and so much better done than I can hope to do, that I have no resource but to fall back upon my reserved rights, as did that practical person who declined to weep at an affecting sermon in a particular church, because he "belonged to another parish"—objecting to fall into rhapsodies from which I could never emerge without being drowned in unfortunate comparisons.

There are feelings and facts, however, both of which can be expressed without rhapsody or attempted minute description. A very old timber-and-plaster house, cross-gabled at the right end and with two dormer windows at centre and left, evidently restored but the restorations so made that the large original portions are not confounded with the additions,—stands on the north side of Henley street, now detached from any other buildings, and tasteful and well-kept flower-gardens surrounding the rear and ends. Along the front runs a wooden portico, sheltering the doorways and lower windows. Within, on the ground-floor, a roughly-built apartment, with stone floor badly broken, leads back to a kitchen with large fire-place, if possible ruder than the other. Above, the front room, over the street, slant-roofed, bare-raftered, rough-floored and

low, lighted by one large window with many squares of small glass set in lead sashes, is the room where Shakspeare is reputed to have been born—where I really believe him to have been born, because there seem many reasons to believe that he might have been, none to prove that he might not, and no rival places set up as the origin-points of his peerless fame. Behind and adjoining are (if I remember correctly), two much smaller and less comfortable rooms, low-raftered and evidently used for bed-rooms when the house was occupied for dwelling purposes. Nearly every inch of the birth-room wall (the whole house being whitewashed and kept in the most scrupulous order) is covered with pencil-inscriptions of names, as is, indeed, nearly every inch of the whole house susceptible to a mark of the human barnacles. The panes of the window of the birth-room (alleged to be the original, and probably so, as certainly very old) are covered with diamond-scratches, that of Walter Scott ("W. Scott") being so easy to find that Hawthorne must have been half-blind to miss it when looking especially for it.

This is Shakspeare's birth-place proper, or what we must regard as such, for a correspondingly good reason to that which induced the coroner's-jury to find a verdict against a man not-too-clearly indicated as the murderér of another on whose body (figuratively) they were sitting: "If Jones didn't kill Smith, who did?" If Shakspeare was not born here, where was he born? I repeat that I am satisfied of the genuineness of the Birth-Place and the birth-room; and I feel it my duty to add that once and again I hope to meet on the same spot, and still in the same charge in which she seems so conscientious and capable, the active, intelligent little lady (I fancy the same of whom Hawthorne wrote as the "lady-like girl") who seemed so much disposed to treat a true lover of Shakspeare's memory with even extraordinary courtesy, while she had not an

hour before shown no small proportion of the tigress in preventing the persistent efforts of a human pig (I grieve to say that he was an American) to break a positive rule of the place and scribble his worthless name where there are quite enough already.

So much for the facts—now for one word of feeling. Some have expressed themselves as disappointed when standing on these very spots, unable to find the thrill that had been expected. I expected no special thrill, and found one. To me, the old, rough-stoned, bare-raftered room seemed the fitting nest from which such a bird of Jove might have sprung; to me, the aroma of immortality seemed to pervade every stick and stone of the house where *the greatest uninspired penman of all time* leapt into being. I was fully content and happy thus to have accomplished one more of the pilgrimages long-deferred and anxiously hoped for; and I think that I carried something of the atmosphere of that content away with me, combined with the fragrance of a few June roses and a little of the product of that “bank whereon the wild thyme blows,” given me by a fair hand that shall be no nearer named but well remembered.

Infinitely more romantic in all its surroundings than the Birth-Place, is Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery—perhaps a mile or two from Stratford, westward, on the verge of that Vale of Evesham where Simon de Montfort lost power and life in his battle with the boy First Edward. (Can bones last five or six hundred years, I wonder?—for only a year before I rode over the Vale, they had dug up the bones of some forty men lying side by side, who could scarcely have been placed there by any other event than the great battle.)

Shottery is the most picturesque of rural hamlets—the cottages very old, thatched and weather-beaten, and nearly all exhibiting the evidences of poverty; and among the

oldest of the old and the most picturesque of the picturesque, is the thatched cottage where Shakspeare courted and married Anne Hathaway. Old without (in timber-and-plaster, like the Birth-Place), but marvelously well-preserved—an old age, “frosty, but kindly;” old within, low-ceilinged and humble-looking, but with preserved relics of furniture and bedding-linen to show that the Hathaways were once people of no mean consideration. A wealth of June roses, honey-suckles and sweet-williams (how appropriate the latter !) blooming in the old, old garden in front of it; and remnants under the shady eaves showing where the birds had nested and made love, through the long years of centuries, like the unfledged great man and the humble loving woman who performed the same offices in the rooms beneath, ages and ages ago ! We brought away sweet recollections of Shottery, did we not, Captain who deserted and rode home to Stratford in the fly, and Anna Maria who joined in that sweetest of walks across the fields, by winding “Shakspeare’s path,” with the sun setting in golden glory—the hay-makers (male and female) smothering us in the delicious perfume of their labor—the scenery of hedge and shade and green field among the quietest and loveliest of Midland England—the air perfection—the influences all softening, soothing and enrapturing—and as we paused for a moment at one of the rustic stiles over which the lovers of the hamlet may have climbed from time immemorial, the sad sweet sunset chimes coming over the fields from one of the Stratford steeples, filling the ear as perfectly as eye and heart and brain had all been filled for hour on hour preceding !

The Church of the Holy Trinity, containing that tomb which I believe to be most sacred to Englishmen of any inclosing the remains of a mere mortal—most sacred, I think, even to Americans, of any after that at Mount Vernon—stands almost at the Avon-side, the shaded church-

yard sweeping down to the very edge of the quiet, winding, beautiful little stream, at (if my memory of directions is reliable) the southeastern portion of the town, and on the western bank of the stream. It is much handsomer and more imposing than most semi-rural English Midland churches, being cruciform, in full Gothic, crenellated, with florid Gothic windows, and a neat square tower with ornamented-buttressed corners, from which a sexangular pointed spire of moderate height springs gracefully. Hawthorne (I seem to be always quoting Hawthorne, in connection with Stratford; but the truth is that he was one of the most appreciative of all pilgrims to Warwickshire)—Hawthorne has remarked what probably has struck many another visitor to the Holy Trinity—that “the poet and his family are in possession of the very best burial-places that the church affords.” I feel disposed to go a step further and say that they have managed to be buried in not only the best places in the church, but in one of the most eligibly-situated of all the churches of spire-dotted England. For the beauty of the little river has already been commented upon and really needed no comment whatever; and centuries have pushed into noble luxuriance, in the stone-marked and grave-mounded yard of velvet turf, some of the noblest elms and other fine old shade-trees known even to well-timbered Warwickshire. The path from the gate to the church at the farther end of the grounds, is even duskily shaded by the arching elms that meet and interlace above; and no entrance could be more appropriate or more conducive to that feeling of tender reverence proper on approaching the mausoleum of one of earth’s greatest dead.

Within, the Holy Trinity well redeems the promise made from without. The windows are of richly-stained glass; the order is light Gothic, with no small elaboration in finish; the arches squared at the half-spring, and angel-pointed; and the roof in small paneling with rose-joints.

It seems new enough not to have been touched by the finger of decay, and yet old enough to command respect for its fair proportion of centuries. The tomb of Shakspeare is in the chancel (as nearly every one knows from pictorial or other information), near the foot of the altar-railing, and very close to the left side when looking toward the chancel. A broad, flat, dark stone, level with the pavement (though visitors are somewhat carefully watched to see that they do not inadvertently put foot upon it); the inscription on it, in Roman, so inexorably copied by every writer and so well known from its peculiar tenor, that it is again repeated almost with shame in the present instance—the only redeeming fact in the repetition being that the spelling is not always correctly rendered, and that it is worth something to get even a glimpse of orthography at and soon after the great dramatist's time:—

<p>GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE, TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE : BLEST BE YE MAN YT SPARES THES STONES, AND CVRST BE HE YT MOVES MY BONES.</p>

It is another well-known fact that Shakspeare's wife, daughter, grand-daughter, and relatives by marriage, lie under other flat slabs by the side of the poet; but enough to dwell (if not to stand) upon the one stone, connected with the sepulture of the man best heard of and best appreciated of all mere mortals—a tomb at which, more forcibly than at any other, comes into reverent thought those marvelously-pregnant hero-worship lines of Halleck :

“Such spots as these are pilgrim shrines—
 Shrines to no creed or code confined;
 The Delphian Vales, the Palestines,
 The Meccas of the mind.”

It is good to stand in such a place, as it was to stand in the birth-chamber—to measure thus, so far as they can be measured, the two ends of a brief life-journey moulding the world of mind, and consequently affecting the temporal and eternal interests of all humanity, as they have never been affected by any other one life since that of Christ! And on that spot, standing reverently with uncovered head, the thought came to me more forcibly than ever elsewhere, so that for the first time I felt almost wronged in not being able to solve it:—Is all this world-pilgrimage to the shrine of his burial, open to the eyes of the sleeper of two and a half centuries, or hidden from them? Does *he* know how great his name is upon earth?—he who may be to-day greatest among the great in another sphere, or least among the least! Does he know what Hamlet, and Jacques, and Mercutio, and Juliet, and Imogen, and Beatrice are to us—how the world would be blank if they left it, even as it would be blank if we buried so many of our personally dear ones? Or is it all a shadow, a blindness, a deafness, a mystery, even to him, only to be cleared when all the eternal secrets are made known? Methinks the mind that wove Hamlet's soliloquies and deposed Richard's meditations, might almost have speculated thus over another, if it could have found another worthy of the speculation; but the answer would have been denied, then, even as it is denied to-day.

It is immediately at the left of the tomb, in the side-wall, that the celebrated bust-monument is imbedded—a very creditable bit of work in soft freestone; the face a somewhat round and jolly one, large eyed, curled moustached, and high foreheaded like all the others; the figure merely a bust, with the hands resting on a cushion, one holding the pen, and the other resting on an open scroll; this within a deep round arch, between two small corinthian columns; and over it a figure-supported, death's-head-crowned hatchment, on a broad entablature, bearing the

Shakspeare arms of a tilting-spear in saltire, cross-crosslets fitchee, and a hawk holding a tilting-spear as crest. At the base of the figure, on a broad black tablet, is the inscription, somewhat known but by no means hackneyed to the extent of that on the burial slab:—

JUDICIO PULIUM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPULUS MÆRET, OLYMPUS HABET.

Stay, passenger · why goest thou by so fast,
Read, if thou canst. whom envious death hath plast
Within this monument, Shakspeare, withom
Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck ys tombe
Far more than cost; syth all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.

Obiit. Ano. Doi. 1616. Etatis 53. Die 23. Ap.

The great in worldly power are little beside genius; and I doubt whether every one who visits the Holy Trinity even notices the fact that within the chancel railing, on raised altar-tombs are effigied Sir Hugh Clopton and his wife, and that Carew, Earl of Totnes, who was once Lord Treasurer to Elizabeth—while the fine old church is by no means deficient in other mourning memorials that would be effective and pleasing elsewhere.

The birth and burial records of Shakspeare are very carefully locked and guarded in the vestry—a room of no special mark at the right, passing back toward the chancel. The locks seem to be needed, for even with all this precaution bits of the registry-book have been snipped away by mad curiosity-hunters! This book is long, narrow, parchment-bound, and looks its age; and on two of the leaves, at some distance apart, stand the records of the christening: “26th April 1563, Gulielmus, filius Johannes Shakspeare XXX;” and the burial: “April 25th, 1616,

William Shakspeare, gentleman." There is also in the chancel what has been a fine old font, of the usual vase-shape, but now broken and defaced—believed to have been in existence in Shakspeare's time, and very probably that from which he was christened. At least we were all willing to believe so, that day when the too-hasty hour at the Church of the Holy Trinity came to an end, and we wandered down, in the golden sunset light, to sit on the lower of the two bridges over the little Avon, see the willows bending down lovingly to the stream, mark the exquisite rurality of the whole scene, and hear the soft lap and swirl of the water blending with the voices of children at their play.

That was a pleasant evening by the Avon-side; and it is from some of the observations then made that I am induced to set down a somewhat startling fact and make a more startling suggestion. There are prettier children about Stratford, and the female portion seem to have the faculty of growing up into prettier girls, than I have seen anywhere else in England. Have the Shakspearian memories anything whatever to do with this? Do people grow handsomer, as a race, by being surrounded with romantic and notable influences?—or do more handsome people visit Stratford than other places, and leave behind them some tangible recollection of their presence?

I wish that I could "talk Warwickshire," or write it—then would I tell precisely the words in the which the driver of our open fly ("*Pourquoi* 'fly'?" enquired Anna Maria, "seeing that the clumsy thing rather creeps than goes on wings!")—in which the driver, I say, of the open fly which was bearing us through the most lovely shaded rural scenery imaginable, by Tiddington and Haverston (little old thatched-cottage villages both) towards Leamington—demonstrated most conclusively to me (I wonder whether any one can ever read and understand this

unpardonable sentence!) that it was utterly impossible, now-a-days, to gain entrance to Charlecote Hall, as the family of Mr. Lucy were at home, and the place had not been "shown" to visitors for a number of years. I cannot remember his precise language; but I can remember mine, when he drove past the practicable entrance-gate leading into those magnificent wide lawns, emerald-green, with the mightiest of old oaks, elms and beeches studding them, and dozens of red and spotted deer trooping or lying beneath the shades of what I certainly think one of the most glorious parks that I have ever seen in any land—the property of king, noble, or commoner. There was a gate, at the spot where he vouchsafed to halt us—a very handsome large double gate of ornamental iron, fast-locked between two massive stone posts crowned with one of the cognizances of the Lucys—the boar's-head, if I do not misremember—while at the end of a long, handsomely-shaded avenue, rose Charlecote Hall itself, the very ideal of the dwelling of an English country-gentleman of long descent and independent means—a solid, substantial building, Elizabethan in its general appearance, but with many clustered chimneys and Byzantine-topped corner turrets, and just enough of the ivy commencing to creep over it to add a dash of the venerable to the comfortable.

No matter what were the words with which I "induced" the driver to take his way back to the humbler gate which was *not* locked—he protesting all the while that there was "no use attempting to get into Shawlcot" (the local pronunciation of the word); nor how the Captain and Anna Maria joined him in believing that I was wasting time, and declared that "they did not care to go into it, any how;" nor how the driver stared and the two indifferents presented a very different aspect, when some singular *open sesame*, of which there is no occasion to give an account (at least it was not bribery), produced a very

kind order from Mr. Lucy to have us shown through the Hall, and sent the well-trained butler, early squeezed into his black coat for the purpose, to do the honors of exhibition.

Blessed among the gentry of England are the Lucys of Charlecote, whether Shakspeare did kill deer lawlessly in that noble park and find arraignment in that fine old baronial hall, or not—whether the good though perhaps severe Sir Thomas of that day was or was not lampooned by the poet, and afterwards caricatured as Justice Shallow by the poet fledged to be the dramatist. For noble as is Charlecote Park (and I really would not trade it for that of Windsor, as site for a residence), Charlecote Hall is quite its equal in every detail of stately luxury. The vaulted great-hall (where Shakspeare is said to have been arraigned) is in the most perfect of mediæval taste, with its immense space, high vaulted ceilings and wealth of windows giving it almost the brightness of the outer air, —and with a staircase noble enough for that of a royal palace, leading away to the upper apartments; the billiard-room, next entered, is in equally excellent taste in erection and furnishing, while a billiard-table upon which Og, King of Bashan, might have caromed with some of his brother giants, occupies the centre of the apartment; in the drawing-room there are enough of very gems in pictures, originals of moderate size, by the very best of the old Italian, Flemish and Spanish masters, with a few modern ones to give them light and variety—literally to supply a “King’s ransom,” and to give assurance of the taste which must preside throughout; in the dining-room (as also in the great-hall) are some of the finest specimens of carving in English oak, modern and mediæval, that the whole island can supply; and in the library—but the library must have a paragraph of its own; for are not libraries and their contents (always excepting the

works of the present writer) above all other things in intrinsic value?

Like every other portion of the house which comes under the eye of the favored visitor, this library is perfect in furniture and appointments, and displays the pikes (or *lucres*) of the Lucy arms liberally; and scarcely even Sir Walter, at Abbotsford, possessed one so charmingly located. The gentle, winding, shaded Avon flows almost beneath the windows and is reached by a flight of stone steps leading down to a handsome tiny pier for boat-service—much more like those beautiful fancies of the sort, so uncommon in the actual world but so familiar on theatre-drops, than anything else that I have ever seen; its wealth of books in their carved oaken book-cases, comprise nearly all ages and all languages—certainly a collection to enrapture a book-worm and bewilder a house-maid entrusted with their dusting and re-arrangement; and I suppose that there is scarcely wealth enough in Warwickshire to buy away from its place of honor one peculiar feature of that apartment. This is nothing more nor less than a suite of furniture in ebony, with the most elaborate ornamentation in sea-horse-tooth ivory inlaying, that would seem to have consumed a life-time or two in preparation; but beautiful as is the suite of itself, how much are its interest and value added to when it is known that it is the same presented to the Earl of Leicester, at Kenilworth, by Queen Elizabeth, at that very more-than-regal reception of a royal guest, of which we almost seemed to feel the atmosphere yet hanging round the banqueting-hall windows of that magnificent ruin! There may be more interesting relics of long-gone days, stored away in some of the feudal palaces of England; but I should be proud to own this and scarcely enquire after any single rival—just as, I think, if I owned Charle-cote, I should be likely to eschew the American vice of

removal and think that I had mastered that comprehensive word—*home*.

Perhaps I have been expansive and enthusiastic over Charlecote—I fancy that I have been; for though I expected much, I found more—one of the handsomest and best-appointed residences “within the four seas that girt Britain.” This is worthy even of the connection of Shakespeare’s name!—so I said and repeated again and again as we rolled regretfully away by handsome little Charlecote Church, an appanage of the manor, over the delicious roads and through the soft meadows and shaded lanes, by the quaint half-old half-modern hamlet of Harford; rumbled through Warwick with farewell glimpses of the Castle, the Avon, striped Leicester’s Hospital, and the bears-and-ragged-staves; and brought up at last, drinking endurable iodine-water and looking out once more for places in a railway-carriage, at clean-looking, stylish, ultra-genteel, yellow-freestone-y, large-named, “Parade”-studded, Saratoga-ish and yet altogether indescribable Leamington Spa.

XXIV.

HYDE PARK AND PARLIAMENT.

WHEN I was "doing London," in 1865, the government had just been defeated, and "gone to the country" in more senses than one; consequently I lost both Park and Parliament, except the empty chambers of the latter, for the "season" was over. This year I have had both, in rare perfection, however briefly—the time the close of June, with the weather borrowed from Italy, as it seemed, for my special accommodation; all the world in town, and using the unwontedly clear atmosphere to make themselves the most magnificent of shows; and parliament busy at what then seemed the interminable "Representation of the People's Bill"—the "Reform Bill," to put it more intelligibly. I had previously seen London pretty thoroughly, but missed those two aspects; and here opens a theme worthy of long elaboration, and yet one that can only be dealt with in a few sentences.

To an American, the British Houses of Parliament (Westminster Palace) are nobler and handsomer, without, than they seem to be held by the English people, who make an affectation of considering them gingerbread, tawdry, and in bad taste. If they *are* in bad taste, let us have a little more of that execrable commodity on both sides of the Atlantic, and at an early period! But within, and considered as halls of legislation, the two chambers make about the same impression on the mind of any west-

ern man, used to plenty of room and any quantity of lobby, that might be produced by offering the most elegant of handboxes to a man looking after a cart. The Lords' Chamber is handsome enough, though by no means to be compared with half a dozen of the State Senate chambers of the United States, except in the gilded throne (commonly kept vigorously covered), and a few other details of decoration ; and in commodiousness, and one would think even in comfort, neither that nor the Commons' is to be named beside the least notable of ours, much more beside those immense but very comfortable and really elegant arenas for the fighting of the national battle over the nigger, supplying room to speak and abundant space to hear, and known as the Congressional Chambers at Washington. Not a seat in either of the English chambers has any special comfort ; not one has any facility for scribbling even a word of note, except on the knee, in a book of tablets, or on the crown of the ever-present hat. And as to lobby accommodation, let it be briefly said that in the Lords' there is none except a single row of screened seats around the gallery, the whole of which might accommodate fifty or seventy-five, and a few "stalls" for the royal family and more favored of the nobility—not even the commonest of them attainable by a stranger, except through the personal introduction of a "Noble Lord," or the use of a complimentary Legation ticket. To the Commons, the access is a little more liberal, though even there the accommodation is something worse than that provided in the New York Aldermanic Chamber, and the entrée only to be procured through favoritism. The whole arrangement is, to my fancy, mean, petty, ridiculously exclusive, and entirely unworthy the chief deliberative bodies of a great nation ; and though the Governor is proverbially not the easiest of men to keep on the outside of any place which he sets his mind upon entering, both he and the Captain, in the pres-

ent instance, might have found themselves vigorously excluded but for the courtesy of Mr. Benjamin Moran, Secretary (and wheel-horse) of the American Legation, to whose hard-working usefulness in his sphere I have before taken occasion to refer.

But, different as the Parliamentary Chambers may be from American preconception, they present nothing in the way of wonder comparable to that *really mightiest body of legislators in the world*, the Lords and Commons of England themselves. Good-looking men enough, and possibly a shade better-looking, or at least healthier and less nervous-looking, than the average of American Congressmen, they are by no means the Adonises or types of physical perfection that they are usually called by Jenkins and his tribe. And they have no special dignity of demeanor to throw them into better relief; in fact, they may be said to have the very opposite. It is not to be denied that in the Lords there are many fine faces, some eminently handsome and high-bred ones (perhaps the Duke of Argyle's the clearest-cut of all), and not a few venerable heads; and that especially around the members of that body there is woven an indescribable something, which tells that they are also members of good society; but when that is said, nearly all is told. They are (I don't mean to be irreverent) old foggyish and lumpish-looking, sitting with hat on head (I believe that is a point of conscience with an English peer in his official seat, as it is with our Hebrew brethren when they bear testimony), and conveying the impression of considering it a favor to the world that they deign to legislate at all. There are orators among them, too, orators in the English sense; and there are wise lawgivers—who doubts the fact? They are something to respect, in a certain sense even to venerate, but scarcely to admire, at least from our western point of view.

The Commons are the younger, less-refined, and less-respectable lords. Wearing the hat seems optional with them, though it predominates. The Speaker presides without any marked dignity, and the members comport themselves without any pretense to that quality. They stand, sit, go out frequently, and return as frequently—Speaker and members suggesting nothing more orderly than, say, a meeting of an American Chamber of Commerce for some informal object, in which the members “talk” and do not “speak”—instead of the popular and money-supplying body of the mightiest of European nations. They cheer, and “hear! hear,” a favorite speaker; bray, crow, “Oh! oh!” and cough down an obnoxious one, long before they have heard what he intends to say. Their best speakers are able ones, beyond a doubt, acute in argument, accurate in practical education, strong in ratiocination; but the best of the best, the John Brights, the William Ewart Gladstones, the Benjamin Disraelis (all of whom seemed to be first or last on foot during *our* day), are not orators in the American understanding of the term. They are woefully unimpassioned, and seem to lack the trick of earnest; they seldom gesticulate, and they “ah—ah!” and drawl too much, keeping eager ears waiting for their words, and seeming to have forgotten the exact expressions intended to be used, or not quite made up their minds as to the best of certain choosing-words. The fact may be stated in brief, that however the leading speakers of the British Parliament may command the respect of the world by the results of their labors, and however much they may be able to move English hearers and English constituencies by their action and their speech, such speech would move the sharper, quicker, higher-seasoned American ear and taste not much more than a child’s whisper in a whirlwind.

I have not been very enthusiastic, any more than very thorough, in dealing with Parliament: true. Now to

atone, by being quite as hurried and unsatisfactory with reference to the Park—Hyde Park, specially, I mean, and that peculiarly because it is there that at certain hours of the afternoon and approaching evening, Parliament “risen” and all the other details of fashionable life subordinated to the great event, the nobility, the “style,” the beauty and the arrogant pretension of England gather and pass in review, as nowhere else on the odd, matchless little island.

Wonderful are the vehicles standing in Parliament-yard for an hour before the “rising”—waiting for the Peers and the more notable M. P.’s to come out and be whirled away. Wonderful in the excellence and style of matched-horses (though in that regard they do *not* overtop the fashion of the American commercial and social metropolis)—wonderful in the perfection of carriage, harness, and appointments—wonderful in the liveries and the laughable pomposity of cockaded (and often *matched*, like the horses) drivers and footmen of the open chariots—wonderful in the calves (padded or natural) of many of the footmen aforesaid, and the air of *knowing how to be menials in a pretentious manner*, at which they have arrived by long practice—yet more wonderful, if possible, in the wives or daughters of notables, who have arrived at such “exact-science” in the art of lounging back in the carriage while sometimes waiting there instead of fatiguing themselves by alighting and resuming their seats, that they literally seem to lounge over half the world in the act, to wave several scepters in a diminutive fan or parasol, and to proclaim, in even the lift of an eyelid or the wag of a forefinger: “Good nobodies who look, I am the Lady Dash or the Honorable Mrs. Asterisk—porcelain to your filthy clay—lilies and rose-leaves to your miserable ordinary shrubs. The world is mine, and the fullness thereof; and you ought to offer up perpetual thanksgivings that I self-denyingly permit you to pollute the same atmosphere by breathing it.”

Is this bitter? I think not—I certainly do not intend it to be so, for the whole thing is rather amusing than the reverse—amusing, because “everybody does so” when the opportunity offers. Give American ladies the same descent (real or pretended), the same wealth and surroundings, and they would probably be even greater fools, as are some of them to-day without the excuse! No—no bitterness, nor even a word of ill-nature; let us secure the very tastiest open-carriage and liveried driver attainable by the disbursement of a couple of twin sovereigns, go and be as magnificently silly as the silliest, just so far as our own feeble powers will allow, doing Rotten Row and the Ladies’ Mile of Hyde Park at say six o’clock, when the sun is lowering towards the trees of the West End and yet lacks two hours of its setting.

Am I about to paint you Hyde Park? I trow not, for two reasons—one that I have never been enough its habitué to even fix its topographical divisions; the other, that there is no occasion. Understood, the splendid drives of the southern edge, dignified with the undignified name; given a very pleasant June afternoon, clear and scarcely oppressive even in the open sunshine; a thousand occupied carriages and five hundred horsemen and horsewomen; all the appointments, equine and vehicular, unimpeachable and many of them magnificent, and the riders the most notable in rank, wealth, and fashion that even rich, pretentious, and title-loving old England can furnish; and required the result!

The result is somewhat too difficult for a weak verbal arithmetician: it might puzzle even a stronger. It can only be hinted at, not given. To meet, follow, or pass, for miles, a constant succession of carriages—nearly all open—all tastefully appointed, and nineteen-twentieths bearing coronets on their panels, or displaying as crest some mailed arm, beast, bird, fish, star, or mythological monstrosity from

the wonderful collection which England has been laying up ever since the Battle of Hastings—all the vehicles redolent of powdered coachman and liveried footman—all filled with people whose recognition is distinction and who have recognitions to give and receive continually—all moving at a pace not much faster than that of an impeded funeral, owing to the crush, press, the helmeted policemen and un-helmeted proprietaries,—to meet and follow and pass through all this, returning the fire of such batteries of eyes as inevitably rain shafts of blue lightning even on the lowliest, is not the easiest of things to do with equanimity.

English blonde beauty is a well-understood entity, and yet I am inclined to believe that there is not considered to be quite enough of it—else there would scarcely be so much *seasoning with it of homeliness or marked decadence*. For there really are so many of the lumpier kind of dowagers in those carriages—so many, though markedly fewer, as becomes the climate, of the sallow, parchmented, angular, old-maidish; and the handsomest of the daughters of nobility are so inevitably sandwiched among and alongside them, that the motive cannot be any thing else than leavening the one or foiling the other. Here and there, to be sure, there will be an open carriage sacred at once to Venus and Diana—its occupants merely a cluster of high-bred, clear-complexioned, blue-eyed, blonde-tressed, baby-handed girls, the “wealthy curled darlings” of a nation indeed, glancing upon whom for a moment one feels temporarily inclined to recognize the force of the claims asserted for Saxon beauty as among the purest of types, and to admit that there *is* something in generation after generation of culture, ease, well-instructed exercise, and high-breeding. Such, I know, was my own feeling at a certain moment of our “Park-day,” when I fell in love at once with the three golden-haired and violet-eyed daughters of the Earl of —— (the crest on their carriage confirming

the identity), thereby abjuring Lady Harriet H——, sister of Baron ——, whose long auburn curls and sweet brown eyes had held me prisoner for the preceding five minutes, captivated at the same instant in one of the “crushes” when Anna Maria struck “all of a heap” the young Duke of ——, setting him galloping off out of the press to discover “who was the elegant creature, newly burst on London society, whom he had just seen riding with those two distinguished-looking middle-aged persons, evidently foreign noblemen if not princes !”

Let me say, here and approvingly, that the English ladies of condition, especially the *young* ladies, *dans le parc as en promenade*, do not seriously overdress and sink subordinate to their silks, velvets, laces, and flowers,—and that the lesson might be read elsewhere with advantage. And then I must leave the carriage-riders, only pausing to remark that the ladies do not occupy the carriages alone, but that their male companions, or the gentlemen who sulk on cushions without female companionship, are generally past middle age, and many of them white-headed, white-side-whiskered, heavy, and respectable, with a sprinkling of foreign-looking persons (of the Diplomatic Corps, probably) almost always riding alone and somewhat affecting covered carriages, besides making an un-English display of orders in the button-hole. The *young* men of England do not ride through the Park in carriages, as do not a large proportion of their sisters and *fiancés* ; and this brings us to the question of where they are meanwhile.

Young England as well as much of Middle-aged England, male, rides on horseback and rides splendidly ; and so does a very large proportion of Young England, female. Nowhere else, except on the hunting-field, is horsemanship considered of as much consequence as in the Park ; and Ned Sothern competes with the Prince of Wales for supremacy in “park-hacks.” And at the fashionable hour,

when all the carriages are in motion, there may be seen such a gallant show of equestrians and *equestriennes*, reined up in loose military order along the Row, giving and receiving salutations, chatting, occasionally caracoling, flirting with whip and bridle, then breaking away into knots and couples for a trot or a gallop along the "Mile"—as cannot well be matched elsewhere in the healthy vitality and excellent horsemanship which it displays. Ever and anon at some carriage-door a horseman reins up, lifts his hat, pays a compliment or holds a moment's conversation, then passes on, butterfly-like, to the next flower that offers the honey of admiration or the wax of policy. Handsome and distinguished-looking fellows, many of these, even if they do have the disadvantage of bearing title and position; and thoroughly in accord with good horses, nearly all; just as among the fair *equestriennes* may be seen pretty faces, flying curls, willowy figures (when the years have not been too many), graceful seat and carriage, and an enviably-excellent bridle-hand. A charming pendant to the Park array, these healthier rivals of the sedentary and the inert,—even if there should chance to be among them some who ride *too* well, who make too pronounced a display in attitude and costume, and who awake the suspicion if not the certainty attached to the "pretty horse-breaker." And if there should even be some of the latter, be sure that *roué* as well as titled male England is on horseback, and that the balance of doubt will not lie with the weaker, softer, vainer, better sex!

Ah me!—I thought, as we finally wheeled northward for a less-crowded drive through Regent's Park and around the cheap-romance-celebrated neighborhood of St. John's Wood—ah me!—what a world of youth, beauty, rank, fortune and all the advantages, rides through Hyde Park of a pleasant summer-evening; and yet what a task would be that of Asmodeus, peeping beneath the trees and un-

roofing heads instead of houses, to discover how much of the youth and beauty was up for bargain and sale in the markets of rank, political power, or necessity—how many comedies or even tragedies might be weaving along Rotten Row or the Ladies' Mile, with plots wilder and more complicated than those shown to the public eye at the New Royalty or the Surrey!

XXV.

BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

“TWICE told tales” may be very good things in the hands of genius; they are by no means inevitably so in those of mediocrity. Result: I, who have before attempted to describe crossing the British Channel, with the sights, sounds, and sensations peculiar to that proceeding, must be very chary of words in dealing again with the same subject. Yet with two transits involved in the supplementary travel of 1867, at least some mention of incident and observation seems inevitable.

My crossing from Newhaven to Dieppe, early in July, had two or three notable features: the first, that through it the Captain, Anna Maria, and myself, till then a trio of undiluted Americanism, made the acquaintance of Young Hawesby, Yorkshireman by birth, and Londoner by student matriculation, who thenceforth, so to speak, “hooked on,” and made the combination Anglo-American—to the pleasure and profit of all. Much the merrier and more enjoyable were many after-hours, for the stout-figured, broad-faced, frank, conscientious, jolly young English blending of the yeoman and gentleman, who ran down with us that day from London to Newhaven, and took his first little “queerness” of the stomach and whitening of the complexion, under the sympathy of so many of us as had any of that article to spare. The second notable feature, that I at last saw Anna Maria in a different aspect from any in

which I had before beheld that vivacious lady : all former views had been superficial ; but I think I may say that on that occasion I became acquainted with her *otherwise than externally*. The third, that I was thrown into contact with Narrowood, scion of the great house that did *not* receive the first honors at the Paris Exposition for the manufacture of hand-organs—with Lizzie, and with one other.

A calmer noon, in wind and sea, than that at which we stepped on board the good iron paddle-wheeler Marseille, and steamed out of Newhaven harbor, away from Beachy Head and the “white cliffs” generally, for Dieppe, need not have been prayed for by the veriest “old woman” who ever tempted a mill-pond. A rougher sea and a stiffer gale than those in which we passed the last three hours of the run to the French coast, need not have been invoked by the most legitimate descendant of the Vikings. I have before essayed to describe the peculiar motions and sensations of rough weather on the Channel, and shall not repeat the attempt. The Marseille—fine boat of English build, and principally of English management—took the whole thing as a matter of course, and made no more complaint than a duck would have done at a little more water falling into his puddle ; but not so with very many of her passengers !

The Governor (who feebly affects the “old salt”) prophesied a gale at Newhaven, insisted upon one at mid-channel, and was frightenedly-jubilant when he eventually found the “boots” for which he had been “looking under the bed.” The Captain had not been so hilarious since he left the deck of his own little steamer, years before. He was as happy as a retired pugilist at unexpectedly beholding a neat “little mill.” Young Hawesby turned green, like the sea which troubled him, but, spite of his arithmetical and mathematical education, had difficulty in “casting

up his accounts, though none in making his reckoning. And Anna Maria —

It is only by degrees that we come to the knowledge of the real qualities of others. By a chance word, Melissa arrives at the late and painful certainty that Adolphus once "loved another," only a dozen or two of years before, and that thenceforth she must be miserable during her balance of life. Through muttered sentences, in dreams, Adolphus discovers whose was the suspicious form watched years before under Julia's window, and receives confirmation of his comfortable jealousy; and in like manner Banker Joseph betrays to ears that he might not trust so readily of his own will, the secret of dishonored notes and impending bankruptcy. Far be it from the present veracious chronicler to say that Anna Maria —

That sentence, too, must be left unfinished. Why should I indicate *what* revelations A. M. made in the first desolate upheavals of a sea-sickness defied on the Atlantic to be met and succumbed to on the Channel? Such unwilling confidences should have the sacredness of intentional ones, with the truly conscientious. What if the somewhat startling knowledge did come to the ears of both the Captain and the Governor, while A. M. lay supine but painfully conscious on the shoulder of the latter, that she had been the cause of two duels and a suicide, and was at that moment under three tacit engagements of marriage, without intending to wed at all, unless she married a fourth? Were not these trifling admissions accompanied by mild objurgations of the sea, and everybody and every thing connected with it, placid requests to be thrown overboard, and other symptoms of—well, say *derangement*, without specifying the locality of the disorder! And when hysterics came, with two hours of maudlin laughter, only to be conquered by enough nameless soporific applications to have drugged a dragoon—who will credit that she was really laughing at

the recollection of her last offer from an exquisite in tight trousers, who split the knees of the trousers aforesaid in the act of kneeling, and was obliged to receive his refusal and vacate the room without rising from that posture! All this, believing the best of the usually-vivacious but temporarily-prostrate lady, may be thought of, but must not be told: let the mantle of silence fall over it in this manner.

Meanwhile, it must not be supposed that A. M. was the only female victim of the lively Marseille. Here and there a plucky little English woman "held her own" in the best sense; but almost all the French and other continentals, and most even of the Britons, bowed to the fell destroyer. The worst of it was that as the wives and fiancées grew helpless, the husbands and lovers grew correspondingly neglectful, from "causes over which (probably) they had no control," and that most of the females, consequently, one by one fell prone on the decks and seemed to be moaning away their lives, while they were certainly exhausting vitality in a manner more easily imagined than described, without being even able to raise the head under so obvious a necessity! At about six P. M. the after-deck of the Marseille presented the appearance of a battle-field of the Amazons, in which the weapons had been emetics and nobody victors, while finery was much bedraggled and bespattered, and calls for unafforded help came chokingly in more languages than ever entered the dreams of the "Learned Blacksmith." Here a fat English dowager called "John!" who did not come, and bewailed her ever trusting herself on that "narsty channel," John (as I happened to notice) being at the moment fiendishly sick over an ineffectually-solacing glass of 'arf and 'arf, near the cook's galley; there a young French woman, with her flower-garden of bonnet lying ruined in an unsavory pool, and her black hair streaming wide amid all, called

“Alphonse!” and “mon ami!” with other phrases of her vernacular, and declared her intention of dying then and there, in tones that would have moved the pity of any lover not suffering under the *maladie de mer*; and one sharp-nosed woman (I believe that she was insane in hysterics) swore, to a degree horrifying even to the coarse-faced brute who seemed to call her wife; and some bawled like children, in mingled fear and suffering; and others merely moaned, being beyond fear and in hopeless suffering only; and the Governor—

Nobody has ever accused the Governor, I think, of doing many benevolent or many useful things; perhaps he would not have done either, on that occasion, but for a sort of defiant propensity to swim up-stream whenever he can catch the tendency of the tide. But whatever the motive, it is worth noting that the official actually amused himself by going around to the neglected females on the after-deck, when Anna Maria had been at last disposed of,—lifting up the head of each, for an indefinite period (think of this being done without an introduction!) and then laying each down again and passing on to the next. How many *quasi* embraces he achieved in this manner, or what were the sensations which thrilled his “manly bosom” while so admitted to the more delicate confidences of womanhood, who shall dare to calculate?

Meanwhile Lizzie stood much of the time at the after-companion-way, or on the steps thereof, sometimes holding on to the rail and at others not even taking that precaution,—her jaunty short red dress prettily supplemented by the neat ankles and trim high boots showing beneath, and her half-laughing girlish-face, under her natty ribboned tarpaulin, at once one of the sweetest and most melancholy things that I ever saw, taking all the circumstances into consideration. For Lizzie was not alone—oh, how much better had she been!—how much better had she been the

loneliest poor soul on earth, than what she too evidently was: the despised, disregarded, ill-treated girl-mistress and plaything of a wealthy drunkard and brute! The brute was Narrowwood, of the red whiskers and the brandy-flushed face that had once been wholesome-looking enough though never manly—jubilant-drunk over his tin medal for hand-organs, at the Exposition, and going to some one of the French ports to resume his yacht. He had a dog with him, collared and chained, and carried the chain in his hand. Between his rapid repetition of drinks and his running against and half insulting passengers, he sometimes drunkenly caressed the dog, the more valued of his two “properties;” but when poor Lizzie would presume to lay her hand on his arm, ashamed to see him so disgracing humanity, and say: “Oh, don’t!—please don’t, Chris.!—you mustn’t do that, you know!”—then the beast would snap at her like the cowardly cur that he was, and tell her to “hold her d——d jaw!” and “get out of the way!” and more than once pushed her rudely from him; while she, poor, fallen, and lost, and not even quite sober, though so far above *him*—would shrink back and look at him so sadly and humbly and pleadingly that the heart which did not bleed for her must have been either very hard or—very full of the precepts of “modern Christianity.”

Lizzie (I heard the brute call her name, in his tipsy way) was French, I think, by birth; and had evidently been made a victim by the rich English roué so fast turning into the drunkard, while in the ignorant and defenseless school-girl period. Indeed, she was not far past it at the moment when I saw her; and the face as plainly told of natural goodness as natural want of defensive strength. She had been tempted by something that seemed above her in wealth and station; she had fallen, even into some of the bad habits of her betrayer; but she was not all corrupted, even yet; and oh, what a penalty she was paying!

To be lost from the path and hope of womanhood, was quite enough, one would have thought; but to be lost for such a thing as *that*!—to be less than his dog to something less than a dog!

More than once, during the early part of the run, I saw a tall, dark-haired and brown-complexioned man, whom I believed to be an American, but without being quite sure of the fact, watching the two and their relations, with evidently no good-will in his face towards the offensive Nabob of hand-organs. Once, later, when the sea was very heavy, I saw him approach the young girl as she stood heedlessly at the companion-way, and heard him address her with a most respectful warning, accompanied by a bowing lift of the hat that could not have been more profound before the highest lady in any land—begging her to be a little more careful of her hold and footing, or she might chance to take an awkward tumble. She thanked him, in good English but with a French *patois*, though remarking that she was an old sailor, and scarcely adopting his suggestion. And at that moment, just as I had decided from the voice and manner that this man *was* an American, Narrowwood stumbled up the steps, leering drunkenly and dragging his dog,—saw the two in conversation and perhaps heard that they were speaking, and pushed Lizzie out of the way with the customary oath. I saw the brow of the American darken a little dangerously, as he turned away; but that was all.

We were nearing Dieppe, and smoothing our water by coming under the lee of the French coast; and people who had recovered strength enough were getting out the small baggage that had been temporarily carried below to keep it from the rain. The American, coming up with a traveling-bag and stout stick, met Narrowwood at the head of the stair, and the latter drunkenly jostled against him. I saw his hand grip and then relax, as if he so wanted to an-

nihilate the beast but lacked excuse and was not quite clear as to the duty. Just then a drunken gleam of recollection seemed to go over the face of Narrowwood, and he accosted the American with offensive familiarity, slapping the latter's stick two or three times with his own, to give his remark point: "Humph! you are the man that talks to other people's women, are you!"—"I am the man that do not talk to *you*, at all events!" I heard the American reply, hoarsely and evidently controlling himself by an effort. "Oh, I see—a d—d Yankee, with your airs!—pretty stock of pirates, *you* are!" was the response of the Englishman. In half a minute thereafter, I think he was the worst-frightened man I ever saw, as he would certainly have been the worst punished had not poor Lizzie rushed between, and with her pleading eyes and broken appealing speech sheltered him who deserved that mercy so little. The American sprang toward Narrowwood, then checked himself as the slight form came between with its: "Oh, Monsieur!—pray don't! Oh, Chris! Chris!" and the drunken beast staggered backward. But if the threatening hand was checked the tongue was not, and I have never before heard such a sermon in a few words as came from his angry lips at the next instant, albeit some of the expressions were by no means canonical. Half the passengers heard it, I think, and sympathized in the righteous indignation; the brute certainly heard it, and grew white as the canvas covering the luggage-heap. I wish that I could set down all the phrases, but I cannot, though I remember them remarkably well: some of them were too much of the Harney and Hancock pattern for type.

"*You* call me a 'd—d Yankee,' do you, you infernal English thief and beast!" he rather growled than spoke, while there was something of the tiger just ready to spring in every lineament and gesture. "*You* touch me with your stick, do you, you drunken dog that the decent

dog ought to be ashamed to follow! Look at that girl, too good to wipe her shoes on your filthy carcass in spite of what you have made her; and then even speak to a white man again! Ever put yourself in *my* way again, or open your mouth to me, or wink at me, or let me see that you know that I live, and by" (no matter who or what) "I will revenge that poor girl and the British nation that you outrage with your miserable, drunken, vagabond, scoundrelly life, by choking you as I would a rattlesnake or drowning you as I would a blind puppy!"

Narrowood, drunk as he was, evidently believed that the indignant man meant what he said; and so did poor Lizzie, and so did the passengers who overheard. He tried to mumble an apology, but only gabbled, and Lizzie (oh, that clinging attachment of woman to the worthless once loved!) drew him away, and thus ended the scene. Entering Dieppe harbor and landing came only a few minutes later, and I saw neither of the three any more; but I think that others than myself learned with gratification an hour after, at the Hôtel de l'Europe, that the drunken beast had tumbled over from the gang-plank while landing, come near to anticipating the "blind-puppy" doom threatened by the American, and only been saved with difficulty, half-drowned and temporarily-sobered, by the boatmen, who plunged reluctantly after him under the incitement of poor Lizzie's wringing hands and pleading cries.

Strangely enough, the only peculiar sensation of my return passage, by Calais and Dover, has to do with another drunken man! *Almost* the only peculiar sensation, I should have written; for was there not something worth remembering in my first sight of those very old crumbling walls and gates of Calais, the very same once delivered to English Edward, with the keys on a cushion and ropes around the necks of Eustace de St. Pierre and the other

French knights, when of good Queen Philippa of Hainault and her mercy it was said: "Edward may own cities, but it is Philippa who conquers hearts!" And are not the railway omnibuses of Calais to be remembered, with their "Nothing for fare, gentlemen, but something for the driver;" and the little baggage-beggars, more plentiful and more persistent than even in New York; and the shabby and tumble-down long pier, down which they are going to have a rail some day in the coming centuries; and the low-lying white-funneled steamers at the high pier; and the tubby, round-bowed black luggers with "C. 786," or some other number, in great white letters on either bow; and low "Calais Sands" at a little distance, where bathing and duels have been almost equally frequent at water and shore edges? And is it not worth something,—even through the driving rain of a sudden gust that came too late to "kick up a sea," but made the skipper crawl funnily, feet foremost, into a tarpaulin bag,—to have seen tall white perpendicular Dover Cliffs, made immortal by a few words in "King Lear;" and picturesque Dover Castle crowning its circular knoll, but dominated by the modern fortifications opposite—one of the most striking coast-scenes, in short, to be found in making approach to the rugged and rock-bound island?

But of my drunken "Joe," on this return run, with a word of whom this rambling paper must perforce conclude.

He was a rather good-looking and quite pleasant-looking man of forty or forty-five, with the handsomest of too-long dark beards, a spree-ish eye, two friends in company, a leathern hat-box and an umbrella. He came on board at Calais, already a little tipsy; and he drank too often, all the while, so that I heard one of his friends warn him: "Joe, if you are not careful, you will be drunk!" He *was* drunk—very drunk, long before we reached Dover; but as different in his drunkenness from the brute of whom I

have lately made mention, as good-nature is from bestiality. As he grew tipsier he grew merrier, and developed a singing propensity somewhat marine in the character of its subjects. Then came the gust, with its fierce, quick rain, sending everybody below for shelter; and as I went down the companion-way I saw his two companions trying to induce "Joe" to leave his seat and follow.

The rain partially ceased in about fifteen minutes, and the thick-booted and oil-clothed rushed again on deck at once, as Dover Castle was within view. But not even the Castle could distract my attention from "Joe" at that moment. It was evident that his companions had failed to effect his removal, and beaten their own retreat; and there he lay, in the two inches of water yet flooding the forward-deck, flat on his back, but his head supposedly sheltered under the open slat-work of the side-seat, holding over him his umbrella for protection, while the wind had turned that implement inside out, and a rent near the handle sent down the whole stream thus collected, as through a funnel, into his face and neck. His hat-box, two or three feet from him, had lost the lid, and the hat within was showing itself a water-proof by retaining about four inches of the liquid; while the owner, evidently believing himself sheltered, and happy beyond precedent, was clinging to his reversed umbrella, kicking up his heels like a school-boy, and singing "Britannia rules the waves!" as well as could be effected through the rain-water spluttering into his mouth.

One of his friends coming up at the moment, and a deck hand assisting, "Joe" was extricated from his berth under the seat, and brought to a standing position, while I do not think that he additionally quavered a note in his lay on account of the removal. But, alas!—our troubles are sometimes only begun when they seem to be ended: making a demonstration towards the cabin-door, he caught his

foot in the combing, doubled up like a jack-knife blade in its handle, and the last that I saw of him he was disappearing, head-foremost and feet upward, down the companion-way of La France's forward cabin.

With which unsatisfactory last glimpse, this equally unsatisfactory second glimpse of the coasts, waters, boats and passengers "between France and England," must fade away, and give place to other observations no less fragmentary and desultory.

XXVI.

BIRD-FLIGHT IN SWITZERLAND—PARIS TO GENEVA AND CHILLON.

Nor that the Governor, spite of his fragile physique, was a "bird," at any time during the brief Swiss campaign—not when the first papers of this rambling record rather threw themselves than were thrown into shape at Interlaken in late July—not even when he might have made some pretensions to belong to the feathered tribe, while wearing a two-foot wing-quill of the lammergeyer, with a sort of dim fancy that it made him an Alpine hunter and warrior, after his fortunate discovery of that article at Giessbach on Brienz.

No—not that there was really any thing of the bird, either in lightness or grace, about either of the party, miraculously increased to six, who made the flight through Switzerland; but simply because the progress *was* a flight: that two weeks between entering the land of blue lakes and snow-capped mountains, and taking departure therefrom, is such a mere atom of time that the participants in it may well have supposed themselves swallows or rice-birds, making a long sweep from one climate to another. "Birds'-eye views," however, are sometimes thought excellent as well as comprehensive; let us hope that in the "bird-flight in Switzerland" at least a few features may have been observed, giving the brief relation some portion

of the enjoyability found in the travel which it commemorates.

Perhaps there was really no miracle in the "increase of the party to six," already spoken of. People with a propensity to enjoyment as naturally drift together as the morose and unenjoying drift apart. The advent of Young Hawesby has been noted in the Channel experience of the tour; it only remains to introduce and describe Lady Eleanor and the Gipsy Queen, who made up the half dozen.

Lady Eleanor had remarkably handsome eyes, while the rest of her was all so English, from her well-concealed form to her rebellious hair, as to well-nigh frighten a republican. The Gipsy Queen was an elder sister, not nearly so handsome as L. E., somewhat stouter, and so much jollier, that my fancy of a whole-souled and go-ahead traveling companion will always henceforth be associated with the full, mature-looking mother's-face in embryo, and the mischievous furtive dark eye that could make the whole face handsome when it pleased. They were sisters—L. E. and the G. Q.—English, and traveling unattended; and a better fortune than generally attends him, ordained that on the very evening of the day on the afternoon of which the Governor had fallen in love with Lady Eleanor's eyes at the dinner-table of the Paris hotel, the two were introduced as traveling companions on the way to Switzerland. How gladly the Governor embraced (not Lady E., but) the proposal, and proceeded to show his authority as "guide, philosopher, and friend," by ruling out all trunks, and arranging to rout up the whole party by four-and-a-half in the morning; all this is of no consequence: it only remains to say, that probably he (the G.) would not have proceeded so hilariously, if he could have foreseen how Young Hawesby (Yorkshire) and Lady Eleanor (Derbyshire) would fall in love with each other "at sight," and go about

billing and cooing, thenceforth, to the intense disgust of people who enjoyed no such privileges.

But all this is, strictly speaking, a "bird-flight" into the realms of love-making, instead of toward Switzerland. Nor boots it to tell, at any length, how we whirled away from Paris with the Fourth of July shouts of the rampant Americans yet ringing in our ears—by Fontainebleau and Dijon, for Geneva, over a pleasant flat country, with many of the Mohawk Valley features, but the wealth of vines showing that we could not be anywhere else in America than in the neighborhood of Cincinnati. How we were for a long time running beside the pleasant, shady-banked, winding Seine, showing much of the same rural character here, afterward displayed around Rouen; then beside the Yvonne, a yet flatter-banked stream, with some of the very oldest of the old cottages of France breaking into view here and there, and the oddest of antiquated conveyances, agricultural and other, following the hard, cream-colored, Lombardy-poplared roads. How we ate (according to Lady Eleanor) a "thundering good dinner" at the noonday stopping-place, the queer old town of Tonnerre (heedless people are respectfully requested to look a little closely after the joke therein hidden)! How, below Dijon and Chalons-sur-Saone, we found yet more willows, of a stripped and whip-stocky character, giving a peculiar and not very pleasant feature to the landscape, but charming valleys and rolling hills, with the vine of Southern France more and more plentiful everywhere, and a long, irregular blue line on the eastern horizon, marking the distant Jura, and thrilling the pulses with the reality of approaching the Switzerland of so many dreams and so much expectation. How we came, as nightfall approached, beside the beautiful, quiet, low green-banked Saone, reminding one of the Lower Mohawk, and sometimes of the Merrimac—and to Macon, of the vinous celebrity, lying thereon, with its

handsome bridge; and shade of poplars lining both sides of the river; and shabby and rickety little steamboat (the "Etoile") just come up from Lyons; and public ground along the river, wherein the people gathered, and the music sounded, and the merry go-rounds tried to emulate the Champs Elysées during that pleasant summer evening. How we came to the Hôtel de l'Europe, with its slippery red-tiled passages, and handsomely-old-furnished chambers, where even the presence of Lord Clarence Paget, on his way to Constantinople, did not prevent the American nobility being well received and cared for. How we saw the handsome old church, and saw rather than heard the morning prayers of the old and poor, in the charming Gothic interior, for which even the beautiful towers scarcely prepared us; and saw the fine old antique Madonnas, filling the old niches along the narrow streets; and entered the dingy shops of Macon, and saw how they ground coffee and cut beet-root sugar into convenient pieces with a pair of shears; and made the acquaintance of the dark-complexioned Southern Frenchwomen, with their queer flats and black caps, and wooden-covered jars of milk, carried on sticks, like so many pendent fish; and also made the acquaintance of the crumbling old fountain, and the humble poor who crawled around it like so many earth-worms seeking the warm sunshine in a damp place; and voted the old town a pleasant thing to do, and left it regretfully.

Regretfully, and yet how willingly—for were we not approaching Switzerland? Not directly, for they swept us away westward, to our change at Bourg, as if we had been going to the Mediterranean—then gave us a few pretty glimpses of the Saone, with some rough hills at the left, and changed us again at a place with prettier name than features—Amberieux (which is nothing, by the way, until one hears a French railway-guard speak it); then detained us unreasonably, as if we could afford to wait

for our great pleasure till another train came by for Culoz and Geneva.

But we had our compensation. Hundreds, they tell me, go on from Paris to Geneva, doing the latter part of the journey by night, and missing the valley of the Rhone!—they might as well go from Buffalo to Toronto by night and miss the Suspension Bridge and Niagara! For more magnificent passes than those which begin almost immediately after leaving Amberieux for Culoz, no route on earth can supply—the marvelous grape-vine-studded side-hills, with the old cottages hanging on the slopes, roughening to overhanging cliffs of really awful height and grandeur, under which the whirling train seems nothing but an atom to be crushed at any moment. Here an old castle, crowning a sharp eminence evidently once very strong, now crumbled away like the feudal power that originally held it; then the very old and picturesque hamlet of St. Ramberten-Bougy, tower-crowned, and dominated by a colossal white statue that must supply ghosts to all the women and children; then ranges of rocks thrust skyward, so worn into resemblance to house-gables and circular towers that they scarcely seem possible to be the work of nature; then the very steepest and most pokerish down-grade that ever a nervous man rode over, in and out among the hills, but ever seeming to be shooting downward to infinitesimal smash, and hindering the eye a little in its surveys of the glorious scenery opening ahead—all the way to Rosillon. Then white chalk roads, with a better level, and blouses and donkeys painfully plentiful (for neither the French peasant nor his donkey is handsome!) by Artemart to Culoz, about which latter inconsequential town I might have known something if I had been going anywhere else than to Switzerland!

It is at Culoz that the ascent of the valley of the Rhone really commences—blessed is Culoz that opens such a door

to all that is roughly magnificent in scenery! For what pen can indicate, or what pencil can convey more than a few detached glimpses, of that splendid chaos over and under and through which the railway passes along the southern side of the sky-reaching Jura range—here the gray, chalky, rapid Rhone rushing two or three hundred feet below, between perpendicular, crooked, rocky banks, marvelously like those of Niagara below the Falls—rapids and cascades whitely seen in flying glimpses; there the same river between low green banks, calm and modest as it had before been wild and dashing; here the road running on the edge of a precipice of dizzy height, or sweeping over a trellis bridge spanning a gulf with cobweb lightness; there becoming subterranean instead of aërial, and crawling rapidly under mile after mile of dark tunnel that seemed to make the existence of outer daylight doubtful; scarcely a foot of level from which the constructing-engineer could have taken a departure for depression or elevation. Oh, what a triumph of engineering is that railway from Culoz to Geneva!—though the exclamation may seem to come gratuitously from a citizen of the republic making playthings of the Alleghanies, the Rocky Mountains, and the Sierra Nevada, and at a time when the Alps themselves are being railway-climbed without and railway-tunneled within. All this shall not prevent my repeating—what a triumph of engineering is that railway from Culoz to Geneva!—or keep me from adding, that the ride is one of the most magnificent yet compassed on the face of the globe.

For before we came to the neat little station of Bellegarde (Ain), and learned that we were crossing from France into Switzerland, the mountains southeastward began to rise higher and higher—sharp-peaked and rugged, pointing skyward, though as yet no snow capped their awful summits. Then came the crowning moment when we dashed

over the latticed bridge of Chancy-Pougny, with its glances backward over the deep-banked, rapid, "arrowy Rhone,"—and when, turning the gaze southeastward again, there came that sensation, not twice repeated, I think, in life, and which I find hurriedly dashed in my note-book, with a very trembling hand, but underscored as if nothing less than the strongest of small-caps could do it justice—"FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SNOW-CROWNED SHARP PEAKS ABOVE THE CLOUDS!"

Mountains and descriptions of mountains have been the Governor's idols and pet literature, since the day when he first learned, at school, what was the meaning of the generic word. They have come to him, as realities, gradually; and it is to be doubted whether he has not gradually become a greater fool on the subject, in corresponding progression. One day—now many a long year ago—he caught his first view of mountains proper, in the beautiful blue line of the Catskills from the Hudson. Thenceforth the mountains of all the world filled his nightly dreams, for weeks, and an awful shadowy presence loomed over his eyes by day. Years afterward, when his foot had become familiar with the tops of most of the American minor ranges, one day he went half-mad over the first grand revealment of Mount Washington, giant of Eastern America, heaving up its mighty dusky cone against the sky; and some of the common-sense people then in the carriage with him, talked of tying him as a lunatic! That day when many of the mountains of the Old World had become only less familiar, but the pleasure of pleasures had been so far deferred—that day, on the high-level beside the Jura and over the Rhone, as the great mountains of Savoy thrust up their glittering spires heavenward, the Aiguillettes so many needles of cloudless ivory piercing the clouds, and one awful mass of snow-bank, broader-coned, clumsy-shaped, but unspeakably majestic, heaving itself so far into the

empyrean, though then so very, very distant, that the passing cloud-swales seemed to be bathing its feet instead of its massive shoulders or pearl-white brow—then he went entirely mad : madder than he will ever be again until he looks upon opalesque Mount Hood in Oregon, or makes a distant peep of the Himalayas part of his projected (very much “projected,” *i. e.*, *thrust forward*) tour around the globe. Forgetting, not time and place, but propriety, he sprang up, like the madman that he was, and tried to get out of the window of the flying railway-carriage, while Young Hawesby, alarmed, seized one leg and the Captain grappled him mercifully by the collar—sprang up, eyes ablaze, face very dirty, and hair as nearly on end as it could be for the admixture of railway-dust, and screamed out : “My God!—that is Mont Blanc!—I know it! can such things be, that the mountains really reach to heaven!”

The Captain was shocked, as well he might be, and held on to the collar of the offender; Anna Maria (one of the dearest lovers of nature ever wasted within—hooped skirts) went a little mad in response, and tried to get out of the opposite window, where nothing whatever was to be seen; Young Hawesby surveyed the wonder gravely, as was becoming to an Englishman and a student; Lady Eleanor laughed, and expressed a doubt of the identity of the mountain; and the Gipsy Queen, sympathetically moved when she had not yet been allowed to catch even a glimpse, had something very like tears in her fine eyes; while a pleasant-faced Franco-Suisse lady, one of the only two strangers in the compartment, replying at once to the mad Governor and Lady Eleanor’s doubt, said : “*Monsieur a raison—c’est Mont Blanc; et le jour a beaucoup de bonheur pour la vue de la grande montagne: tous les nuances laissaient là!*”—“*Combien de distance de la grande montagne, madame?*” the dazed Governor found thought to ask, in addition to his thanks : “*Oh, quatre-vingt milles,*

ou cent milles, possiblement ;" and then we knew that that stupendous snowbank, on which we could trace the inequalities of surface, and even occasionally catch the glitter of the sun on its crystals, was from eighty to one hundred miles away !

[N. B. The Governor did not sing or shout :

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains ;
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow !"

Simply because he retained brain enough to remember that every one of the others was expecting him to fulfill that Byronian duty of the tourist approaching the snow-peaks of Savoy. No—any other weakness than the quotation of the finest of poems in the most appropriate of places ; but that—never !]

On to Geneva, with that stupendous presence accompanying ; to the Hôtel de la Couronne, lying at the south side of the foot of the rapid-flowing, boisterous, sea-mimicking, chalky-watered Lake Lemán, Lake of Geneva, Genfer See, or any one of the dozen other names with which geography and romance have combined to invest one of the loveliest sheets of water in the world, with settings magnificent beyond comparison. To find there the beginning of a succession of Swiss hotels, unimpeachable in every detail of luxury and convenience. To be told there that the view of Mont Blanc, already enjoyed, was entirely exceptional, and that nothing more could possibly be seen of the monarch through the gathering clouds of that evening. To wander out into the fine Jardin Anglais lying on the verge of the lake, almost immediately in front of the Couronne, and over bridges spanning the lake-foot, in a rare blending of convenience and indirection, lightness and stability, oddity and beauty—with Rousseau's garden thrown out from one, like an enlarged pier-head, veiled

with drooping trees and spiral Lombardies, and gay with evening promenaders. To reach the other or western side of the lake, and, wandering up its tiny wave-beaten esplanade, find the prophecy of Boniface illustrated in seeing Mont Blanc through so cloudless an atmosphere, and to such an advantage under the westering sun, that the Grands Mulets, the Mer de Glace, and every larger detail of its wonderful structure, seemed almost within stone's-throw, and Young Hawesby volunteered to step the sixty or seventy miles across to the peak before supper and return in time for breakfast! To stroll out on the long low stone breakwater, with a light-house at the end, which forms a shelter for the little harbor when the winds blow down the lake, and find the mimic seas breaking against and over it with no contemptible force, and danger of washing careless feet from the wet and slippery stone-work. To see the queer lateen-rigged lake schooners, high-prowed, and a cross between the North River dirt-schooner and the Roman galley, coming down from the head of the lake, before the wind, with their distant appearance precisely that of a colossal jackass under water all but its head, and the big ears lolling ponderously; to board one of them over the swaying long plank, with much shivering on the part of Lady Eleanor, much aplomb of carriage on that of the Gipsy Queen, and much effort to drown Young Hawesby by shaking him off, on the part of the Governor; and to find the "schooner" really little more than a decked mud-scow, and wonder where Cooper found space to stow all his heroes and all their luggage and merchandise, in his "bark" of similar character, setting sail from Geneva for Villeneuve, in the graphic opening of his Swiss novel, "The Headsman." And then to watch the sunset and the radiant sky following it, over the irregular dark line of the Jura, westward,—and to turn eastward to the unfailing cynosure, the "monarch of mountains,"

and see it hold the sunlight on its peak, long "after the Aiguillettes and all the neighboring mountains had lost the rose-colored glow—then fade and darken gradually to a cool, grayish-white, solemn mass of indescribable sublimity, relieved against the fast-darkening sky southeastward. To feel the weight of making acquaintance with the great mountain—one more of the long-deferred goals of romantic hope reached at last; and to carry that feeling even amid the flashing lights and fine music, and delighted crowds of the English Garden, with the lake sparkling and rippling at its edge, through an evening of concert revelry and promenade not easily crowded away by any thing similar in recollection. And then, to crown all, to steal out from the Couronne (some of us) at midnight, and cross the bridge again to the other side of the lake, and strain the eyes to catch just one glimpse of Mont Blanc under the ten-day moon—and to see it at last, a pale white phantom, the "shadow of a shade," yet seeming—like most of the terrors of human life—more awful in its vague dimness than it had been under the all-revealing eye of day. Think, those who can, what a day of sensations that had been!—the Valley of the Rhone, the Lake of Geneva, the mountains of Savoy, all added within that brief space to the treasures of sight laid up in the storehouse of memory!

Geneva is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, for the sake of the mountains that gird it and the lake which spreads at its regal feet, if for no other. And even in itself it is very lovely, and full of interest, to those who pursue the picturesque and love the historical. Narrower, crookeder, older-looking streets than those through which the climb is made to the Cathedral, around which clusters the old city, cannot be found short of Nuremberg: more antiquated-looking ones than those where cluster the queer arched-windowed workshops, with their continual reminders, in the midst of dust and dinginess, that Geneva is

horologic and makes clocks and watches for half the world—cannot be found, I think, even in the center of continental Europe. And the Cathedral itself is a glory in any land—with its splendid clustered Gothic columns, affording such forest-like vistas; its old pulpit-canopy, beneath which St. Bernard, and Calvin, and John Knox, and Theodore Beza, and a hundred other lights of the evangelical world have first and last given forth their utterances; its broad slab-tombs in the pavement, beneath which molder away Jean de Brognier, President of the memorable Council of Constance, and scores of men with only lesser names; its recess tombs, in which and on which, dust and statue (some of the latter “in armor as [they] lived”), repose celebrity and nonentity, all the way from Duke Henry de Rohan downward; its splendid windows of soft stained glass, some of them very old, and pilgrimages to lovers of art; its low, soft, continued echoes through those forests of groined arches, making the voice resonant and the organ sweetly thunderous; its rarest sun-dial in all Europe, under the heavy trees that keep the court-yard ever in solemn shade.

All this is of the antique and the lazy; and very appropriate beside it are the street scenes and *personnel*—the brown, Swiss-looking men, shirt-sleeved and cross-bodiced, who trudge up and down these steep, narrow ways, carrying water in long tubs strapped upon the back; the browner and older-looking women, broad-hatted, evidently poor, and yet with a low content in their faces (as well as those of the men), which cannot be found among the peasantry of *all* the countries of Europe (the Captain averred that the content arose from Switzerland being a republic—alone in a decent government, of all the continent, except poor little San Marino); its old open-air market, fine-fruited, and far enough south to bring in the ripe, fresh figs (which Anna Maria tried, with the result of puckered

lips, and a declaration that: "Ugh! they were a cross between tomatoes and persimmons!")

There is a newer Geneva, and it lies near the lake, on both sides (old Geneva lying principally on the southern side of it). And that newer Geneva embraces the long esplanades bordering the lake, also on both sides, with their really wonderful array of first-class hotels, from several of which Mont Blanc is visible, and any one of which can supply "scenery" enough to content a tourist of moderate capacity. It embraces, too, the larger mercantile houses, crowding down toward the lake, and the watch-manufactories, which probably send out more good time-pieces, and more bad ones, than those of any other city on the globe. And it is no small treat to one fond of minute mechanical researches, to run through such a factory as that of Pathek, Philippe & Co., adjoining the Couronne, and see how machinery has been made to perform the most delicate of details, and how that which could never be done in moderate quantity at any moderate price, is cheaply accomplished at a comparative song when thousands of pieces are under preparation at once. [*Mem.* The Captain brought away one of the handsomest watches in Geneva. I wish I knew how he could afford such luxuries! I might have brought away one, too, if we had not been quite so closely "accompanied" during our progress among the valuables!]

It was one of the loveliest of mornings, when the stanch iron paddle-wheeler, the *Aigle* (appropriate name, among such mountains!) bore us away up the lake for Chillon, on her way to Villeneuve, only a trifle beyond. Mont Blanc was gloriously clear again under the morning sun, and, whenever the foot-hills would permit, gave us splendid glimpses of his snowy crown, more than half way up the lake. And what a sail was that (if "sail" it can be called, when sail there is none), going eastward on

that crescent of water, with the northern or circular side sweetly green and fertile, and studded with towns, villages, and hamlets, the dark Jura range rising miles away, behind the interval; while on the southern side, close down to the water, came those precipitous cliffs which Cooper has well named the "ramparts of Savoy"—wild, rugged, forbidding, snow in the upper gulches of the chain, and behind and above them, at far too great a distance to be calculated by the eye, the great snow chain, with Mont Blanc crowning all, dominating the whole, and giving the sublime that finish which ever seems to bring up the one word allying the scene to some special wonder of God's hand—awful! I have said it before, and I repeat it: the Lake of Geneva is matchless in its mountain setting—a thing to be seen, felt, remembered while life lasts, but never described.

By Coppet, by Nyon, by Ouchy (sacred to Byron, and with a Beau Rivage where something softening seems to woo the world-beaten to a residence of *rest*), by Lausanne and Vevay. All on the northern side of the lake; for the Aigle and other birds of that iron-bosomed brood have no occasion to cross to the sterile and rocky southern shore. Pleasant towns, villages, hamlets; places to pause and linger at, did time permit and was there no Chillon. At last a little landing, when the upper end of the lake was nearly reached, and when the narrowing had brought us very near to those wonderful snow mountains of Savoy at the other side, while Villeneuve, only a few miles farther on, where the "arrowy Rhone" enters the lake, seemed to be a line of Lombardy poplars and very little more.

The little landing was that of Veytaux-Chillon; the little hotel which we passed, rising the hill, a few moments later, bore the same name; and twenty minutes of walk under the almost blistering sun brought us to the gateway of the château which we had seen rising from the water

a picturesque confused mass of square and round towers on the very edge of the lake, and indeed hanging over it, while rugged, verdure-clad peaks frowned down in turn from behind and above the château.

The Castle of Chillon. Long the residence of the Dukes of Savoy, and worthy of visit and note for itself and for its mediaeval recollections; and yet what would it have been, had not one Byron, one day after visiting it, and when lounging, not too free in digestion just then, at what is now the "Hotel Byron" in the neighborhood, remembered the imprisonment of poor Savoyard Bonivard there, and concluded to weave around him and the old pile a tissue of fancies which really belonged to neither! He did so, however; the "Prisoner of Chillon" came forth (as its prototype had not done) to delight and pain the world; and thenceforth the castle was to be a pilgrimage for all races and all ages! So much for genius and its vagaries—it is a capital thing for adding to the profits of guides and shopkeepers, in certain localities; but I suspect that the less said of its influence upon historical knowledge, the better.

What is the use of all this?—the pilgrimage is a pilgrimage, and the unconscious carper has been among the most devoted of the pilgrims. Did he (the Governor) and his companions not cross the rickety draw-bridge over the dark and weedy but now waveless moat?—and crawl under every low arch shown them by the guide; and learn with surprise what a grand old residence the Château must once have been, when the Dukes of Savoy made it one of the houses of their splendor; and see the chamber once occupied by Louis le Debonnaire when a guest of the royal duke of his period; and pass through the vaulted-ceilinged chambers where the dukes and their duchesses used to receive guests, and dine, and sleep, and hold levees, and do their small modicum (in chapel) of military and other

praying; and shiver within the dark and moldy *oubliettes* (dungeons), some of the half-closed stairs of which yet give access to the lake, below its own level; and think of the inevitable compensations of history, seeing the piled arms and battle-flags of the Helvetian Confederation, freest of European nations, with the crusading white cross on the red, and the significant motto: "*Liberté et Patrie!*" in that very grand old vaulted chamber where once irresponsible despotic power made the men of the Cantons tremble at its nod; and come at last to the cheerless Chamber of the Condemned, where the doomed passed their last not-too-comfortable night—and then to one succeeding, scarcely more cheerless, albeit it contained a ready gallows and a trap-door for "chucking" the newly-made corpses into the lake—and then to that of Bonnivard, the scene of Byron's wondrous poem.

The dungeon of Bonnivard has a heavily vaulted roof and seven heavy Gothic-arched columns, as all will remember who remember that rarely-descriptive opening of the second stanza:—

"There are seven pillars of Gothic mold,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp;
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;—"

The side of the dungeon farthest from the windows and the lake seems to have been built against the solid rock, or else the wall has crumbled away and lies in heaps on that side. The window-slits are very narrow, and so high that when the Governor (prompted by Anna Maria) determined to steal all the blue-bells growing in them, it was no in-

considerable length of ladder that carried the suborned guide up to the theft. They must have been difficult to reach, by the best contrivance of the prisoner; and even in the brightest days they can have given only the dimmest of light to the great room. But oh, what a torment of Tantalus must he have endured, when he did reach those narrow slits, and look out on the world from which he was debarred! For the lake with its gliding sails and flashing tiny waves lies in full view below, and beyond rise the mountains of Savoy, backed by that great snow-range which brings a thrill even in memory; and what must be the pang, not only to look upon one bit of a debarred world, but that bit dropped out of the very scenic heaven!

It is the third of these columns from the entrance door, whereon the name of "Byron," deeply cut, can still be discerned, spite of the many hundreds of visitors who have tried to take part in the fame of Chillon by likewise using penknife on the friable stone; and it is the fifth to which the guide points as that on which the massive ring once held the shackles of Bonnivard. It may be so; it probably is so; I had schooled myself into the firm belief that it was so, long before I had disposed of my raped flowers and the bit of stone gouged from the old walls, bought a few pictures and a Helvetian ten-sous piece or so, as mementos of a most memorable visit, and emerged again to daylight and the outer air, to find a train of black cars dashing along the railway back of the Castle and within twenty feet of it, and to muse anew on the rapidity with which the New is encroaching upon, transforming, and eventually sweeping away the Old.

XXVII.

BIRD-FLIGHT IN SWITZERLAND—II.—THROUGH THE OBERLAND.

THE Captain wished to stay in Geneva for a twelve-month, but the thing was impracticable. Then he petitioned for a month; but he was over-ruled, five to one. Not even Geneva and its lake could compensate for the loss of all the rest of the world—scarcely for missing the Bernese Oberland, which was to be our substitute for Chamouni and the Tête Noire, left over for another season. The vote might possibly have been different, had not Young Hawesby exhausted his available French in a fierce encounter with a Genevese cab-driver, whom he finally paid beyond demand,—and been anxious to get toward Germany, where he could fall back upon his reserve of the Teutonic dialect. At all events, one morning we bade a regretful farewell to the picturesque old town and its Calvinian memories—to Rousseau's Garden, to the floating donkeys'-ears, to the almost uninterrupted views of the great snow-range—and rolled away in the half-American Swiss railway carriages for the Oberland *via* Berne.

What long last glimpses of Mont Blanc we took that morning, especially when, at Morges, through a wonderfully deep gorge in the "ramparts" on the southern side of the lake (something like the Clove at the Cattskills), we caught the whole white side of the range, apparently almost to the water's level, and for the first time saw something else than the awful peaks! And when the great mountain

faded through inexorable distance, the charm of scenery by no means faded with it; for there were plenty of pokerish gorges, and bridge-depths, and picturesque low-lying valleys, where towns and hamlets nestled as cozily as so many sheep in a huge pasture; and Romont, a very old town climbing up a side-hill, showed us a wilderness of round and square towers, Lombardy-poplars and antique houses of the no-horned character; and then the rocky-banked Sarne came directly, with such frightful gorges that we almost forgot the valley of the Rhone; and Fribourg presently glared at us with wrathful eyes from the many-pointed Cathedral, because we could not possibly stop to hear the big organ,—and so impressed us with the round towers and copped wall of its old fortifications, through the means of which it stood astride over a gorge which would otherwise have been too much for it, that we felt rather relieved than otherwise when beyond its ken. Then came the Swiss châlets, much talked of, long waited for—those handsome, odd, laboriously-built, extending-roofed, side-galleried, shingle-inclosed erections of wood, on the building of the more perfect of which, one man would seem to have exhausted a life-time for each and died just before nailing on the roof, so that the survivors had been obliged to put on the top half the rocks in the canton, to prevent the whole affair blowing away. A first glimpse, this, of a feature that was to become so familiar during the few following days, as to give the sense of rustic beauty in building a new direction, and almost to make us fancy that we had lived among them all our lives.

Berne, at last—Berne of the bears. Another fine old town, with the sides of nearly all its streets handsome columned arcades of stone, affording shopping facilities and promenades unequaled by any other city in recollection,—and with quite all its shops and shop-windows full of wood-

carvings, the bear largely predominating. I do not know the human population of Berne, but I think that I am safe in saying that the bears, principally wooden, would count up ten millions. Everybody sells bears, at Berne; everybody buys bears and sends them all over the world. Ask me not why—I do not know; there is a legend which somehow connects the town and the ursine breed, and that is quite enough to induce the mounting of bears on all the fountains, all the public buildings, all the churches, and even to warrant the keeping of a round bear-pit (*Fosse de l'Ours*) at the lower end of the *Grande Rue*, near the handsome public promenade and over the precipitous-sided and rapid Aar,—in one semicircle of which two or three enormous live bruins lounge lazily and occasionally eat up a drunken Englishman when he tumbles into their abode; while in the other semicircle half a dozen young ones, with their wild-oats not yet sown, munch contributed fruit, climb trees, wrestle, and generally disport themselves for the behoof of visitors.

Very picturesque is Berne at that portion, with the well-shaded public grounds rising beyond the Aar, the old town literally hanging over the river on the hither side, and the stream spanned by two stone bridges of perilous height, and one of timber-work a little above (the railway-bridge) so high that its chords really seem to be those of cobwebs, and I dare not even mention the number of feet of altitude credited to it. (I *think* that I have heard it called from two to three hundred feet in height; and certain it is that in riding over it the look downward might as well be a thousand.)

But Berne has something more attractive than even the public grounds and bridges over the Aar. At the head of the *Grande Rue*, and near the Federal (National) Buildings, which a due memory of the City of Washington would keep almost any American from entering,—stands

the old Town Hall, a fine specimen of the thirteenth century, now restored in exquisite taste ; and immediately beside it the Cathedral, built in the fourteenth, lifts one grand square tower and many pinnacles, while its arched front entrance has an elaboration only second to that of Strasbourg ; and immediately in front of it, in enduring bronze, splendidly rides Rudolph Von Erlach, who won Laupen in 1339, four bears (of course) him gardant at the corners. A few steps, and the Terrasse de Cathédrale is reached—a handsome shaded public ground overhanging the Aar at a dizzy height, with several monuments, conspicuous among them one in bronze to Berthold V., Duc de Zaeringen, “Conductor of the Bears of Berne,”—one of the noblest and most modest designations of the leader of a warlike people, possible to conceive. But what is all this, and the story of the knight who once leapt the parapet of this terrace and landed unharmed, horse and rider, in the Aar beneath,—to the view of the mountains of the Bernese Oberland—the queenly white Jungfrau, and her companions the Monk and the Eiger, first caught from this point ? Ah, that first view of the Bernese mountains !—ah, that admiration approaching to worship—and that bounding of the pulses at the thought of approaching them more nearly ! There may have been less madness in this first glimpse than in that which opened Mont Blanc to memory, but the eye was certainly better filled and the sense of beauty better satisfied.

Fine old Berne Cathedral !—through which no longer thunder the masses of Rome, but the stately chants of the Lutherans !—there is a tender recollection about that pile, henceforth, that can no more be forgotten than here ignored. I do not know, and shall probably never know, what German master of the organ it was, who on the night when we reached Berne chose to spend his evening sending the tones of the powerful instrument through those

grand old arches, while we sat wrapt in the darkness of the aisles below, and alternately felt the hot tears brimming up as he wailed a dirge for some lost soul, or dreamed that the heavens were opening as he led us up with the last silver tinkle of a hymn of praise that seemed dying away in the very empyrean, or shrunk within ourselves when the great bursts of sound "echoed roof and trembled rafter" with thunders that might have heralded the Day of Doom! I thought that I had before heard the organ: it was a mistake—all before had only been preludes; the playing came when the German master touched the keys, with the arches of old Berne Cathedral to supply the whispering or thunderous echo! And yet there is reason to fear that Lady Eleanor and Young Hawesby, just then in the unreasonable stage, heard not a note, and calmly made love through it all!

"At Interlaken, heart of the Bernese Oberland"—such were the first words of this rambling record, penned then and there; and at this point something like a wide circle seems to have been rounded. At Interlaken the pen made record of what had occurred in very different scenes: it is only just that among widely different scenes it should make record of Interlaken, one of the very dearest of all memories of travel.

No matter how we came, by rail, and then down the Aar and over the little Lake of Thun, from Berne to Interlaken; how one by one, very soon after leaving Berne, names that had been sacred to the tourists' thoughts began to be called out as the grand summits came to the eye—the Jungfrau, a blunt white cone of matchless proportions; the Monk and Eiger, lower, similar-shaped, alike spotlessly white, and seeming the Virgin Mountain's inseparable companions; the Aarhorn, the Finsteraarhorn, the Matterhorn, Mount Cervin, all sharp, jagged, and forbidding, but all seeming to loom immediately above us, so clearly they

thrust up their defiant heads into the shadowless amber air. Nor how the brown ranges, lying nearer, presented a rare finished beauty in the late-lying snow that made white perpendicular strips along every gully and ravine, from half-way upward to the top; while at every turn a new cascade broke upon the view, sparkling down the mountain sides wherever a slight depression could give course to, the product of the snow already melted. A sweet little sail was that, altogether, on the Stadt Berne, which carried us from the landing of Scherlingen-Thun, at the mouth (for the time) of the Aar, over the Lake of Thun to within half an hour's ride by the omnibuses of the General Post from Newhaus to Interlaken; and it seemed to culminate when the Shreckhorn rose jagged and irregular three-pointed, far ahead, and reputedly five hundred feet higher than the Jungfrau, filling the bound of vision with the very suggestion of its name—a storm-shriek, wild and fierce beyond all comparison.

And yet I think that not all of us looked upon the peaks with clear eyes, or listened with the due unadulterated mirth to the “Yesh, shentleman,” “Much bootiful morning,” and “Indeedly very well,” of stupid old John Hery, the guide who had been forced on us at Berne, to neglect us throughout and leave us at Interlaken, surcharged with rage at a balked swindle and brandy of the rawest character. And the reason of the dimmed eyes was this—that to more than one of us the harp and violin playing on the deck of the little Stadt Berne, told too pleasant a story of the same music on the decks of Hudson day-steamers going Cattskill or Saratoga-ward, and brought far-distant loves, with all the sadness of separation, nearer than Shreckhorn or Finsteraarhorn could come by the strongest exercise of mountain prerogative.

But we were at Interlaken at last—Interlaken, “between the lakes,” as its name indicates even to an English ear.

Dear old Interlaken!—which I long ago called the “most glorious goal of a pilgrimage gemmed with notable sights and pleasant recollections”—why cannot I have space to make the “bird-flight” in *your* neighborhood something more than a mere rush of wings! Why cannot I tell of the old town, with its hanging-roofed and carved-gabled châlets, huddled cozily along the winding, bridged, and rapid Aar—with many quiet little shops and baths, and not a few hotels; and of still older-looking suburban Unterseen, on the other side of the bridge, dominated by the great rocks that seem ready at any moment to fall and blot it from the map, but with some of the most glorious views of the Jungfrau and the Monk to be caught in all the Oberland; and of the handsome wide streets, with delicious shade and lovely walks, stretching through the more modern part of the town, and affording frontage for a range of the most excellent palatial hotels attainable even in Switzerland,—and for a wilderness of shops of the utmost elegance, where every variety of wood-carving, in every size, material, and costliness, arrests the foot, and charms the eye, and tempts the pocket—deer and dogs and hunters, and bears, and birds, and little châlets, and marvelously delicate bijouterie-boxes and book-stands and paper-folders and cuckoo-clocks—all that exquisite variety, many times repeated, which tempts the eyes and pockets of art-lovers at favorite galleries on Broadway, and showing where many of those gems are every season picked up with such infinite travel and trouble; and of the Hôtel Victoria, a five-storied palace with a noble front, handsome court-yard, outlying hamlets, and the clearest possible view of the Jungfrau, of which (the hotel, not the Jungfrau) Ruchty is proprietor and need not be ashamed of the distinction! Why cannot I have space to speak at length of all these things?—and why (saddest thought of all!) why cannot I be allowed to scribble a volume, and

detain the reader for at least a week in thought, over the white glories of the Jungfrau?

The Jungfrau—ah, that is what we specially visit Interlaken to worship, even at a distance. It lies in full view, some fifteen miles distant from the portion of the town where the Hôtels Victoria, Jungfrau, &c., have their location—in full view, all the upper portions, through a gorge between the nearer and lower mountains, which seems to have been arranged with special references to visitors and Interlaken. I would no more attempt to describe it, even if I could, than to limn the Queen of Heaven if I should suddenly catch sight of her; and the temptation is put farther away by the fact that such a description would be simply impossible. I only know, after studying the Virgin Queen by day and by night, in early morning sunshine and at high noon and at falling eve and through the silver moonlight—that at all that distance away, yet seemingly almost within stone's-throw, rises skyward the truest rounded cone that ever blessed human eyes; the apex clear, sharp, and well defined; the covering snow so spotless that at any time it may have fallen but yesterday, and so plain to view that the very sparkle of the crystals is often visible; the Silver Horn, snowier than the snowiest, edging the right slope, just below the peak, with a ridge of pure white glory for which there is no word in any language; the Snow Horn, a little farther to the left, only less clear and beautiful; and, sloping down into the bosom of the great mountain, broad white glaciers, with here and there a ravine of dusky shadow that would even yet be white as relieved against any mountain less spotless than this Crowned Virgin of the Oberland. Far more shapely and far handsomer than Mont Blanc, scarcely less awful in the upheaval of a mighty bulk of snow above the clouds and against the upper sky—the Jungfrau fills the soul, tasks description, and awakens regret at the very thought of

absence, to a degree that I had never before believed possible with any work of God's hand except the great wide sea, which seems to be our mother!

There are the most charming of excursions from Interlaken, to be readily accomplished from any single spot on the continent; and the best of them fell to the lot of the Governor and his "birds" (who doubts the fact?) in their few days in the heart of the Oberland. For did we not ascend Hohbul, lying half-way between the town and the Brienz landing, and thence catch views of all the Oberland range, of Interlaken and Unterseen below, the lake of Thun northward, and that of Brienz, a very trough between great peaks, at its edge, stretching away southward?—besides tempting the cross-boddiced peasant-girls to sing the "*Ranz des Vaches*" in the very echo of their native hills, that ever seemed to be calling home the cows at evening—and discovering (eh, Young Hawesby!) that Swiss peasant-girls do not sell their kisses at a franc each, even when youth offers the temptation?

And did we not ride up the glorious valley of Grindelwald—largest and finest of the valleys of Switzerland—the richest and greenest of crops covering every foot of the vale below, and green pastures stretching up the "alps" till they broke, wave-like, against the awful crags of the mountains hemming them in on every side; while the little picturesque chalets climbed the slopes as if they had been human, and the chamois bounded, and even the cattle browsed on precipices that made the eye dizzy in looking up, and suggested what must have been the effect in looking *down*! Did we not see the cascades tumbling wilder and wilder down the mountain sides, and ride beside a white river of rapids with the force and roar of those of Niagara—all from the melted snow of the peaks above; and see the bright flowers blooming by the wayside, heedless of the snow and ice, that seemed near enough to chill

their petals and close their bright eyes? Did we not find ourselves surrounded with children and old people, many of them "goitred" and miserable-looking, and all importunate to sell their cherries and little wood-carvings; and come at last to the "Hôtel et Pension du Glacier," with the Glacier Inférieur de Grindelwald lying in full view ahead across the meadows, coming down, like a frozen river as it was, between the Middenthal on the left and the Eiger on the right, while the Glacier Supérieur held place farther to the left, between the Wetterhorn and the Middenthal; and then and there did we not provide ourselves with the piney "alpenstocks," iron-pointed, for the coming ascent, besides kilting petticoats and rolling trousers (individually and according to garments—not indiscriminately), and take our way beside hay-field and through damp wood and over damper meadow, to that débris of broken stone, half-dried ravines and encroaching ice, the foot of the Glacier of Grindelwald? Did we not look up with awe at the splintered, jagged masses of ice, said to be five hundred feet in thickness, and certainly extending upward for miles, striking a chill to the very marrow as we approached the foot,—and then dare another and a worse chill by passing into the torch-lighted ice-caves, an hundred or two of feet of winding passages, with the crystal sides and roof dripping and the lights flaring upon a greater wealth of diamonds and crystals, in those wonderful transparent walls, than was ever dreamed of by the painters who devised scenery for the "Ice Witch" and the "Naiad Queen?" And then did not Young Hawesby and the Governor "do their glacier" by climbing it, alpenstock in hand, guide hanging back, with more slippery footing than they like to think of in calmer moments, and grave doubts whether they would come to their end by merely rolling down into one of the boiling caldrons hundreds of feet beneath, or meet a different

death by being simply crushed under the ice-boulders constantly precipitating themselves downward, amid roar and crash, in the shape of young avalanches? And does not a very little glacier go a great way with both Young Hawesby and the Governor, neither of whom intends to do the glaciers of Mont Blanc at any early period, present cost of shoes and trousers duly considered?

Half the objects of tourist attraction are overrated; the other half are correspondingly underrated, to keep the balance. All the world hears, continually, of the Fall of the Staubbach, at Lauterbrunnen; and scarcely one in ten hears of the Fall of Giessbach, on Brienz. The Fall of Lauterbrunnen, reached by branching off from the Valley of Grindelwald into the narrower and wider one of Lauterbrunnen, at Zweilichenen, is fearfully overrated, it being simply a single clear leap of a very thin stream down the sheer cliff of the Batten Alp, about nine hundred feet, to the level of the valley below; though there is really an awful sublimity about the black frown of the Batten and the Rothhorn opposite, squeezing the valley to a thread, and almost the wildest pass in memory—atoning for any thing that may be deficient in the fall. But what is this to my beauty—no, *our* beauty, Gipsy Queen and Anna Maria, to the daring foot of the first of whom I owe the ascent to the top—what is all Lauterbach, I say, to the Fall of Giessbach, reached by steamer from Interlaken, and half way down the charming mountain-hemmed Lake of Brienz, while the climb from the water-level is fully compensated by even the single view over the lake from the handsome plateau in front of the hotel? Giessbach is by far the loveliest waterfall that I have ever seen—a thousand feet of descent of a noble stream, through a cleft in the mountain-side, down, over rocks and through embowering trees, one mass of swirling white foam from top to bottom, and the thunder of its course fully matched by the shuddering sensation

of its visible power. Take one-quarter of the American Fall at Niagara, with its features of feathery foam and arrowy speed, and send it down over rocks, though almost perpendicularly, six or seven times the distance, and all the while glancing through and among the wildest and glosiest of dark shades—and something like this sweeter, wilder, more powerful rival of Trenton Falls will be conveyed to the imagination. Even mere passers up the lake have a glimpse of its foot—a hundred feet of white foamy water hurrying and dashing down to the lake-level—just as they make their stop at little Giessbach landing, where the old nondescript caricature of Tell and Winkelried sells crystals and lammergeyer-quills, where lie clumsy old canopied boats that might have borne even the grandfathers of those heroes, and where the peasant-girls of the hamlet have a pleasant habit of assembling on Sunday afternoons, plenty of starched linen under and around their crossed-boddices of black velvet, to sing the echo-hymns of the mountain-land, carry away captive hearts by their oddity and simplicity that they would never insnare with their beauty—and pocket a few convenient francs against Monday.

Down the Lake of Brienz—a glorious sail, through the very gems of Oberland scenery—to Brienz; and then into ommibuses, long, lumbering, four-or-six-horsed; and so with a gradual ascent over the Brunig Pass by the Hôtel de Brunigkurm at the top, and down on the other side, with a much more rapid suddenness, to the Lucerne side of the range. Glorious views, throughout—sweet little Alpine lakes, bluer than the most exaggerative artist has ever painted them, and gentle (in repose) as the azure eye of the woman loved best; a halt at the Hôtel du Lion d'Or, at Lungen, with the worst of the villainous Swiss wines and the Tower of Babel in languages—a glance backward, with a regretful last view of the snow range, the Jungfrau, the Monk, and the Eiger;—and then down

lower and more rapidly to the little landing of Alpnach, on the Lake of Lucerne ("Lake of the Four Cantons"), alleged scene of Tell's exploits, and the rival of Geneva in the sharp peaks forming a setting for its own quiet beauty. Where, too, a terrible catastrophe occurred, demanding a paragraph of its own.

There were a considerable number of persons waiting on and about the wharf for the Stadt Luzern, iron paddle-wheeler, then steaming up from Lucerne. During the wait the Gipsy Queen disappeared, alone, while Young Hawesby and Lady Eleanor disappeared without being alone. A few moments, and then re-enter the Gipsy Queen, running in, out of breath and hair disheveled. "What is the matter?" simultaneous inquiry, in all the languages of Europe. "Oh! oh! oh!"—no explanation further. The anxious inquiry repeated. "Oh, I have heard of Swiss avalanches, but I never thought that I should live to see one fall and destroy life in that manner!" "An avalanche? fallen? and somebody dead? Where?" again in all the languages. "Oh, round the corner, here—come and see!" All remembered that they were in Switzerland, a name associated with avalanches; all followed. Slowly and solemnly the Gipsy Queen led the way round a corner of the rocks and displayed to the gaze of her astounded victims—her own face rigid earnest the while—a stone of perhaps a pound weight, and the hole from which it had just dislodged itself in the bank, while beneath the fearful "avalanche" a black beetle lay crushed and lifeless! Sensation!

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The foregoing line of stars is significant. There are some things about which the nearest possible approach to silence is the nearest approach to common sense. The Governor and his party went on to Lucerne, and thence rode to Kussnacht (an old town of no particular mark, a few

miles eastward, where Tell is said to have lived, and where he is alleged to have shot the apple from the head of his son, and where he probably did so if he really lived, and if he had a son and an apple and a bow, and if there was a Gesler, and if Gesler had a hat, *et cetera*.) It was very hot, riding down to Kussnacht in an open carriage; and not even the views of the Rhigi hanging bare and sharp over the edge of the lake, and the sharp needles of Mount Pilate rising on the other side, could quite console us under the infliction. It grew hotter, but we engaged a guide and a porter, and went up the Rhigi on foot, like so many donkeys as we were! The Rhigi is not an easy thing to climb. It supplied us, during the afternoon, with magnificent views over nearly all the lakes and cities of Switzerland, from Thun to Zurich, and from Berne to Altdorf; and it supplied us with head-aches and the various degrees of *coup de soleil*, extending farther than either. We reached the top, more dead than alive, at dusk; had more and more magnificent views, such as dead people probably take from their coffins. We found no place to sleep, or even to lie on the floor, at the Kulm (on the extreme top) or the Staeffel (near the top). We climbed and stumbled down to the Rhigi-Klosterli, behind the mountain, and passed the night. There were lively times that night, all around—lively times at the Kulm, in a storm which beat in the windows, nearly swept away the house, and set the women screaming through the halls with the somewhat infelicitous cry that the Day (they should have said the night) of Judgment had come. I wish—not that the day had arrived, but that the house *had* been swept away, roof to foundation; likewise the Staeffel; also the whole top of the mountain. There were lively times, too, down at the Klosterli, where the half-dead Governor raved (they said) even worse than usual.

Morning, and we caught a few more views—especially

views of the lake, and of the Lake of the Canton Uri stretching away yet southward—glorious in the blue-black of the waters, the effects of the rising mists, the rugged sublimity of Pilate and the white peaks of the far-away Oberland. Then we stumbled down to Weggis, on the west, and sailed back to Lucerne; pausing on our way down to think how prettily-situated lay Kaltbad, half-way from the summit, and how very beautiful it might be to people less foot-sore, weary, and ill-tempered.

The Rhigi is a humbug, a delusion, and a snare. Not one of us but remembers it with horror, in spite of the views of all Switzerland, which it certainly gives in matchless perfection. If I ever ascend it again, it will be with an invading force and a park of battering-artillery, especially to blow into infinitesimal-smithereens the brutes who reside upon it, the huts where they find shelter and afford none, and even the peaks with which they tempt unwary travelers to destruction!

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Quite enough of the Rhigi, as we all had too much of it. The "bird-flight in Switzerland" was nearly over. Jean Reber, of the *Englischer Hof* at Lucerne, did what could be done to restore our lost vitality; then we were photographed—a "lovely crowd," as all observers can testify. A few hours, and we were at Bâle, on the Rhine; domiciled at another house worth mention—the *Trois Rois*, with the effigies of those notable "Three Kings of Cologne" over the front door, and the balconies of the rear hanging over the rapid, rushing Rhine—our first glimpse of that river.

Not much of interest at Bâle (called alternately "Bâle," "Basle," "Basel"), at least to a flying traveler. Its most remarkable feature is to be found in its "tide-ferries," in which the boats, diagonally swung to a wire rope stretched from side to side, sweep across with tremendous

speed, the current being entirely the motive power. Next, the old, narrow, and precipitous streets, and houses antique and uncomfortable. Next, the Cathedral, comparatively diminutive-looking, and so old as to have been restored in 1637, with outside sculptures of such oddity and atrocity that they might found a new school of the abominable in art. Next, the Church of St. Peter, modern, many-pinnacled, and elegant. Finally (and by no means the matter of least consequence), a bridge, with stone coping all the way across, and half the piers also of substantial stone, but the other half timber trestle-work! I am inclined to think that we all left Bâle, and finished our brief tour in Switzerland, less satisfied than we should otherwise have done—because no one could be found to answer our *pourquoi* with reference to the two sides of that bridge; and I doubt whether all of us will not drift back there, some time or other, with no more pressing errand than to solve the painful mystery!

XXVIII.

STRASBOURG PATÉS AND BADEN-BADEN PIN-HOLES.

WE came to Strasbourg (from Bâle) uneventfully enough, though we may be said to have received a welcome (not warm but cold) in the "All hail!" proclaimed by all the crops in the Lower Rhine province being beaten down by that description of celestial pellet. We had but one sensation during the latter portion of the railway ride along the Lower Rhine, and a few miles westward from it; and that consisted in seeing what seemed to be an ordinary church-spire, with high-hipped roof below, standing out in the woods, with the oddity of its dodging about hither and thither, first on one side of the route and then the other, never seeming to be passed, and never to come appreciably nearer! It was only after indulging in that amusement during a run of thirty or forty miles, and reaching Strasbourg at the end of it, that we discovered the anomaly to be Strasbourg Cathedral itself, the spire nearly twice the height of New York Trinity, and the abutting front of the main building somewhat higher than the top of the highest other spire in the town, so that both had been seen at such a distance as completely hid all surroundings behind the intervening forests!

Strasbourg, lying on the German frontier, and consequently that one of the large French cities supplying the guard or outpost against possible German encroachments,

is splendidly fortified by walls and circumvallations, and so powerfully garrisoned that one seems to find a *caserne* nearly everywhere, to come upon a squad of defiling troops at nearly every corner, to hear the tap of the drum and the tramp of marching feet at almost any hour of the day or night. Then it has marked beauty in architecture as well as notability in age; and something of splendor in café construction and adornment, something almost metropolitan in the arrangement of its handsome shaded Champs Elysées, lying five minutes' walk southward from the old city-center at the Cathedral, seems to warrant the phrase often applied to it, and to mark it as indeed the "Paris of eastern France." It has evidently, too, important specialties of manufacture, in both lighter and heavier lines, from silks and linens to watches, bijouterie, and steam-engines; but we have literally nothing to do with these—we have but to deal with a few special features which fall most naturally under the notice of the hasty traveler and make the Strasbourg visit one worthy of long recollection.

Everybody, I think, has heard of "the wonderful clock of Strasbourg"—not quite everybody has taken any mental cognizance of the wonderful Cathedral which contains it; so easy is humanity to be impressed with the comparatively petty, if it is only curious and amusing—so difficult to touch when the higher qualities of estimation are needed to that end. The clock is really a wonder in its comparatively useless way, with its astronomical dials and accuracies (by no means ordinarily considered as marking its value)—its imposing size at the end of one of the great naves and near one of the principal entrances—its odd blending of design in central and two supporting towers—its winding once in nine hundred and ninety-nine years (the same person not often winding it twice, they say)—its gilded colossal cock, that flaps its wings and

crows three times (a little hoarsely) on the top of the left pinnacle, every day at noon—its figure of Time striking the great bell every half-hour—and its yet more difficult automatic arrangement of the twelve apostles coming out from their hiding-places and making their circuit around the Saviour, also every day at noon. In its original shape and as restored, it seems to have a very high antiquity, and it is certainly very curious; but it does not go much further in impressiveness, unless the persons impressed are children. There are a great many “children,” however—several hundreds of different ages crowd in, every day at noon, to see the apostles make their promenade and hear the cock flap his wings and crow; and the whole of our party, from the grave Captain to the precise Lady Eleanor, rushed away from the Hôtel de la Ville de Paris, on our first day in the city, with such speed, to avoid losing the marvels, that the uninstructed would have formed a very high idea of the devotion which drew us thus hurriedly to the Cathedral.

Marvelous as the clock may be to the mere mechanician, what is its effect to that of the pile itself on the architect or the architecturally instructed? This glorious old building, of which the front is formed of two towers and an equal body-space between—seeming to be literally three towers—that at the left rising to a spire so high that one is dizzyed in looking up at it, and so elaborate in the perforated work of its upper portion that it creates the impression of lace embroidery stiffened into position, while that at the right has a mere cap at roof-height—this glorious old building, of which the buttressed and pinnacled sides seem to extend backward till they form a very cluster or villa of elaborate erections, filling the whole public square and actually fatiguing the eye with the delicate details of sculptured figures, tracery, and ornamentation, while the three front entrance arches, and the great side entrance at the

left, thoroughly bewilder with the thousand upon thousand of figures that stud them—

—“Saints and angels carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own,”

(as so well sings Longfellow)—this glorious old Cathedral, which I consider by far the superior of Notre Dame and Westminster, and more than the rival of St. Paul's in all except massive weight and space covered; this (there is a prospect now of an end to the sentence) was commenced so long ago as the end of the tenth century, by one of the Hapsburgs, long before Rudolph, and unsuspecting of imperial sovereignty, and only brought to any thing like a finished condition five hundred years afterward, in 1500. Of course it was more or less knocked to pieces in the ornamentations, by the Jacobin revolutionists of '89; but it has been well restored, and it stands to-day what the Captain (“architect, artist and man”) well designates as “wonderful beyond comparison, in size, beauty of design, and finish of workmanship; unapproachably the noblest of all the churches so far!”

And within—is the effect less pleasing? No; the interior is worthy of that outer magnificence. Very like Notre Dame in the character of its Gothic columns, arches, and the sky-reaching vaults into which they spring—there is something more like Westminster Abbey in the great clusters of the shafts, seemingly bound together, like the Roman fascies, by the circling crevices of the great stones; while the pierced upper galleries are again notably like Notre Dame. One seems, beneath that vaulted roof, and over that acre of pavement, to step with the freedom of sunshine and turf, with no thought of being confined within a mere building—till a pause is found at the splendid organ, hanging like a bird's nest of elaborate sculpture between two clusters of columns at the height of the

upper galleries—and the pulpit (believed to be the finest in Europe), in which frostwork and cobwebs appear to have been hardened into stone, so light, so airy, so graceful beyond description, is every detail of sexangular *chaire* and canopy. And, turning from these there are side-chapels of such beauty, and displaying such reckless cost in the altar-appointments of solid gold and silver, and the marvelous beauty of some of the paintings overhanging the shrines, that the almost shocking extravagance of the leading Parisian churches seems fully equaled, and one pauses again to consider how much of absolute worship there may be in lavishing wealth upon God's temples, and how much of nothing else than slavish heathen idolatry.

But the Cathedral (or, as they call it locally, the "Münster") is not the only religious house in Strasbourg worthy of marked attention. The very old church of St. Thomas, the origin of which seems to go far beyond the Crusades, and then be lost in the mists of uncounted years, just as we lose a mountain in distance,—this, with its contents, forms really the second feature of the city. Architecturally, without, it is nothing, merely looking very old, low, gloomy, and massive. Within it is but a group of very heavy vaults and arches, actually seeming moldy and fungus-like, with the shutting out of the daylight for so many centuries. But here lies recessed one of the most interesting religious relics in France—the sculptured stone sarcophagus of Bishop Adeloque, with the identity and the date of 836, both rendered authentic by the Latin inscriptions yet decipherable, and the days of the Fathers and the Councils brought back at a bound. Here stands the elaborate tomb of Marshal Saxe, a noble slab obelisk, recording his victories and character, a full-length statue of the warrior fronting it at the base, bordered with emblems of conquered nations, and below a coffin, draped and surrounded with weeping figures; the whole not unreasonably

reckoned one of the "lions" of Strasbourg. And here, in a small, dingy old side-chapel, if possible moldier and more depressing in atmosphere than any thing else within the gloomy old walls, is shown the saddest spectacle of life fighting death, and the latter winning the victory, that can well be conceived—the embalmed bodies of Count Gustavus Adolphus of Nassau-Salberg, of the sixteenth century, and his girl-daughter of fourteen. Both lie in substantial wooden coffins, with full-length glass lids; and much of the raiment of the Count, and all that of his daughter, is the same in which they were first robed after embalmment. But oh, what a lesson is that intact but coppery-parchment face of the father, with the lips shrunken away, the teeth grinning, and the hard-dried resin lying under the shut lids, as it oozed out so many ages ago—the form shriveled, the rich robes tarnished, and all pitiful in the effort to subvert the dictum, "dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return!" And how yet more pitiful is the sleep of the almost baby-princess, her face seeming like a crumbling egg-shell, the little, thin withered atoms of hands crossed on the breast, the height of burial-luxury in silks, velvets, and costly Flanders laces, now all faded and dingy, dust on the fair hair, and yet a sparkle remaining in the diamonds that still clasp finger and hang in the withered ear! "Bury my dead out of my sight!" may have been a sad order to give, on the part of the old patriarch who uttered it; but he did a better and wiser thing than he would have done had he ordered them embalmed with eastern spices, to be some day unrolled as scientific mummies, or made into a solemn ghastly show, like that of the Count of Nassau-Salberg and his poor little daughter.

Strasbourg has yet two more features that must be briefly touched before rolling away Badenward—its old houses and its storks. Beautiful old houses, many of them with much the same features noticeable in the older Eng-

lish cities, the same preponderance of upper stories over lower, the same timber-and-plaster, the same sharp-pitched roofs and many small square-paned windows. Most of the finest Strasbourg antiques stand around and in the neighborhood of the Cathedral; though the whole city may be said to be studded with them. There is one, bearing date of the fourteenth century, very near the "Münster," a corner-house of four stories beside the attic, with the whole corner chamfered away in building, giving it really three fronts, and the very handsomest thing of its class in memory. Ah, to remove *that* America-ward, and have it for a show and a relief to eyes too weary of the new! And there are two immediately opposite the Cathedral, and only across the street from it, both gable-fronted, sharp-peaked, and of singular interest. The first and larger, of stone, stuccoed, is interesting from its seven stories, four of them above the level of the eaves, and its finish of barge-board into a flight of steps; the second, also of stone and stuccoed, overtops it altogether, in the elaborate outside finish of its six stories, its having been built by one of the architects of the Cathedral, and its alleged age of *nine hundred years!*

This second house—the "old house" *par excellence* of Strasbourg—increases instead of diminishing in interest as one enters it; for it has a spiral staircase of stone, extending from ground-floor to roof, the curves the most perfect thing imaginable throughout, and the labor that must have been bestowed in cutting step and rail (as they come opposite) from the same block of stone, really enough to make the head ache in contemplating it. The Captain (architectural authority, again) pronounced it the finest bit of work that he had ever seen; and I am not sure but he might have concluded to spend the balance of his life on those marvelous stairs, had there not been other curiosities to draw him away. Other curiosities there were in plenty

—all the old statuary torn and tumbled down from the Cathedral in ravage or renewal—some of it fine, but much of it odd or hideous; and to crown all, the wilderness of machinery of the other and larger clock, said once to have held the place of the present, besides the original gilt wooden cock, about six feet in length, but now defunct and badly split open at the back, that the exhibiting woman had learned English enough to pat feelingly on the ruptured torso (if birds have torsos, which may be a question), and lament that “*le bon petit coq malheureux* would nevere crow no more for *les gentilhommes*—nevere!”

There only remains to say a word of the storks that seem to be the tutelary divinities of the place. From what historical incident or legend, I am quite in the dark; but for some no doubt sufficient cause, the upper part of the town (that part *in the air*) has been quite given over to their possession; and they are not only allowed but protected and welcomed in building their nests where, in other districts, they would be at least considered “in the way”—*i. e., on the tops of all the chimneys!* How the smoke gets out, with such an obstruction as their long reedy nests to prevent, is the business of the owners of the chimneys, and not mine; but it all seems odd as picturesque, especially as at no moment will one fail to see dozens of nests in any given direction, with huge birds standing and flapping wings on the tops, and scores and even hundreds slowly sailing hither and thither, their long necks outstretched, and their long legs depending as if they had been unjointed at the body and hung useless. They must be learned birds, too, I fancy; for there is a strong, massive bronze statue of Guttenberg, the (alleged) father of printing, standing not far from the Church of St. Thomas, with several bass-reliefs of world-famous groups decorating the base (among others, one embodying Washington, Franklin, Hancock, and most of the other leading worthies of the

American Revolution); and around that statue the storks seem to be always circling more numerous than elsewhere, as if they knew something pleasant of the old type-sticker, and had taken his effigy under their especial protection.

But of the *pâtés de foies gras* (*en Anglais*, "pies of fat [goose] livers"), without the eating of which it is treason to visit Strasbourg—were they neglected entirely in the rush of sight-seeing through the notable old town? Far be it from the Governor and his party to be guilty of such an outrage on all the proprieties! Ask the Gipsy Queen what merriment there was around the little table at the *Ville de Paris*, that night when we mixed the *terrines de pâtés* with certain *bouteilles de Sillery* to prevent danger to our digestion,—towards the close of which operation the Captain felt the necessity of making a patriotic speech while Lady Eleanor sang "Aileen Aroon;" and Young Hawesby related the affecting story of his first love (the Gipsy Queen aforesaid whistling an accompaniment); and Anna Maria unaccountably mistook host Rufenacht for one of his own waiters, and sent him up stairs for a fresh pocket-handkerchief to dry the Governor's fast-flowing tears at the impossibility of gormandizing more than two-thirds of the last pâté.

Baden-Baden is at once the shortest and longest of railway rides from Strasbourg. The shortest in distance (not more than thirty or forty miles, at most), and the longest in the infinite variety of changes (I should like to use a stronger word than "infinite") from one train to another and one side of a station to another, not to mention the vexatious custom-house examination of satchels and hand-bags at Kehl (leaving France and entering Germany), a few miles from Strasbourg, and at a crossing of the broad poplar and willow-banked Rhine, that would be highly picturesque under less perplexing circumstances. I have no recollection precisely how many changes there are between Stras-

bourg and Baden, nor how many hours they really consume; but I know that an English fellow-passenger, who *looked* like a man of veracity, assured me that it was a habit with the more intelligent of his countrymen, after riding that road once, always to take a traveling-carriage over an hundred or two miles of the Black Forest, on return, or, failing that resource, to remain and die quietly at the point they had reached, rather than go through the same vexation a second time. I more than half suspected, by-the-by, after a few hours' sojourn at Baden, that the most of them, who happened to have been coming that way, "remained and died," as very few would have had money enough left, after the regulation visits to the Conversation-House, to hire a hand-cart, much less a traveling-carriage.

Few places, of all the world, are better known to readers than Baden-Baden, called by the double name to distinguish it from another Baden (literally "Bath") in Switzerland; and yet it is doubtful whether one in twenty of mere readers who have never happened to visit it, understands its location or its relation to the great gambling saturnalia of the continent. Its celebrity, in name, has arisen from the many scenes in novels and dramas laid there on account of its gayety, its mixed society, and its age, as compared with the other play-centers; the actual want of knowledge is derived from the habit of writers, of merely dragging in the name and describing some scene at a gaming-table or on promenade, which (given the tables and a little mixed society) might as well have occurred anywhere else in Europe. If I am just a trifle tedious, then, in indicating locations, while only hinting at what every one else describes, let the cause be found in the above not-too-intelligible paragraph.

There are three great gambling-centers in the German States, besides other and minor ones there and everywhere. Each is in a "Duchy" of the ten-mile-square

order, and exists by government establishment, paying round sums to the Ducal treasury. Each (they say) is to have its quietus in 1870, the new Prussian rule being averse to any gambling less extensive than that in which States supply the stakes. The first, and oldest in the ruinous detail, is this Baden-Baden, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, some twenty or thirty miles south of Carlsruhe, the capital, and half that distance eastward from the Rhine. The second is Weisbaden, capital of the Grand Duchy of Nassau, lying a few miles northward from the Rhine, a little beyond Mayence; and the third is Homberg, capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Homberg, lying far west from the Rhine at Mannheim, half-way to the French frontier.

I am inclined to doubt whether there are many lovelier spots on the earth than this same Baden-Baden, considering it naturally or artistically. It lies in a soft, sweet little valley, with a broad plain stretching westward toward the Rhine, a rapid little tributary of that river running through it and seeming to give it life and motion, while on three sides of it rise the rugged hills of the Black Forest, the intense darkness of their pines and firs seeming especially intended to relieve the gem of quiet and yet varied beauty lying in their bosom. And certainly the hand of man has well seconded that of the Divine Architect, for the comparatively modern-looking town is built handsomely as well as substantially, of yellowish freestone, and the most exquisite taste seems to have presided over the preservation of shade, the planting of shrubberies, the keeping clean of streets, and the arrangement of winding walks by the little river-side and around the rolling uplands, making the fashionable center, near which stand the leading hotels as well as the public buildings, little else than a dream of enchantment.

It is in the midst of such beauties as are here faintly in-

licated, on a sloping lawn stretching back from the river toward the first rise of the Black Forest hills, amid shades where all evergreens abound, but the dark-leaved linden principally predominates in summer,—that all those objects are located, about which interest clusters at Baden-Baden. The Conversation-House, the Drink-Hall, the Promenade-Grounds, the Theater. The latter is a large and very handsome detached building, creating the impression of being at least a government hall, standing a hundred yards below the foot of the Promenade-Grounds, and at the left ascending. They say it is also very handsome within, and that excellent operatic performances are given there—the latter of which I am inclined to believe, and the former to doubt, from the fact of its being in Germany. And now to the Promenade-Grounds and its special buildings, to which even the theater is altogether secondary.

These grounds may cover eight or ten acres, lying nearly square and sloping upward toward the west-north-west—the foot on one of the principal streets of the town, the head at the Conversation-House, the center an exquisite arrangement of lawn, trees, shrubbery and flowers, and the favorite walk graveled and seated entirely around it; while along the foot of this walk, and on the left side in going up, stand rows of little shops in which some of the costliest goods in Europe are offered for sale to those whose purses have not yet been depleted—silks, velvets, fine laces, and soft German woollens; jewelry of the rarest, beginning at diamonds and ending at coral (the latter a specialty of Baden); silver, porcelains and Bohemian glassware of the most exquisite delicacy; bijouterie, fancy articles, and indeed nearly every thing that can tempt eye and pocket. (Luxurious Anna Maria was so tempted, our first day, that half-way up she was obliged to employ a small boy to carry back her purchases to the Hôtel

d'Angleterre, and farther on a full-grown porter, who beckoned for an assistant.)

The Conversation-House, or "Kursaal," so celebrated in tale, drama, and personal ruin, stands across the head of the grounds—a very large plain-looking Grecian building in three sections, the center of two stories, with a range of massive columns and a noble piazza (very like that at the Catskill Mountain House) thrown forward beyond the lower extensions or wings. The central portion is the "Conversation" (gambling) "Hall;" the right wing (looking from the building) is the Library, and the left supplies the Restaurant, so necessary for those who cannot leave play long enough to go to dinner! There is a very handsome Persian music-pavilion a little to the right and forward of the right front, where some of the best bands in Germany play during certain hours of the afternoon and evening, in the "full season;" and it is across from this to the opposite side of the grounds, immediately in front of the building, that most of the promenading takes place, and such a mixture of society may be found, from princes to puzzle-venders, from fashionables to flower-girls, from countesses to *cocottes*, from bankers to "beaks," and charming women to *chevaliers d'industrie*, as cannot well be matched elsewhere in Europe than at corresponding Weisbaden or Homberg.

The Drink-Hall (German "Trinkhalle;" English "Pump-Room;" American, "Spring-House"), a long building much more chaste in order than the Conversation-House, and with the whole front one magnificent piazza of full height—stands at the edge of the Promenade-Grounds, without, some distance in front, and to the left of the more attractive erection. It has all nameable conveniences for drinking and bathing, within; and the warm water of the celebrated springs (not half so offensive as most spa-

waters, in spite of the warmth) is ever flowing, free for all; but by far the greatest curiosity connected with the Drink-Hall lies without, under that broad piazza. This is to be found in the range of noble frescoes, some eight or ten in number, each filling one of the panels of the covered front, each illustrating some passage in Badenese legend or the weird superstitions of the neighboring Black Forest, and all works of art deserving the highest admiration in their walk. I think that there is nothing at Baden-Baden better deserving remembrance than those pictures; as there are certainly few legends more entertaining than those of the Lurleish knightly adventures which they commemorate.

But all this while nothing has been said of the interior of the Conversation-House—that, after all, for which people flock to Baden-Baden, the players to play, and the “lookers-on in Vienna” to make their notes, and sometimes to tumble unconsciously into the vortex and become the observed instead of the observers. In magnificent columned halls, then, with frescoes, gilding, and hangings of the richest that lavish wealth can purchase, long table after long table is set, from early morning till the closing hour of eleven at night; each table covered with green cloth and the emblematic marks of the Demon of Chance, and bearing either the requisite machinery of *roulette* or that of *rouge et noir*—neither of which games have I the necessity or the intention of describing. And around those tables, by daylight and by gaslight, sit players in their chairs, and crowd other players and spectators close behind them—the most decorous silence observed and enforced, except now and then a word falling from the *croupiers* who rake in or distribute the won or lost gold and silver, with the undertone of rustling bank-bills, and the soft clinking of coins accidentally touching each other in throwing or removal.

The players—what of them?—and what of the stakes? Of the latter a brief word, and that first. They are of every size and amount, from the silver five-franc, German crown or dollar, to the gold Napoleon, single or by handfuls, and so on up to the *billet du banque*, which may represent five hundred francs or ten thousand. Nothing (the five-francs once reached) seems too small for the tooth of the devouring monster; nothing, even when the thousands are counted by hundreds, seems too large for his ingulfing maw. And the players—who and what are they? Ah, who and what are they not? Men of all ages, of all nations, and apparently of all ranks and conditions—princes, peers, pickpockets—if I do not mistake me, sometimes the very valets and waiters at the hotels, playing with the guests just served at dinner! They say that “misery makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows;” so does gambling. The page would not be half perfect if a pause was made here, nor would a tithe of the evil be indicated. For the men do not play alone, or even principally—at least half the ventures at the Baden tables are made by women! Women, like the men, of all ages, classes, and conditions; all the elder and harder, as matter of course, and not a few of the young, the beautiful, and the innocent-looking! The Russian Countess with whom the Gipsy Queen and Lady Eleanor made so pleasant an acquaintance at dinner—a hard-faced virago, now; the pretty girl met and so admired on promenade this afternoon; the recognized *lorette*; the chambermaid.

Hour after hour such a circle surrounds each of the tables, those of the *rouge et noir* witnessing by far the heaviest playing, usually; the more inveterate gamblers seated, pricking the chances with pin-points on cards also pinned to the cloth (whence the cant phrase “Baden-Baden pin-holes”)—heaps of gold lying before them, decreasing, increasing, vanishing; the more casual players casting

down a few pieces, winning, losing, moving away to make room for others. Behind each circle a crowd of lookers-on, only less excited than the players in the vicissitudes of some one who meets with peculiar success or disaster; and not a few of them in more danger than they dream, of some day (perhaps here and now) practicing what they at first regarded with wonder and horror.

I am no Hogarth, nor yet a Salvator Rosa; and I think that I should need to be both to paint the faces and figures of a Baden-Baden gambling-table—the nervous, anxious brows; the eager, bloodshot eyes; the hard-set lips that tell of the clinched teeth within; the clutching, quivering hands that tremble with excitement over winning, and half-dart after the flying coin of a sudden and terrible loss; the demoniac joy that marks a run of unusual luck; the agony and despair of the damned glaring from eye and blasting cheek, when the last hope has fled with the last unit of a squandered fortune. Few observers but carry away a face or two, to be long remembered; and it will be long indeed—will it not, Anna Maria?—before you and I forget one flint-faced harridan who sat opposite us at *rouge et noir*, and played steadily and fiendishly, as Mephistophiles might have done for a soul almost won—and one poor fellow, little more than a boy, who gasped and half-choked as his last Napoleon went into the vortex, then turned away with a countenance on which all the fiends had been writing the despair of the lost, and staggered from the room with what we both believed to be the full purpose of immediate suicide!

Enough!—enough, and too much! Link arm in mine and drag me away, little woman of my own land, where at least this public temptation is not tolerated! Away from the fascinating terror, before the swirl of the maelstrom becomes irresistible, and I, too, plunge in and go downward! Away, with only a glance at the luxurious retiring-rooms

in some of which sad figures seem to be waiting for those who never come away from the perilous board—and at the yet more private rooms where the groups are only of three, or four, or six, and the cards fall softly from jeweled hands, at ruinous “hazard.” And then out into the cool night-air of the Promenade-Grounds, where the distant music will only remind us of the feet that in some of the dancing-halls will be flying till morning,—and of the night, now many years ago, when the first polka ever composed was danced in that very Kursaal, with two duels and three stark bodies its consequence before daylight!

Ah, morning and daylight!—when the gamblers will be sleeping away debauch or despair, and when we, with neither to dread, will be looking back to the beautiful, fearful, evil attraction, from scenes so different though so near. For we shall be driving, then, over the miles of splendid road that lead away to the royally-standed and turfed race-circle of the *Cours de Bâle*; or wandering through the subterranean passages where yet the instruments of death and torture remain, from the days when the dreaded “Vehmgericht” ruled prince and peasant alike with a sword of dark and cruel justice; or gazing over Baden-Baden, the dusky hill-country, and the distant Rhine, from the ruined gateway and crumbling walls of that grim old robber-hold, the Alt Schloss, beneath the mossed and melancholy firs of the Black Forest.

XXIX.

THE SUN-BURST OVER IRELAND.

"SEE!—there is the 'Irish sun-burst,' now!" cried a little lady, clapping her hands, as we were running up toward Cape Clear on the morning of first making the Irish coast—when the sun, till then behind a thick bank of clouds, burst through a rift and sent a shower of golden arrows down on the mountains of Cork and Kerry. I thought the play on words a happy one; for scarcely even Erin's harp of gold on a field of green filled the phrase so well; and I said: "If I ever succeed in landing in Ireland, and afterward record my impressions, the 'Sun-burst over Ireland' shall be the title." *Voilà!*

The sun-burst was very brief that morning; so was my visit to the Green Island, caught when the Captain and all my other pleasant traveling-companions had dropped away for more of the Continent, for Wales, Scotland, the "Black North," &c., and when I almost fancied, as I landed, that I could hear the blowing steam, at Liverpool, of the "City of London" coming to pick me up at Queenstown. But much may be accomplished in three days, *by an American*, at this period of railways and fast steamers, as I had before made proof in my Scottish experience; and three days gave me glimpses of Dublin, Cork, and Killarney—centers of interest of the South of Ireland—if they afforded me no more.

Indeed, I began with the "fast steamers;" for the four

paddle-wheel iron mail-packets between Holyhead and Kingstown—the Munster, Leinster, Ulster, and Connaught—are boasted to be among the stanchest and speediest in the world; and certainly the Connaught, last built and largest (port-dued at five or six hundred tons, and really measuring more than two thousand!) seems worthy of the claim—a powerful, clipper-looking, long, low, two fore-and-aft raking-funneled black monster, capable of meeting the roughest waves of the rough Irish Channel without a tremor, and of doing her twenty miles an hour, even in a sea-way, under any ordinary circumstances!

At all events, she bore me over right gallantly, when I ran down in the night from Liverpool by Chester, crossing the wild Welsh moors and rumbling through the splendid tubular bridge of the Menai just at early daylight; that is, I *think* she bore me over gallantly. There seems to be a blank in recollection, shortly after coming on board and going through a yawning admiration of the vessel; and tradition records that the Governor occupied some one else's state-room and slept soundly therein, all the way across, only waking in time to catch a glimpse of the bold, broad Hill of Howth lying at the right lip of Kingstown harbor and the magnificent light-housed breakwater defending it,—and then to be bundled into the train in waiting on the wharf for the short run of a few miles (perhaps four, perhaps ten) from Kingstown port to Dublin city.

Fairly on Irish soil at last, after so many years of wishing and three narrow escapes from previous visits. Methinks I felt the brogue coming into my tongue at once, and realized the necessity of saying “Musha, bad luck to yez!” “Mavourneen acushla machree!” “Death to me sowl!” and “Be jabbers!” at the earliest possible moment when those classical terms could be brought into use. For Paddy was there, from the start—there, personally and in atmosphere. If there were plenty of bathing-

places lining the shore on the right, as we ran up toward Dublin, and if many of the walled grounds were well laid out, hedged and handsomely shaded,—did not the low, irregular, turf-roofed, whitewashed cabin begin to heave into view, with the door-yard (when it had one) a mass of débris and refuse, the domicile of the pig and the donkey plainly perceptible at one end and under the same roof; and Paddy himself, hosed, breeched, bad-hatted, inevitably smoking a short pipe, and very shiftless-looking, lounging at the door or making slow pretense of work about the yard or on the road? There was much ivy on the walls and sometimes creeping up the sides of the cottages—that ivy which I afterward found almost universal, and of such rapid growth that scarcely any thing could be kept clear of it; but ah, I said to myself then, and had often occasion to repeat the remark and never to recall it—had not a corresponding ivy of carelessness and indolence seemed to overgrow the national character quite as decidedly, whether from something native to the soil, or under the influence of the long cloudy-weather of oppression and dismal prospect, who shall pretend to decide!

Here, and even before entering Dublin, let me say a general word or two more, that may save the necessity of many repetitions. Ireland—southern Ireland at least—is among the most beautiful of lands; its sky peculiarly bright while soft (good weather understood); its atmosphere balmy and undeniably healthy; its sod green enough to justify the appellation of “Emerald Isle;” its mountains picturesque, and susceptible of a peculiar hazy purple, making them lovely in distance; its cabins charming bits for the traveler and the painter, from their soft rounded shape, as well as their artistic color of not-too-staring white, relieved by brown roof and surrounding green. The eye is pleased in all this, and the sense of the beautiful is certainly satisfied as it can be in but few countries under the

sun ; but there an end. The *judgment* is any thing else than satisfied, ordinarily ; for Mr. Pierce Egan's " trail of the serpent " is " over all," in the shape of that word once before used—*shiftlessness* ; and Miss Ophelia, who was only half-maddened by the Topsey surroundings, would have gone stark mad over the make-shifts of Barney and Bridget. *To do for to-day and let the morrow take care of itself*, seems to be the predominant characteristic ; there is a sense of : " This thing cannot last and is not expected to last—they all intend to move away in a day or two, or a month or two." And if at times I have occasion to praise without stint, as to something in scenery or arrangement, let it be remembered that there is generally a *heart-ache understood*. And now, after this portion of a " sun-burst " which might better be designated a burst of ill-natured and pelting rain, and after having vented what is no doubt a falsehood to half of the visitors to Ireland, and the merest of platitudes to the other half—now on to Dublin, or rather to disembark after having reached that metropolis.

The Irish jaunting-car is an " institution"—as impossible to have originated elsewhere, as not to have originated in this particular country. It seems to have been built on the national plan (for to me Ireland is a " nation," even if no Parliament meets and wrangles in the old building), of *going it at a gallop, and everybody holding on*. Scores have mentioned riding in it, but who has described it ? Mr. Barney Williams (a great favorite, by the way, around the Lakes of Killarney, whence he has derived so many of the O'Donoghue and other legends) imported one of them several years ago, and yet not many of the stay-at-homes have seen it. It is an open cart, drawn by one horse, rather low and very narrow wheeled, with a driver's seat in front, a wide cushion fastened lengthwise to form the center, and a narrower cushion on each side and lower, on which the riders half sit and half lounge,

facing sidewise and outward, leaning back and elbows on the higher cushion, or "holding on" when the arrangement is in "full bounce"—the legs, meanwhile, hanging down a side-board and resting on a sort of long step into which the side-board turns at bottom. Nothing else could seem so much like upsetting, or throwing off the riders with a jerk; and yet nothing else could be so jolly, so rattling, so go-ahead, so "precisely the thing"—*for Ireland*; nor do I know whether Paddy would not die out or suffer a worse change than that of Bottom into the donkey, were either this particular vehicle, the short pipe, or the shillalegh withdrawn from his management.

But why describe the jaunting-car as the first object of interest in Ireland? Simply because it was really the first thing over which I stumbled. In and about that queer labyrinth of a Dublin Station, out of the lapped walls of which one gets as the ring squeezes tightly out of a "ring-puzzle," there were so many cars that the whole might have been a field and they the plants—each more or less shabbily harnessed to a horse rather pony-ish in stature, generally thin and bearing the marks of having been habitually persuaded to go a shade faster than was considered indispensable by the beast itself; Paddy on seat, duly accoutered, often piped, always with the stump of a whip in hand, calling out for fares with Milesian sly wit in the very words of the invitation, and chaffing other car-drivers in a manner yet more rough, hearty, and reckless.

And it was in a jaunting-car, out of which I expected to be tipped every moment, that I made my hasty flight around Dublin, with brief occasional pauses and alightments, during which the driver dropped instantly from his seat to smoke more at ease on the ground, and the horse went quietly to sleep between the shafts. It was thus that I dashed through and around Merrion Square, pleasant old

haunt of the true Irish aristocracy, where yet the shade of the railed square, and the solid look of the old brown brick houses, tell of undoubted gentility, even if faded. By Stephen's Green, another and much larger square, where executions were once held, and many a true patriot and many a scoundrel went to his account, now empty, well shaded at the edges, though a little bare in the center, stone-posted and iron-chained without, and a fresh deposit of timber indicating that it might soon be the arena of a cattle-show! By and into the Exhibition Building, so popular in 1865—large and handsome but irregular, half stone structure and half crystal palace; part of it still used as a standing exhibition of fruits, flowers, &c., and the large glass hall as a concert hall and ball-room—the whole with extensive and handsome gardens behind, and unmannerly two-legged pigs in charge. By the police barracks, on Upper Nevin Street, with high crenelated walls, policemen drilling in the manual of arms, and general appearance of “meaning business.” By and into (immediately opposite) fine old St. Patrick's Cathedral, of which Dean Swift was once dean, and where, if the impressive outside and massive square tower, spire-crowned, are modern or a restoration, and if much of the handsome Gothic interior is also a remodeling, the great granite arches forming the nucleus and visible on first entering, are said to date back to 370!

St. Patrick's has a knightly interest, too, corresponding to St. Paul's in London and St. George's Chapel at Windsor; the seated stalls and hanging banners, marking where once took place the installations of all the Knights of St. Patrick, as in the others those of the Bath and the Garter. The sharp, quizzical face of Dean Swift stares down in bas-relief from one of the side-walls near the entrance; on a handsome altar-tomb at the extreme lies a marvelously effective and characteristic effigy of the late Archbishop

Whately, giant in the war of logic; a handsome bust with inscription tells of John Philpott Curran, most wicked wit of his time; and monuments to Thomas Jones, Archbishop of Dublin, died 1619—Roger Jones, Earl of Ranelagh, 1620—Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork and Lord Treasurer, 1629—these, with the battle-torn colors of the Royal Irish 18th Regiment, and many other suggestive reminders of their prowess and loss in the Indian wars, make up no small proportion of interest for the inside of St. Patrick's, and offer attractions for a quiet day instead of a fleeting half-hour. But I stayed too long, even then; for when I emerged again from the door-way, a short-piped specimen of the *genus Hibernicus* (strong emphasis on the last syllable), "pitched into me" a little, evidently on theological grounds.

"Wud yez give me a light to me poipe?" (seeing me striking a match for my extinguished cigar). "Certainly, Paddy!" (handing over the match). "Maybe ye like dhawt!" (pointing to the building). "Of course I do; it is a fine old church, and has a good many interesting monuments; don't *you* like it?"—"Divil burn me but I *don't*, nor thim as likes it, aither!"—"Oh, I see!" (a dim consciousness of the truth beginning to creep through the Governor's thick skull)—"you're a Catholic, and that is Protestant; and that's what's the matter, eh?" "——blazes, but I awm, dhawt same; and sorra many more av thim 'ud be trapesin through dhawt, I'm thinkin,' if ——." "Yes, if you had your way; but don't it strike you, my friend, that if you would pay more attention to the means of providing yourself with a sounder pair of breeches, and a little less to thinking of tearing down St. Patrick's and mobbing people who go into a different church from your own, you'd be a trifle better off?" "Yes, by the Lord, he would! Terry, aren't ye ashamed of yerself! Give him a shillin', yer honor, and he'd feel betther; only that he's not worth

it!" So broke in my driver, coming up at the moment; and under cover of that reinforcement I jumped on my car and we drove away—I wondering the while whether the time ever *would* come, when men ceased to make the bitterest of enmities out of the ostensible worship of the Prince of Peace, and whether Ireland would or would not be the last place reached by that moral millennium.

There is another millennium, too, needed for Dublin—a physical one, as any traveler will believe who goes down into St. Patrick's Close, Bull Alley, and some of the other streets behind the Cathedral. Then, if not before, he will find no difficulty in believing the saying, that "Dublin is the dirtiest city in the world;" for "shiftlessness" turns into "piggishness," thereanent, the smells are terrible, and the sights of poverty and wretchedness only less so. Miserable old houses; yet more miserable old shops, selling every thing decayed; squalid children in the door-ways; more squalid women, inevitably cloaked and bareheaded, wandering aimlessly; incomparably squalid girls, with scarcely rags to cover them decently, crooning low ballads in cracked voices; indolence, quarreling, obscenity, blows—all the offensive features that "low quarters" present in American cities, but all appearing to be intensified even beyond the same characteristics in the dangerous parts of Glasgow and the dirty of Old London.

On, again (yet by jaunting-car), by and into the quadrangle of Dublin Castle, a heavy stone pile, on what seems to be the highest ground in the city, and one massive round-tower lending it height and dignity. There is a range of columns at the vice-regal entrance, within the quadrangle, and troops were drilling there, with a reminder that "the green" is not yet "above the red" in Ireland; but I confess that, looking on the dingy old pile and the stone-paved yard, I was all the while thinking much more of Jack Hinton the Guardsman, Paul and Mrs. Rooney, O'Grady, and

the uproarious nonsense which Lever has woven round the place, than of all its undeniable historical associations. And something of the same feeling assaulted me a few minutes later, in front of Trinity College—a heavy, long-columned, four-storied, gray and academic-looking building, which has given out a world of learning and talent to the service of mankind, but which always seems to suggest, when one hears of it, that the students *must* be “ne’er-do-weels” and “hard cases,” and always at jolly war with the Proctor and the Faculty.

Somewhat more serious was the feeling, only a moment yet later, and immediately opposite, looking at the Bank of Ireland, low but imposing-looking, circular-pointed, heavy-columned—and remembering that it held Ireland’s legislative body as the Parliament House, less than a century ago—though, to be sure, Ireland may be like some other countries that could be named, needing *more money and less legislation*, so that possibly parliament houses, or even congressional halls, may change to banks, and the world be none the poorer! Then another feeling, blending the recognition of propriety and audacity, came still a little later, when around in Thames Street, almost within stone’s throw of the Castle, I found O’Connell standing at full length on the steps of his old Conciliation Hall, his retroussé nose as defiant as ever, and his whole stony attitude indicative of badgering the government in death as in life.

Then we were away over the Liffey—a pretty enough stream with some very handsome bridges and a fair amount of shipping showing below—which would keep singing in my ears that not very classical quatrain :—

“An Irishman angling one day in the Liffey
That runs down by Dublin’s swate city so fine—
A smart shower of rain falling, Pat, in a jiffy,
Crept under the arch of a bridge with his line.”

Away into handsome Little Sackville Street, with its Grecian-fronted post-office, and the inevitable Nelson on a tall fluted column before it--up Frederick Street and away toward the open country northward and eastward; the squalid poverty of the slums changed into the decent poverty of long rows of picturesque, whitewashed, stone-thatched cabins, not much larger than kennels, but somehow inoffensive even in the misery that sits and smokes and croons at the doors; a large double house not far away betraying a significant omen in the sign of "Dublin Female Penitentiary," and beyond it a long, low, strong-looking building, with two purposeless centre-towers, confessing Mountjoy Prison, so well known in late Fenian history. This, a wilderness of donkeys, carts, begging-boys and squalid people; a little episode in the reply of my driver to my assurance that "if the day was hot, it was nothing to the heat in America"—that: "He'd niver be able to live in Ameriky at-all-at-all, wid dhe hate; but dhey did have days *could* enough, about Dublin, to freeze dhe brass tail aff an iron monkey!"—this blended wonder in meteorology and natural history, and then Glasnevin Cemetery.

A level-lying, quiet, sweetly-shaded and admirably-kept "city of the dead,"—lacking the effects of hill and lake which make some of the American cemeteries so lovely, but in all other regards the very ideal of its class, and by far the handsomest that I have yet seen in Europe. I shall not soon forget the quiet beauty of its shaded walks, its wealth and variety of flowers, the fragrance of its lime-trees, the songs of its birds, the hum of its bees, and the touching and simple faith of many of its inscriptions—besides the notable and most praiseworthy fact that *Catholics and Protestants consent to slumber quietly side by side within it!* Then O'Connell lies in a charming raised circle in the centre, the tomb open-screened, and

ever-renewed flowers visible on the exposed bronze coffin—though the monument over him is only of wood, and they are making preparations to remove the body to the base of the Observatory-tower; as they say, and no doubt say well, that “No monument is high enough for O’Connell, that cannot be gazed upon from the sea by every one approaching Ireland.” I am not ambitious of picking out cemeteries for personal repose, any more than of selecting premature coffins: if I were so, and no native land called me home to sleep in its bosom, I think that of all places in memory Glasnevin best fills the ideal of “a place to rest in.”

Hark! hush! There came the tolling of a bell from the modest and handsome little chapel standing just within the entrance; and as I approached the gate, passing out, I felt, more truly than for many a long year before, the sad truth of that Latin couplet which so many remember as a school exercise: “*Pallida mors,*” &c., the English translation expressing the sentiment very felicitously:—

“Pale death with equal hand unbars the door
Of lordly hall and hovel of the poor.”

For up to the gate, from without, came a little train, on foot, the priest walking in front, a boy swinging a censer, the cheap coffin borne on the shoulders of four, and mourning poverty visible in every detail of the scanty procession; and almost before they had passed in, another came up, rich hearse nodding-plumed, carriages by the score, evangelical clergymen in scarfs, and bearers making the same display, the coffin in rose-wood and silver, and wealth as evidently going to burial as poverty had been but the moment earlier. I uncovered to the first, I remained uncovered for the second, marking the difference in burial, creed and cost; and I could not avoid silently

repeating a suggestive line of Simmons, many years ago in Blackwood :—

“May their souls, at the Judgment, not sever as wide!”

A ride around the Phoenix Park, the lower or city-ward end of it amply shaded, the large remainder (for it must cover hundreds of acres) with fine drives, but a paucity of shade, and many portions of it dotted with fine cattle and deer; a glance at the unpretending building with handsome grounds, called the Viceregal Lodge and at present affording residence for the popular Marquis of Abercorn; another glance at the broad, handsome green lawn, at the upper end, with a raised stand for reviewing-officers, called the “Fifteen Acres” and supplying the well known Dublin ground for the parade of troops; a pause of a few moments under the brow of a hill in the same neighborhood, to see two stripling Hibernians, properly seconded, go through a mild imitation of the P. R. fistic encounter, concerning which the Governor felt the strong necessity of giving a trifle of instruction, coming very near being flogged for his pains; another pause, descending the heights from the Phoenix Park, to see how beautiful a picture the Irish capital really made, with its squalor not too near, its architectural beauties softly prominent, and the fine harbor with the bold Hill of Howth stretching away behind it, forming a charming background channel-ward—these, and the flying visit was over. Half an hour later I was rolling away by the Great Southern and Western Railway for Killarney by Mallow.

There are few rides really better worthy of description than that from Dublin to Mallow, yet that description must be withheld. There was a glance at what I believe to be the handsomest and largest race-course in the world, on the breezy, furze-dotted, turfy heights of the “Curragh of Kildare” but only a glimpse of the great barracks where

twenty thousand soldiers continually encamp, and not a "Wren" visible at either Newbridge Station or Kildare. There was a long ride over the Bog of Allen, with abundant hasty researches into the mysteries of wet moorland, miserable though picturesque cabins, bare-legged girls (growing better-looking and even handsome, as we ran southward), and the spading and piling to dry of the brick-heap-y "sods of turf" which supply fuel and thin blue smoke to nearly every chimney in Ireland. There were some fine old ruins; many notable pictures of peasant and road-side life; many charming mountain-views, principally in distance, especially crossing Limerick and approaching Kerry. I did not see the "Rakes" at thriving-looking Mallow, as we changed trains there; or I did not know them if I did. And the delays, from the constant meeting of cattle and turf trains, and from other causes, were so numerous, that it was well into the night before I saw the Kerry mountains proper lifting themselves ahead as we crossed a long range of broken, cabin-dotted but apparently almost worthless country, and neared Killarney Station. I had just waking brain enough remaining to understand the humbug of the whole raft of car-drivers endeavoring to persuade me to go anywhere else than to the favorite house for which I was inquiring, and from which only the best sights can be obtained and the riding and boating most conveniently enjoyed; but I must have been more than half asleep when at last I succeeded in finding the proper vehicle, and was rumbled over a mile of dusky but excellent road to the Lake House, in the "Bay of Castle Lough," at the foot of the Lower Lake and within fifty feet of its lapping waters.

I strongly suspect description of the Lakes of Killarney—or rather *attempted* description—to have been already overdone; and I shall at least not fall into that error. Little more than a word of them, and of a delicious day around

them; though many pages might be used without exhausting the feeling of admiration that they inspire.

A delicious day—I said it, and I repeat the remark—delicious not alone in weather and scenery, both delightful beyond measure, but in the company which chance, or something better than chance, threw in my way. I was alone, from causes before indicated—alone, and not a little sore-hearted as well as travel-worn, and victim to a low fever; and in Mr. H—— S——, a quiet, genial, elderly Friend, of Carlisle, and his wife so sweetly and matronly ripening as the hair whitened on her brow, who kindly allowed me to share their boat and then shared my car, for the two excursions of the day,—I found something nearer to perfection in casual traveling-companionship than is often vouchsafed to the restless and run-about. Had I but space and any certainty of a reader, how gladly would I tell at length of that boat-excursion around all the three beautiful and varied lakes, so mountain-set as to seem turquoises bordered with emeralds. How we had the company of the young O'Donoghue, guide and coxswain, who knew every flower on the banks, every legend of the neighborhood, and played the sax-horn so sweetly under the echoing rocks, that the "Meeting of the Waters," the "Last Rose of Summer," and "What will You Do when I am Going," seem to have ever a new meaning thenceforth. How we took the long row up the Lower Lake, with Ross Castle (Cromwell's last conquest in Ireland) showing its picturesque ruins on the island half hidden by a curve in the northern shore; and saw the worn and honey-combed rocks protruding everywhere along the edge, each named after something of the mythological and legendary O'Donoghue More, from his "Pulpit" to his "Table," his "Chair," his "Hen-and-Chickens," and probably even his "Tooth-brush." How we landed and rambled around Glenna Cottage, Lord Kenmare's handsome half-Swiss thatched chalet,

on sweet little Glena Bay and under the rugged mountain of the same name, at the very head of the Lower Lake. How we ran the long narrow passage between the Lower and Upper Lakes, with the sweet quiet of the junction of all three, called the "Meeting of the Waters,"—and saw the very old three-arched stone bridge, called the "Wier Bridge," with its mimic rapids below and its memories of the time of the Danes.

How we found the Upper Lake one mass of iron-bound shore and arbutus-covered islands, with dangerous, precipitous Macgillicuddy Reeks and sweet Purple Mountain bounding the prospect to the west and northwest; and near us the boats, gayly decorated, sweeping by with other tourists, and making the foreground humanly beautiful. How we lunched on Ronan's Island, with a natural rock table, the wild bees humming around us, the kindest of hands to dispense the viands, and McCarthy More's and Eagle Island seeming to lie by us like sprawling giants waving their fans of arbutus to keep off intruding human flies. How we made the passage out into the Middle Lake, again by the "Meeting of the Waters," with the wonderful echoes of Eagle's Nest, and the pretty, lying, carneying, black-eyed, bare-legged girls who waded out into the water and sold goats'-milk, poteen ("On'y just taste a dhrap av the potheen, yer hanner!"—girl of fourteen, *loquitur*, "Sure it'd make yer hair curl like modher's-milk, more be token that it'd be relavin' a poor craythur that has six childer stharvin' at the cabin, the day!"), and chains made from the tails of the famous Kerry ponies. How we found the Middle Lake islandless but rock-girt, with the ruined tower of Muckross Abbey peeping over on the opposite southern shore, and Muckross Head and rugged Torc Mountain and much of the imaginary scenery made doubly notable by the "Collegians" and its after-thought the "Colleen Bawn." How we made the passage under arched

Brickeen Bridge, from the Middle again into the Lower Lake; and then took that quiet, enjoyable dropping homeward, with Moore's lovely Innisfallen lying soft under the westering sun that was weaving a mantle of royal purple over all the distant mountains sinking away behind us.

These are but pitiful glimpses, I know; and yet nothing more can be given of that supplemental ride in the jaunting-car, with that wonderful short-winded pony that Dennis praised so highly and "spun," accordingly, around the Middle Lake, amid such perfection in timber and shade as made the very heart ache to leave it, and among such glories in purple flowering heather and broom, as shamed the Perthshire Highlands and transferred the best "blush" from "Scotland's cheek" to Ireland's. Nothing more of rare old ruinous Muckross Abbey, its square tower the very finest ivy-grown memorial of the past in all recollection—its grave-yard with the tombs so entirely covered by the ivy as to be literally hidden beneath it—its chancel with some of the fine gothic windows remaining, and the tombs of the O'Donoghue and McCarthy More sadly recalling the long-gone days of Ireland's savage glory—its crypt and cloisters dating back to 1140—its giant yew-tree in the midst of the ivy-drooped court-yard—its whole effect equally romantic, beautiful, and depressing. Nothing more, and scarcely even so much of the ride by (M. P.) Herbert's handsome many-gabled residence, "Muckross," away over Brickeen Bridge (so lately passed *under*); around the head of the Middle Lake, and homeward by the southern side; the most glorious of glimpses over the scattered lakes, continually; Tore Mountain frowning almost overhead during much of the return ride; and innumerable scarfs of foamy white water flung down the high, dark parapet of rock, in Tore Waterfall that cost us only a few moments of climb into the dusky recesses under the mountain.

But there was one political fact caught during that ride, which must be recorded, even at the expense of scenery. Looking over at Macgillicuddy Reeks, and remembering how the dark Gap of Dunloe and its silver Serpent Lake lay just beyond, something in the names of those magnificently-rebellious districts recalled the late troubles, and the spirit moved me to ask an impertinent question. "Dennis," (to the driver) "have there been any Fenians about here, this season?" A queer cock of his droll eye around at the two English people on the opposite seat (backs to us), a draw of the mouth that nearly sent me into convulsions of laughter that would have spoiled all—and Dennis settled the whole political complexion of Kerry at a word. "Is it Fenians, yer honor manes? Thim fellows that goes agin the Quane? Och, divil a wan of thim hereabouts!"—"Not one, Dennis?"—"Well," (taking off his caubeen, and scratching his head with one finger, while both the eyes and the mouth were droller than ever), "maybe there *was* WAN! I did be hearin' of WAN, I think, over at the Gap o' Dunloe; but they *did* for HIM!" Who could doubt the rampant loyalty of all Southwestern Ireland, after such an assurance as that?

What views we had, up the Lower Lake and over the mountains forming its magnificent background, that evening, when the sun was setting in golden mist and wreathing the peaks in royal purple, from the splendidly-situated Lake House, with proprietor James Coffee (who seems to know personally the Bradys, the Conollys, and half the F. F. I's. in New York, and who gave me the just-received intelligence of the death of poor Meagher) picking out all the distant beauties with a loving eye and a tongue of long practice! How certainly the Lakes of Killarney took their position in mind, then, as among the most beautiful in all the earth—our own Lake George and Winnipisaukie, Scottish Katrine and Lomond, English Windermere,

and even Swiss Leman and Brienzen, neither left out of the calculation nor undervalued. And how regretfully I left them the next morning, with a daylight glimpse of pleasant and rather pretentious-looking Killarney (village), where some of the cottages were very picturesque, and some of the black eyes connected with the blue cloaks and bare heads were wickedly Spanish and handsome; rolled back to Mallow and changed train for Cork; sorrowed over the unarrested decadence of the Green Island, so evident in the crowds of emigrants "for Ameriky," flocking to every wayside railway-station, bidding tearful farewells, and bending for Queenstown and the steamers; saw Blarney Castle, a fine old group of crumbling towers fairly embowered in trees (the "Groves of Blarney"), without the least wish to "kiss the Blarney-stone;" duplicated my Dublin experience in another jaunting-car ride through and around handsome, well-built Cork, and beside the "pleasant waters of the river Lee," whereon old Shandon Church yet points up its queer, five-storied steeple, and tolls out the hours sweetly from its wonderful chime of bells; spent an hour in the dirty and dingy assize-rooms at the Court-House, to see that discreditable farce known as the "Fenian trials," in which I was not impressed with the intellectual caliber of either accused, lawyers or judges; and then enjoyed a favorable view of the river-side public grounds, and the really extensive marine trade of Cork, as I swept down the Lee to Queenstown and the westward-bound "City of London," on a little paddle-wheeler that carried a second-rate band and excursionists, and somehow seemed to me to be going down to Fort Hamilton and Coney Island.

My last glimpse of Ireland had something to do with the "sun-burst," as my first had done. I was sitting on the edge of the stone-bordered esplanade at Queenstown, in front of the Queen's Hotel, waiting the steamer-hour—

and two or three of the middle-sort of Paddies very near me. A singular ærial phenomenon attracted my attention, and I called that of my nearest neighbor to it. "See, Paddy—the scuds up yonder are all flying from the northwest, while down here the wind must be southeast, for the flag on the hotel, there, is blowing from that direction."—"So it is, be jabers! and that's quare, ony-way!" answered Paddy, after observing. "What do you think can be the row?—any thing wrong in the wind, or is all the fault in the flag?" I asked. Paddy took two squints around, to see that there was no awkward customer within hearing, satisfied himself by a second glance that I was really an American and no English detective in disguise, and then, with a contortion of eye and face which strongly reminded me of Dennis of the day before, hazarded a guess which may have had some reason in it: "*Faix, I don't know but it's dhe wrong flag they have up dhere—one that doesn't know how to blow in an Irish wind—maybe anodher'd do betther!*"

May be it would, Paddy; may be not—I have no idea, even if I did set that trap for a native opinion. But let us all hope that if there ever does come a change of flags, it will be the result of no vengeful feeling, but a conscientious demand made by one whole nation and acceded to by another—that it may bring a better and a more substantial "sun-burst over Ireland."

XXX.

SHIVERINGS ON SHIPBOARD.

A MAN may be quite as likely, at sea, I take it, to shiver with cold, or even with laughter, as with trepidation; so let it not be inevitably supposed, from the accidental alliteration of the title of this paper, that I am about to describe a voyage or series of voyages in which the participants all commenced by being reasonably frightened, and finally went stark mad with terror. I am merely about to conclude this inexcusably-rambling collection of papers, with a few brief (very brief) notes of the two passages across the Atlantic, which bounded the two ends of the summer's adventures. Those who are already tired, or who have that innate horror of the sea which makes any reference to it an insult, are respectfully invited to "skip this"—lay down the book as already concluded: those who believe, as I do, that half a trip to Europe, however interesting, is involved in the going and returning, may make the venture of the two imaginary voyages.

The Governor went over, again, on an Inman steamer, the "City of Paris," and returned on another of the same line, the "City of London." Reasons (for which no one has the least disposition to care) varied and conclusive. *First*, he clung to his before-expressed love for the Clyde-built screw-steamship, and had seen no reason to retract an old opinion that the steamers of that line were alike safe, commodious, and quite as rapid as consistent with comfort.

Second, he knew quite enough bad French, and had no occasion to adopt one of the French steamers in order to master the necessary gibberish to ask for a beef-steak and some additional potatoes, before reaching the desired Babel. *Third*, he had not yet shaken off his habit of clinging to old friends—believed not only in the “bridge that had carried him safe over,” but also in the ship that had performed the same service, and eke in the very Captain that had commanded the ship that had performed her part so satisfactorily.

The Governor had temptations to do otherwise—let the truth be admitted. The commodious ships of the National Line came under his notice very often; and he had friends who crossed in them very frequently, impelled either by their very moderate passage-rate for such excellent accommodation (few of the Governor’s friends are millionaires—so much the worse for *him*!), or by the fact that they (the friends—not the ships) had fallen into one pleasant “groove” as he had tumbled into another. And when one day D—— D——, the editor-out-of-harness, happened to meet him and say: “I have found the ship to go over in, old boy!—the ‘Denmark,’ of the National Line. Such room!—such substantial comfort, with no fuss and no wasted gingerbread!—such a luxury to have one’s state-room opening right off from the cabin, and no stumbling about to get from bunk to breakfast!”—then for the moment the gubernatorial pulse quivered, and he almost hesitated in choice. He would quite have hesitated, probably, had he had later-acquired demonstration how well that same “Denmark” could behave in the most trying weather at sea,—or had the colossal “France,” which now so nobly heads the line, then opened her prairies of decks and acres of cabin to view, making us wonder why they call the Company a “Limited” one, when there seems no limit to either the size, commodiousness, or number of their

ships,—or *had Commodore Kennedy not commanded the "City of Paris."*

There are reasons, up to this time artfully concealed, why the Governor is peculiarly fond of the Commodore's being in command. Print this in small type, if you will—but Kennedy aforesaid does keep such a table!—and the Governor, much as his fragile and cadaverous appearance may belie the fact, is rather a good knife-and-fork than the reverse. Then Kennedy (as had been discovered during the "City of Boston" experience of 1865) is so pleased to have the Governor at hand, ready to do digestive battle with any dish that may be eschewed by all the rest of the passengers—to supply the ship with the due proportion of merriment, by falling into all the accidents and blunders known to the world of misfortune—and to save consultation of the barometer by always carefully predicting the exact reverse of the weather that is really brewing!

All these things duly considered, the Governor, his friend and relative the Captain (a New Jersey gentleman-farmer and ex-coast-navigator, American-continent-traveled, but making his first run over-sea), and Anna Maria (incarnate New York girl, young enough for comfort, merry, saucy, fond of travel, and *femme sole*) took the "City of Paris," unless it may be considered nearer the point of fact to say that the "City of Paris" took *them*. They had the most uneventful of passages, which there is no intention whatever of describing—nine and a half days to Liverpool, without a single spray flung over the bow of the race-horse old "Paris," running from three hundred to three hundred and thirty miles per day, "hulling down" the French and German steamers at will, and crossing Liverpool bar within fifteen minutes of the time played-for by the confederates (the Commodore and Engineer Hamilton) from the bar at Sandy Hook!

Carrying a pleasant company, too, in B——, of the Post-Office, bluff, jolly, and the best of raw sailors; H——, the shipping-merchant, who might have seen one of his own sail, almost any day; Rev. Dr. P—— and Prof. S——, of Amherst, C——, of Staten Island, and two or three other clergymen, who seasoned the doubtful mass with a little unobtrusive piety; W——, the Liverpool merchant and banker, elsewhere spoken of; R——, the landscape-painter, and his pleasant wife; Prof. F——, of the New York Free College, much sought after by the French smatterers; L——, of the Pennsylvania coal-regions, who breakfasted in English, lunched in Dutch, dined in French, took tea in Welsh, and went to his state-room in Choctaw; B——, of one of the leading New York mercantile houses, too clever for the fever that held him half the time prostrate; G——, a funny old Franco-American, claiming to be an Exposition Commissioner from Louisiana, and instructing all parties on all subjects; Mrs. A—— (nach Antwerpen), who “cornered” W—— “better than she knew;” Mrs. F—— and Miss B——, fresh from the Golden Coast and pleasantly comparing every thing with California; Dr. B—— and lady (“sands of life” not “run” but *running*, probably); P—— and Miss R——, the latter destined to astonish even Paris by her appreciation of Mabile; etc., etc., with a wide field of the omitted before reaching nearly two hundred.

“But where are the ‘shiverings’ in all this?” The question is a reasonable one; but ah, Monsieur or Madame the inquirer, you were not with us on that passage! Had you been, the wonder would never have been expressed. “Shiverings?”—if we had nothing else, except the Captain’s popularity and the Governor’s appetite, we had *them*. The Clerk of the Weather, ordered by the *débonnaire* commander to give us smooth seas, revenged himself by sending an atmosphere of icicles. Winter over-

coats became trifles, thick shawls cobwebs; all the false teeth in the company were chattered away within twenty-four hours out; half the berth-blankets disappeared, cut up into surreptitious additional under-clothing; the lee of the hot funnel became the scene of more fights for possession, than had ever raged over the Scottish border; and there were innumerable instances of unfortunates being obliged to wait until the mid-day sun thawed them out, before being able to respond to an inquiry as to their digestion. Some of us almost wished, occasionally, that we could even have been among Commodore Kennedy's "smoked herring"—whereof, by the way, the Commodore does not tell very often, so that it devolves upon me to explain the allusion.

Troops were wanted in Canada, very suddenly, in 186—, when our rebellion had disturbed all the line of the St. Lawrence. No vessel could carry over enough of them at once, except the *Great Eastern*; and Capt. Kennedy was selected for the command, under the not-unnatural impression that the barnacles would not grow perceptibly larger on the bottom of the "big ship" while *he* was taking her to the Gulf. But the "*Great Eastern*" had been "lying in ordinary;" and though the soldiers were all ready, where were the four or five hundred men without whom the colossus could not be navigated? First-class seamen were not to be thought of—any thing and anybody must be taken; and the result was a sweep of boarding-houses and dock-yards, something on the old press-gang system, huddling forcibly on board, just on the eve of sailing, the requisite number of able-bodied men and seamen by profession, but about the most ungovernable and "hardest cases" known to the sea-going service. Immediate discipline seemed out of the question. Open mutiny was not to be feared, with the bayonets of twenty-five hundred soldiers ready to support authority; but how were they

to be made of any working use? Very soon came the first contest as well as the last, and a practical answer to the query. Ship away down channel; morning, and the order passed for "scrubbing decks." Nearly the whole body of "hard cases" keeping the watch below and refusing to "turn out." Enter to them a certain number of the soldiers, who with bayonets prodded or "pitch-forked" them out of bunk, after which they *did* consent to come on deck, not yet conquered, and fancying that the worst was over. Was it, though! It is well known that the "Great Eastern" has half-a-dozen masts and five funnels; and it is also well known that the Welsh coals burned by European steamers when coming west, make rather a dense and not-too-cleanly smoke—about half ashes and half the remainder greasy soot. Into the tops the Captain huddled his quasi-mutineers, bayonet-assisted, again; and there he kept them, the whole day down-channel, the wind dead ahead and the black smoke rolling through those tops with full volume and inevitable direction. By night they were the "smoked herring" already indicated—the most woful-looking and the most obedient body of men possible—so well pleased with *the man who could manage them*, that not one of them afterwards deserted for the temptations of the timber-ships at Quebec, though they had shore-leave and all the opportunities freely offered. This is the story of the "smoked herring," and one of the best instances of "executive ability" known to the service—for the telling of which story, thus publicly and without permission, let the Commodore subject me to the same penalty on my next trip with him, *if he is sure of the strength of his tops and ratlines*.

Well, the cold but quiet passage came almost too soon to an end—the Governor (constitutional grumbler) not having suffered a single absolute discomfort except in the extreme difficulty of keeping his patent-leathers from being dragged

away and blacked by Boots, as vulgar calf; and most of the vital business of the voyage, after sailing the ship (in which, of course, all the passengers took part), footing up as *flirting* and *checkers*. The last sign of expiring vitality was shown at the last dinner before making the Irish coast, whereat, as usual, the regulation piece of ornamented jelly was served at dessert, the British Lion and American Eagle in amicable oppugnation. One of the art-critics suggested that the pictured Lion was probably by Landseer, in compliment to the *would-be land-seers* who were just then very plenty on board; a second, inquired of as to his reasons for stopping at Cork instead of going on to Liverpool, assured us that he was going there to see a *Cove* of his acquaintance; and a third, no doubt under some unnamable influence, produced a very dark-looking bottle-stopper and feelingly remarked that "though he could not have the pleasure, just yet, of showing the Port of Cork, he would do the next best thing and present the *cork of port*." No executions or suicides followed; but perhaps it was quite as well that after such an exhibition of morals, the dispersal should not be far removed.

There were very different "shiverings" from those of laughter or cold, on the return-run made westward by the Governor, on the "City of London," beggared of all his outward-bound companions except B——, and not a little shaken by Mount Rhigi. Boreas had gone into confederation with Zephyrus, and the two seemed to have an idea that if the Governor could be prevented returning to America, the country would be the richer; whereupon they sent Tempest and Hurricane, two sturdy males, and Cyclone, fiercer than either because a female, to blow in the teeth of the gallant ship and work what damage might be possible. To say that they succeeded in stopping that four-hundred-feet of riveted iron, large enough to stride the broadest wave that the Atlantic ever saw, and about as

secure against twist or wrench as a solid cast-iron pot of the same dimensions—this would be simply nonsense; for good-natured but reasonably-determined Captain Brooks and his clever officers (Thompson, Duxbury, and the rest—the former wearing the medal of the Royal Humane Society for life-saving service in that very life-boat No. 2, lying so quietly housed yonder) have a theory, I fancy, that would militate against such a check: "This ship belongs to the L., N. Y. and P. S. S. Co.; they have ordered her taken to New York; *ergo*, to New York she goes, through fair weather if she can, through foul weather if she must. No other port possible, until this run is over, except 'Davy Jones's locker.'" They do not even heed when Mistress Maguire, lying in mortal fright on her state-room floor and refusing to undress because she wishes to 'die dacently,' sends word by the steward, every half hour, that "if they don't turn back to Queenstown, before they drown everybody, she'll report every mother's son of 'em!"

If Tempest and his companions did not succeed in stopping the good "City of London," they did manage to impede her materially. They built up great mountains of black and white water, up and down which she was continually sliding and pitching. They abolished quoits and shovel-board; and rolled pleasant Mrs. M. A. D——, the authoress, into a berth which threatened to engulf her for the whole voyage. They made the Rev. Dr. D——, himself, remember the time when the old Antelope came so near to supplying premature burial to all her passengers, in the California '49 days. They hoarsed the musical pipes of P—— and J—— and V—— and their companions; and even interfered with B——'s beggaring one who shall be nameless, at euchre and cribbage. They drove the forward-passengers into unpleasant huddles within, or made "lively times" for them when they emerged to daylight. And as for their special mark and victim, the Governor—

they prevented his writing either a play or novel, or falling in love beyond very moderate distraction, all the way over; they induced him to bore the accommodating Captain out of his deck-cabin, in order to sleep beside the barometer, that just then seemed the most useful of human inventions; and they threw him, what with rain, spray, desperates loveliness, and funnel-cinders, into such a chronic state of blacked face that not even the Reconstruction Acts would have allowed him a vote.

But all this passed—passed so quickly as almost to leave a regret—for the “London” is the most comfortable and splendidly handled of ships, even if she does not quite dispute the palm of speed with the Commodore’s. Then came the “golden days,” the quiet, sunny days, with calm sea, when existence was happiness sufficient; when deck-amusements came again into vogue by day, and parlor-readings, lectures, and music filled up the enjoyable evenings; when Captain B. again put on his new blue coat with the bright buttons, and was irresistible; when B— finished his projected little “ruin” at cribbage, and Mistress Maguire stopped telling her beads; when flirtation recommenced, and the other B— and his child-wife again nestled cozy on rugs in the sunshine; and when the Governor bored everybody by explaining precisely the distance by which they had all escaped going to the bottom, as also why and wherefore *he* had not been “shivering” during the worst of it; not he!

But ah! those cozy and lovely days on the Banks, when the iodine aroma of the American coast seemed to be coming off to meet us and tell of approaching home—they had death within their soft beauty, as is sometimes said of the flowers; and for the moment we “shivered” in that awful presence brought so near! There had been a “little stranger” come on board in the forward saloons, a day or two after leaving Queenstown—beyond the power of the

Purser either to prevent or to charge passage (in fact, Dr. Rice had most to do with it); and perhaps the ship's manifest needed correction as to number. At all events, poor old Mr. L——, of Carolina, who had left Queens-town by far too ill for safe passage, but lived energetically through all the rough weather—then, when the ship “smelled bottom” (made soundings), yielded up his life, and went to a wider country than that from which he was half-exiled. He died at early morning, and the after wheel-house was a place to be trodden around with quiet feet for many hours afterward, while he, who seemed to have been one of *our family* (ah, those shipboard ties are closer than landsmen know!) lay there robed and coffined for burial. Then came the soft, quiet afternoon, with the cloudless sun going down over a wide expanse of waveless, scarcely-rippled silver; and in the golden sunset we gathered with uncovered heads at the port-gangway, the coffin draped with the meteor-flag, and resting on its plank, balanced across the bulwark, the officers in service-uniform, the Captain reverently holding and reading from the Book of Prayer, and the awed passengers pressing close and silently down the long decks. A solemn, touching, instructive spectacle, that “burial at sea,” for the sight of which I had so long half-wished and half-feared; nowhere else is sepulture one-hundredth part so impressive.

“Inasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take to himself the soul of our dear brother * * * we commit his body to the deep, in full assurance of the resurrection!” A softer tone in the Captain's sympathetic voice; a lower bowing of the uncovered heads; a tilting of the plank, and grasping of the flag, by the two quartermasters standing beside; a slide; a plunge of the weighted coffin; and the “City of London” swept on, one less on board, the silver sea flaming with the molten gold of the sunset far behind her, and the

long wreath of her dark smoke seeming to settle down over the wake at miles beyond, as if to shroud the waves holding the wasted form of the Governor's poor old next-door neighbor, his long voyage ended even before the briefer!

Wherewith, and with the recollection that the book thus lugubriously launched may not keep afloat much longer than the Carolinian's weighted coffin, this rambling record finds a conclusion. And yet I do not intend to say "good-bye," as a Rambler: only "*au revoir!*" For the sights of Old Europe, and the great sea making the pathway thither, worth seeing, remembering and prating about, are far as ever from having been exhausted, even in the Great Exposition, its side-shows and excursions.

THE END.

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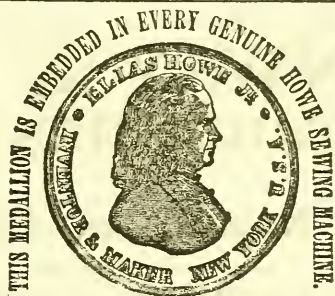
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
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Torc Waterfall,	3 "	7 "		5 "	
Punch Bowl,	5 "	9 "		7 "	
Denis Island,	6 "	10 "		8 "	
Eagle's Nest,	5 "	9 "		7 "	
Derrycunihy } Cascade, }	8 "	12 "		10 "	
Mulgrave Barracks,	10 "	14 "		12 "	
Glenna Bay,	3 "	4 "		6 "	
O'Sullivan's Cascade,	3½ "	2¾ "		5 "	
Ross Island, (land,)	3 "	3 "		2 "	
do. (water,)	1½ "	1¾ "		land only.	
Gap of Dunloe,	14 "	10 "		12 miles.	
Carranthal,	16 "	12 "		14 "	
Glen in Kenmare } Park, }	3¾ "	3¾ "		1¾ "	
Aghadoe Ruins,	7 "	7 "		5¼ "	

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